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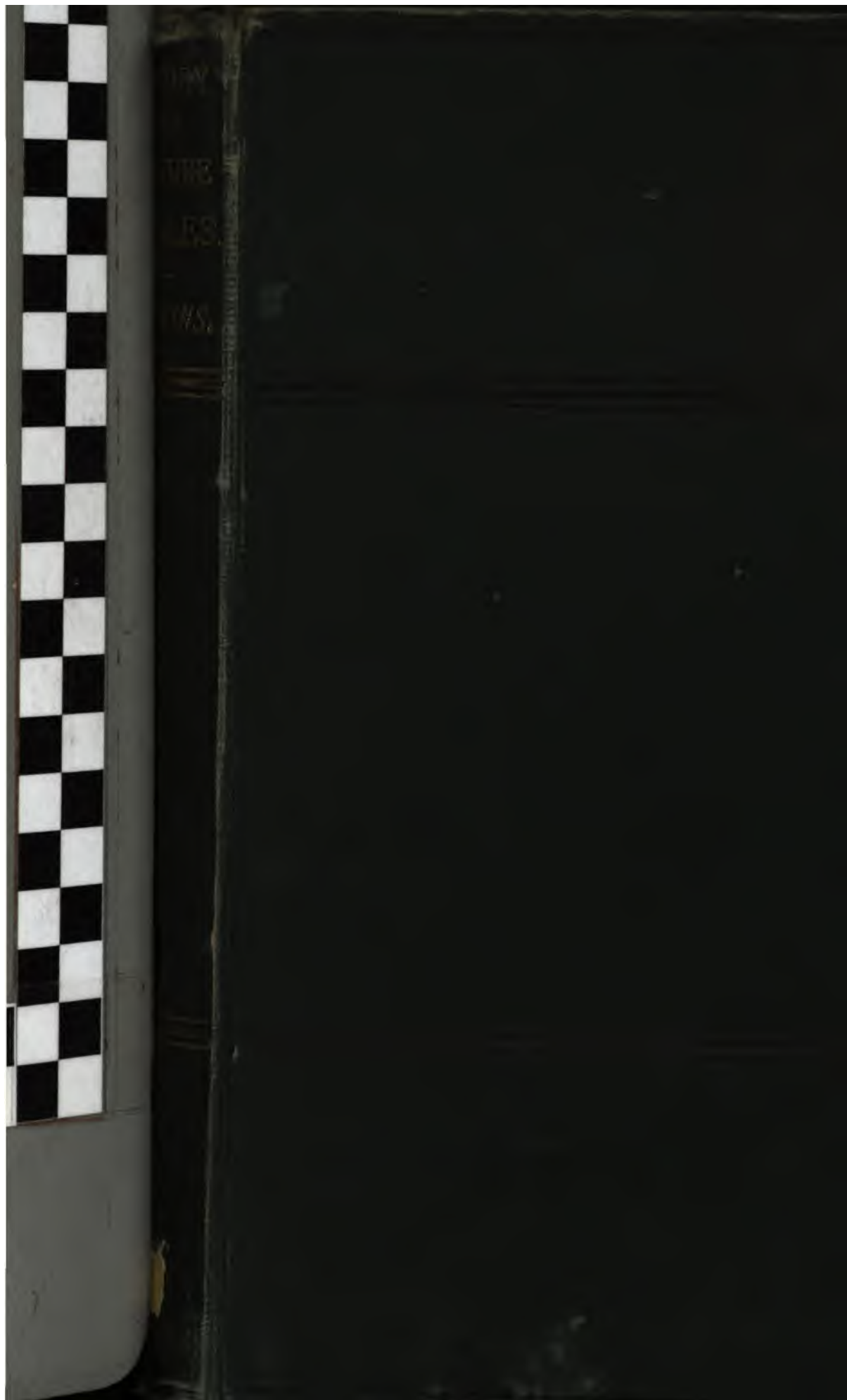
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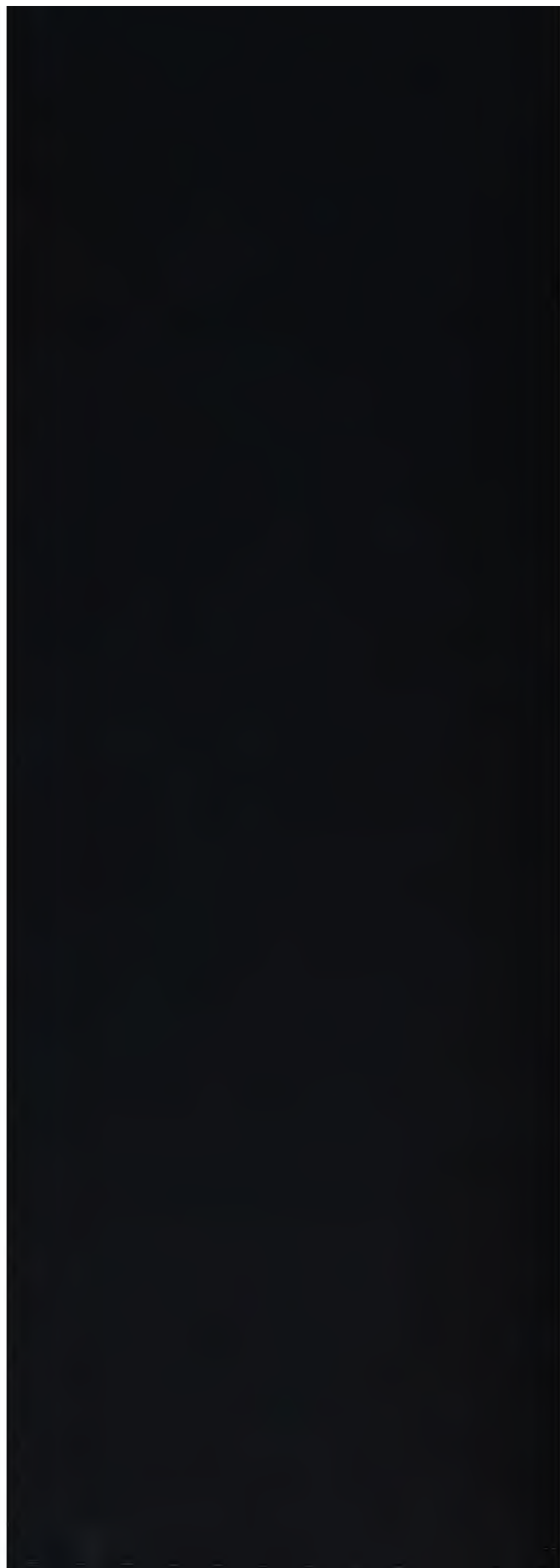
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THE
HISTORY
OF THE
LITERATURE OF WALES
FROM THE
YEAR 1300 TO THE YEAR 1650.

BY

CHARLES WILKINS, PH. D.,

MEMBER OF THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF CYMMRODORION, AND LOCAL SECRETARY FOR
GLAMORGAN OF THE CAMBRIAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

CARDIFF :
DANIEL OWEN AND COMPANY, LIMITED.
—
1884.



DEDICATION.

—:—

TO

GEORGE THOMAS CLARK, Esq., F.S.A., F.G.S.,

ETC., ETC.,

ONE OF THE

PAST PRESIDENTS

OF THE

CAMBRIAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION,

WHOSE INTEREST IN WALES, ITS ANCIENT HISTORY,

AND LITERATURE,

HAS BEEN LONG AND ABLY SHOWN BY HIS PEN,

THIS WORK IS, WITH RESPECT,

DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

—:0:—

THE History of the Literature of Wales has been justly regarded as falling naturally into four great divisions. The first partially shrouded by the veil of antiquity, and by myth; the second from that margin land of fable and accepted history to the middle of the Fourteenth Century; the third from that period to A.D. 1600, and the fourth from the beginning of the Seventeenth Century to our own times.

Our task is devoted to the second and third distinctive epochs, and if it lack the scope for learned criticism which the first has had from the hands of the able philologists and historians who have preceded us, it will be found, we trust, in its elaboration, in the extent of enquiry and the richness of our gleanings, no less acceptable and interesting.

In submitting this history in English, we do so with the earnest conviction that it will be more generally useful. Every educated Welshman is now conversant with English, but there are few educated Englishmen who are conversant with Welsh. Every Welshman, again, is thoroughly satisfied of the excellence of the literature of his own country; but the mass of Englishmen have to take the assertion on trust, its support being the reputation of the friendly critics who assert it, and a few desultory translations.

We have now endeavoured to bring together an array of evidence that must satisfy all doubters, and have striven at the same time to give a work that shall be of use to the student, and of interest to the public. No one, honestly, can adversely criticise the worth of the collection of facts now before the reader; fault only can be found in arrangement and the capacity of the historian.

THE AUTHOR.

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PRELIMINARY ENQUIRY.

THE intellectual expression of a nation is affected materially by the social condition of that nation. Songs of freedom come not from an enslaved land—the children of Israel could not sing beside the waters of Babylon—and elevation of thought is absent from scenes where the monk holds sway. Thus it is imperative that in entering upon the subject of the literature of a people we should first glance at its history. To the student of human nature the interest of the theme is enhanced, for the social life and the mental expression blend, one is the accompaniment, the other is the air, and both constitute the nation's individuality. The latter half of the twelfth century saw the death of the valorous Owen Gwynedd, the setting aside of his heir on account of personal defect, the alleged sailing away of Madoc, that fruitful theme of literary dispute, and the war of kindred, bitter as all such wars are, intense in hate, and unrelieved by any act of mercy. The close of the twelfth century, from 1194 to 1240, the reigning power of Wales was vested in the hands of the wise and valorous Prince Llewelyn ab Iorwerth. But the bards of his reign were neither so numerous nor so able as in the preceding half century. In a later age of mental development a peaceful era would have been favourable to intellectual expression, but the early bard was, with some few exceptions, purely an appanage of the battle-field, and if he had no victory to record, and no warrior prince to mourn, his mission was gone. As the years rolled by, and the perceptive faculties grew superior to the emotional, the teachings of Nature came into play, and the bard had fuller scope and greater variety of subjects for his muse. We shall note, if close attention be paid, as the literary annals are unrolled, how the mental character is slowly altered and action quickened, and mere fulsome eulogy become of less account.

One of the earliest of the prominent bards of the thirteenth century was Gruffydd ap Gwrgeneu, who appeared upon the scene as early as 1210; twenty-nine of his poems are in *Myv. Arch.*, one an elegy on Gruffydd ap Kynan. One of his poems is a lament for the loss of his companions. We copy a few lines to show the reflective powers of the bard:

The death of the ever mild Merwydd incessantly
Wets my cheeks with tears that flow fast and frequent,
It is not the age of man which causes them,
For man is no longer lived than a shadow.

Then we have Llygad Gwr, who flourished from 1220. Five of his productions are in the 1st vol. *Myv. Arch.* One is an ode to Gruffydd Moelawr, second to Llewelyn, third to Gruffydd again, fourth to Llewelyn Prince of North Wales, fifth elegy on Hywel, son of Madog.

For the interest of English readers we give a translation of a portion of Llygad Gwr's well-known ode, addressed to Llewelyn ab Gruffydd. The beginning will strike the ear as familiar:

To God, the source of joy, of every good,
The fount exuberant, of majesty,
Transcendent, first I look and lift my voice.
Next let the tribute of my song proceed
To extol Arllechwedd's hero,
The blood-stained prince, from kings in story famed
Descended. Like to the famous Cæsar's
Is the renown in arms of Gruffydd's heir.
Matchless in courage and in bravery,
His lance is crimsoned with his foemen's blood,
Their lands to ravage is his dear delight.
Pillar of Princes! generous, from him
Never with empty hands have I returned.
My glorious prince, I never would exchange;
England he ravages; wide is his fame,
From noble stock descended.
His foe he routs; Llewelyn ap Gruffydd,
The mild and prosperous ruler, Britain's boast
And glory in the field; with sceptred hand,
And gilded sword, the lion of Cemaes,

Fierce in the onset, on th' ensanguined plain
Our bulwark; he with strangers will not make
Allegiance, but their lands impetuously
Will ravage. He shall prosper in the end.
About Diganwy has he spread his sway,
His foemen flee from him with maimèd limbs,
Blood flows in streams about thy soldiers' path;
Dragon of Arvon, of resistless might,
With all thy well-trained battle steeds
The Saxon shall not tear one foot of land
From thee: no Kymro can thy equal be.

After asserting that the sovereign power foretold for him by the bards would be fulfilled, the ode, which is claimed to be historical from its references, ends as follows:—

Thou son of Gruffydd, man of noble soul,
Who generously distributes gifts for songs.
His shining shield and lance extended meet
The quickly rushing streams of foemen's blood.
Like a sovereign prince he layeth tribute
His enemies upon, and claims their land.
The nobly born, he fortresses attacks,
His furious rage, like Flamddwyn's, reaches far.
A prosperous chief is he, with princely gifts,
Bards grace his generous board. Him have I seen
Scattering his wealth around, with lib'ral hand,
His mead horns foam with wine.
Long may Llewelyn live; with his sharp sword,
Like Arthur with steel lance, his land to guard.
The lawful king of Kymru, princely lord,
At God's right hand may he be blest at last.

It will be noted that this ode is an early type of the panegyric eulogies which followed. The warrior is one of the Homeric stamp, but while revelling in the flow of blood, furious in his rage, and sacking the fortresses of nobles, no board more bountifully laden, no hand more generous to the bard.

Einion ap Gwgan is another of the early list of poets. One of his, an address to Llyw. ab Iorwerth, is in *Myv. Arch.* Stephens (*Lit. Kym.*, p. 145.), referring to this poem, commends it as a fine contribution to the store of Cambrian literature.

We quote the concluding portion :—

He is a warrior that may be compared to a deluge,
 To the surge on the beach, which covereth the wild salmon.
 The sound of his approach is like that of the roaring wave that
 rusheth to the shore,
 That can neither be stopped nor appeased.
 He puts numerous troops of his enemies to flight,
 Like a mighty wind.
 Warriors crowded about him, zealous to defend his cause
 Their shields shone bright on their arms.
 His bards make the vales resound with his praises
 The justice of his cause, and his bravery in maintaining it,
 Are deservedly celebrated.
 His valour is the theme of every tongue.
 The glory of his victories is heard in distant climes.
 His men exult about their eagle,—
 To yield or die is the fate of his enemies.
 They have experienced his force by the shivering of his lance
 In the day of battle, when no danger can change his purpose,
 He is conspicuous above the rest,
 With a large strong crimson lance.
 He is the honour of his country ; great is his generosity,
 And he is never sued in vain.
 Llewelyn is a tender-hearted prince,
 He is wise, witty, and ingenious,
 And diffuses happiness as he circulates his wine,
 May He that bestowed on us a share of his heavenly revelation,
 Grant him the blessed habitation of the saints above the stars.

(See *Cambrian Register*, Vol. 3, page 509.)

Bleddyn Llwyd flourished from 1230, and thirteen of his works are extant. *Vide Camb. Reg.*

Rhiwallon of Myddfai, in conjunction with his three sons, drew up a full account of their practice of physic. A copy of their book of practice is in *Llyfr Coch*, Jesus College, and a translation of a portion is given in the 2nd vol. *Cambrian Register*. But the most complete is the edition edited by Ab Ithel, when editor of the *Cambrian Journal*.

* A relic of Roman times.

We are indebted to the *Cambrian Register* for the preface to a few "Extracts" from this work of the early physicians of Wales, and also for a translation of the opening part:—

The copy formerly in the Welsh School, London, is stated from its orthography to have been written about the year 1300. Dr. Davies, in his dictionary, quotes this book frequently, and he gives some account of the author under the word Myddfai, where he also quotes Davydd ap Gwilym, who refers to these doctors. Llwyd, in his *Arch. Brit.*, under the list of British writers, tells us that there is a copy of the same book in *Llyfr Coch o Hergest*, in Jesus College library. He says also that there was a copy on parchment borrowed by Dr. Davies in 1634 of Mr. Mansell, of Margam, Glamorganshire. There are several other copies of it, some imperfect, and some in which are added the words of others. Mr. Lewis Morris heard it said in South Wales that this very family of surgeons had practised at Myddfai ever since, but that the son then living, in his time being the last Meddyg Myddfai, thought it beneath him, or perhaps had been brought up otherwise.

The old physician thus begins:—

By the help of God, sovereign over all, here are set forth the best and the principal things in the art of healing, with respect to the human body, which have been committed to writing by Riwallon, the physician, and his sons, namely:—Cadwgan, Gruffydd, and Einon, those being the best and most eminent doctors of their time, and of the time of Rhys Gryg, their lord, and then the lord of Dinevwr, being the person who chiefly maintained their privilege. The reason that those things were commanded to be written was lest there should be none possessed of so much knowledge as they were found to have.

The practice consisted of bleeding, and the use of simples. Betony, violets, salt or fresh butter, suet, white of eggs, blisters were the chief healers, and harmonised with the quiet life of a primitive agricultural people. The Myddfai, in fact, were true types of the "Old School."

In Einion (Wan) we have another eulogist of Llywelyn ab

Iorwerth. Six of his poems appear in *Myv. Arch.*, and four of these relate to Llewelyn. He may well be selected as characteristic poet; we cite a few lines of an elegy on Madoc ab Gruffydd Maelor of Powys, Lord of Bromfield:—

Will not the tribes weep for the loss of Madoc?
Hawk of battles, bold and powerful chieftain.
Have not my heart's tears ebbed completely away,
And is not my heart bursting through this loss?
The loss of Madoc, sorrowful recollection,
Make the heart wither from regret,
Hero of the earth, prosperous chieftain,
Miserable is his valley.

Prydydd Bychan, who flourished up to 1260, has left a large number of poems, chiefly of the elegiac character. Twenty-one of these are given in the 1st vol. of *Myv. Arch.* Five of these are addressed to Meredydd ap Owain. We give an illustration of his martial fervour in his ode to Owain Goch, the brother of Llewelyn, who was so long detained in captivity:—

O Gwynedd, famed for princes and for songs,
No shame from Gruffydd's son
Will soil thee; hawk of battle,
Perveddwlad's glory, he.
A ruler bold is Owain, resolute
Round him the ravens flock,
All praise him, bold in conflict,
From ancient kings descended.
Daring in battle's tumult, unperplexed
In trial, Gruffydd's son,
Hawk of Kymru, fierce and strong,
Men will bring thee what is thine.
Eagle, whose prey is golden Owain is;
Spreader of courage, hawk
Of conflict, he trained to wars
Fraw's fierce dragon, harms the Franks.
Known to the foes is Owain, hero keen
Of London, his war shout
Sounds like a lion's roaring,
Help of weakness, Gwynedd's hope.

Rhysierdin, another of the thirteenth century poets, has two of his poems addressed to Hywel ab Gruffydd and Goronwy ab Tudur, in the 1st vol. *Myv. Arch.*

Of Adda Vras, who, according to Dr. Davies and E. Llwyd, flourished in this century, no works are extant.

Phillip Brydydd has been more fortunate. Six of his are preserved in the 1st vol. *Myv. Arch.*, chiefly addressed to the Princes of South Wales, and one an elegy on Rhys Ieuange. In this elegy there occurs a most forcible image. On seeing the body the bard exclaims:—

Is it not an image in a mirror that I see?

Was it not to-day that I saw him at the head of his army?

(Life is but grass); now I support the body of a lifeless king.

The critic who may attentively examine the few remains we have of Phillip Brydydd, and also those of Benfras and Prydydd Bychan, and his contemporaries, will unquestionably come to the conclusion that their poetic labours were in greater part composed of eulogies upon the princes and other leading men of their time, but upon this head the verdict of the *Cambrian Register* is eminently pertinent and satisfactory. "Laying aside," it observes, "every consideration of their worth besides the history and picture of the times to be found in them, they are valuable on that account alone." *Camb. Reg.*, vol. 1, p. 414. It is herein and in kindred works that the future historian of Wales must delve. He must look below the graceful panegyric, the fervent expression of gratitude or of esteem, and note the social life which the monkish recorder of battle and victory failed to pourtray.

We may in this section notice *Llyfr * Coch o Hergest*, so called from Hergest Court, Knighton, the seat of the Vaughans, for which family it was most likely compiled. It contains Bruts, Mabinogion, some details of the physicians of Myddfai and their curative system, and a miscellaneous collection of poetry, some of which may be seen in the *Revue Celtique*.

* Doubtless so called from the binding or the initial letter, which is red. Numerous red books are extant, and not confined to the Welsh. For instance the *Liber Ruber Bathoniæ* (Bath Collection.)

Amongst the prominent bards whose compositions are preserved in this work are Golyddan, Glyn Cothi, Adda Vras, Llevoed Wyneb glawr, Llywarch and Tyssilio. It was from this collection that Lady Charlotte Guest (Schreiber) prepared her translation of the *Mabinogion*, to which we shall further allude. With regard to the particulars, date and history of the book, it is a thick folio MS., bound in red morocco, containing three hundred and sixty leaves of inscribed vellum. On each page are two columns, and the verdict of careful critics is that there are three distinct handwritings in the work. Its compilation was evidently a gradual one, extending, probably, from the last quarter of the thirteenth century to the end of the fifteenth. The first handwriting it may be mentioned, has a chronology terminating, with 1331, and the second with 1376, while in the last handwriting are miscellaneous poems by bards who flourished from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries.

An unpublished note by Mr. Stephens (author of *The Literature of the Kymry*), which was found amongst his papers, has been handed to us, and as this bears on the question of date, we insert it.

Stephens says: *Llyfr Coch*; age of bulk of book is older than Glyn Cothi, whose poems belong to the *sixteenth century. It seems from the handwriting to be written by professed scribes, by different persons, and at different times. The poetry was not transcribed before the fourteenth century, for it commences as a brief chronicle from Adam to 1313, and it has a chronological history up to 1376. It has double columns, seven hundred and twenty-one pages (an account in *Camb. Brit.* reckons each column as a page). Query, adds Stephens, "should we not give the date of *Llyfr Coch* at 1276?"

With reference to its history, it passed from the hands of the Vaughans into those of Lewis Mansel, of Margam. From him it was obtained, in 1634, by Dr. John Davies, who left it in his will to Thomas Wilkins, of Llanblethian, and he, in 1701, presented it to Jesus College, where it now is, and Welsh scholars will be

* This is evidently wrong, his last poem dates 1486, on the Coronation of Henry VII.

gratified to know that this valuable work can be inspected at proper times and seasons, by permission of the authorities.

Bleddyn Vardd, another poet of deserved eminence, flourished from 1250. Thirteen poems, odes, and elegies on Prince Llewelyn and his brothers, David and Owain, appear in *Myv. Arch.* Einion ab Madawg ab Rhaawd, a contemporary, has an ode to Gruffydd ab Llewelyn in the 1st vol. of *Myv. Arch.*, but Einion Meirion has left no record. At a little further period in the same century we have Cadwgan ab Cynvrig. One stanza of his works is preserved in the *Greal*, commemorating a victory gained by the Welsh over the English at Aberconwy (p. 166). Of Cadwgan ab Ednyved, a poet of the same period, we have no remains. More distinguished than these we have Gruffydd ab yr Ynad Coch. Eight of his compositions are in *Myv. Arch.* One of these is an elegy on his patron, Llewelyn ab Gruffydd, slain 1282. Of this there is a translation in English verse, by the Rev. K. Williams, of Vron, printed in Jones' *Bardic Museum* :—

Cold is my heart, with sorrow stricken
For Aberfraw's kingly diviner ;
Worthy of the diadem was he.
Llewelyn lives not to reward me,
Alas ! the lordly hawk, and blameless ;
Alas ! his dire misfortune, and alas !
My mournful loss, his doom so woeful.
Lord of countless hosts, we have not thriven.
Life eternal now he shall enjoy.
'Tis mine to mourn the Saxon treason,
Mine to complain that death would seize him,
Mine at my great loss to be humbled ;
Mine it is to praise him ceaselessly ;
To meditate and mourn him ever ;
To grieve, to weep, my lord thus slain.
Victorious till the eighteen * all had fallen,
My gentle lord, whom the still earth holds.
Lion-like, whom th' elements obeyed.

* It is thought that this reference to eighteen of his comrades veils an historical fact. There is scope here for the poet and the painter of modern times to enlarge upon and illustrate.

Praised in song as Emrys did foreshow,
 Does not the grave hold him who rightly
 Ought to hold and rule o'er Aberfraw?
 Our hero fell by a stranger's hand,
 His age was not respected. Candle
 Of sovereignty, lion of Gwynedd,
 Whom well became the chair of honour,
 Alas! wide Britain mourns her chieftain!

Gruffydd was an excellent example of the prevailing style of his time, such as beginning the first line with a repetition of some favourite word or idea, thus *vide* elegy on Llewelyn:—

Many a trickling tear passes over the cheek,
 Many a side is red with the gash upon it,
 Many a one with blood upon his feet, etc.

Closer to the end of the century we have two eminent poets: Gwernen, some stanzas of whom are in *Myv. Arch.*; and Meyrig, or Maurice, treasurer of Llandaff, distinguished as the author of *Cwta Cyvarwydd o Vorganwg*. (This, still preserved in MS., contains, besides the compendium of the history of Glamorgan, many other articles—list in Llwyd's *Arch. Brit.*, p. 257.) He also wrote a *History of the whole Isle of Britain; Book of Proverbs; Rules of Poetry*, and *Welsh Theology*. He also translated Gospel of St. John from Latin into Welsh, with commentaries.* Meyrig would appear to be one of the earliest instances of a bard departing from the usual formula of congratulating his patrons on the success of the field, and lamenting in high coloured eulogy for the loss of that patron when stricken down. We see the changing influences at work, and the intellectual expression of the bards taking higher flight.

In Trahaiarn Brydydd Mawr we have another eminent poet. He is by some identified with Casnodyn (1290 to 1340), fifty-nine of whose compositions are in *Myv. Arch.* Twenty-two of his poems are in *Myv. Arch.*, vol. 1, and so, also, is one of Llewelyn Ddu's (1290) compositions to Llewelyn ab Gwilym, while a still

* *Iolo MSS.* state, on the authority of Iago ab Dewi, that these books were at Abermarlais, Carmarthenshire, fifty years ago. *Vide Iolo*, p. 638.

more celebrated bard, Llewelyn Vardd, has seven of his preserved in the same collection. Llewelyn Voelrhon, son and grandson of eminent poets, has left no record, and the same may be said of Madog ab Selyr (1270 to 1300.)

Gwilym Ddu o' Arvon,* another eminent bard, has three poems in *Myv. Arch.*, vol. 1, p. 408. Two of these are addressed to Sir Gruffydd Llwyd, in prison. The literary annals of the thirteenth century would be incomplete if we omitted another marked exception to the rank and file of bards, Edeyrn Davod Aur, or the Golden Tongue. He was a poet and a grammarian of the thirteenth century, and there is still extant a grammar which he undertook at the command of the Princes of Wales, and made public about 1270. The author of *Eminent Welshmen* states that it may be regarded as the grammar of the Principality, and its compilation is highly honourable to the ability of Edeyrn. The Princes of Wales who encouraged this departure from the rôle of obsequious praise were Llewelyn ab Gruffydd, 1254 to 1282; Rhys Vychan, lord of Dynevor and Ystrad Towy, and Morgan Vychan, Lord Paramount of Morganwg.

This preliminary enquiry may be taken as sufficiently extended to give the reader a fair idea of the times and men immediately preceding the period selected for our history, upon which, without further preface, we enter.

* Carnhuanawc places him, but incorrectly, at 1323, and gives a translation of the ode to Sir Gruffydd. His similes are remarkable. His patron is of "kingly courtesy, the commander of spears, the protecting lion, the magnificent fortress, the excellent chief." *Vide Literary Remains*, p. 338.



HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF WALES DURING THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

WHEN the fourteenth century dawned, Wales was no longer free. The people retained their old patriotic impulses, and partial efforts—that of Llewelyn Bren and Owen Glyndwr—showed in the distant years that the love of freedom was inseparable from the individuality of a Welshman; but with the century chosen as our starting point, the history of Wales with that of Britain becomes blended, with the solitary exception of our literature, and thenceforward the two long opposing currents have pursued the same peaceful channel.

In preceding years the bard might have been pictured as the soldier, either a unit in the army, or leading, as some of the illustrious poet-princes did, in the “battle van,” Cambrian Xenophons, who, like Llywarch Hen, could use sword and pen. Now we see the bard dons the minstrel’s dress and plays with lute, or emerges gravely from monastery and friars and gives forth wise learning, even from Oxford. Rogerus (Conway) was one of the last named. He is placed on record as a Franciscan Friar and an M.A. of Oxford. Rogerus was renowned for his learning, as evidenced by the following list of his works:—

1. *Contra Errores Armacini.*
2. *Determinationes Scholasticæ.*
3. *Questiones Theologicæ.*
4. *Lecturæ et Sermones.*

In the preceding century we glanced at the celebrated physicians of Myddfai, and in this another of the Rhiwallon family comes forward with an improved treatise on the healing art, Phillip Veddyg of Myddfai; and the doughty Madog Benvras

figured upon the scene, doing substantial service (*vide Iolo MSS.*) in renovating the congresses of bards. Davydd y Coed figured from 1300 to 1340. Seven of his poems are preserved in *Myv. Arch.* Goronwy Ddu, 1320 to 1370, has two of his productions in the same work; so also has Goronwy Griog. One of these is addressed to Madawg, Bishop of Bangor. Gruffydd ab Davydd ap Tudor, who figured up to 1340, has two of his compositions in *Myv. Arch.*

Hywel (Ystorn), according to *Cambrian Biography*, figured in the fourteenth century, but Moses Williams places him in the fifteenth century. He has departed from the usual rôle by bequeathing a lampoon on a tinker (*vide* 1st vol. *Myv. Arch.*)

Hywel ab Rhys, otherwise known as Bwr Bach, was one of the minor poets of the first quarter of the century. In later years he figured as President of the Glamorgan Gorsedd. More noticeable than Bwr Bach was Gruffydd ab Meredydd ab Davydd, an eminent poet of Anglesey, 1310. Twenty-eight of his poems, of which twelve are elegies and odes, addressed to Tudor ab Gronow, of Penmynydd, are in the 1st vol. *Myv. Arch.* One of his compositions, "Marwnad Gwenhwyvar," is a pathetic tribute. (See Hywel ab Einion Llygliw further on this head).

This marwnad, or elegy, is cited as indicating the dress of the period:—

The wearer of white and green, of red and blue,
Is now in the painful fold of death,
The church conceals her—she whom gold so adorned,
Wearer of velvet.
We mourn tearfully now that the flush of beauty has faded,
Now that the weare of velvet and red is no more.

Hillyn, who figured up to 1330, was also a poet of eminent quality. Two of his, addressed to Ieuan Llwyd ab Ieuan ab Gruffydd Voel, are in *Myv. Arch.* Iorwerth Beli, 1330, is chiefly noticeable by his poem to the Bishop of Bangor, *Myv. Arch.* Iorwerth Vychan ab Iorwerth ab Rhotpert, 1310, has two in the same collection. Sevnyn, 1320, has three of his compositions, one an elegy, in *Myv. Arch.* Of Iorwerth Llwyd, 1310, there are no

remains. Llywarch Llaety figured up to 1340. One of his, to Llyw ab Madoc, appears in 1st vol. *Myv. Arch.* The editors of that publication claim him for this century, but Stephens contends that he belongs to an earlier epoch.

From the date 1340, for ten years or more, few new poets came upon the scene, and it was not until 1360 to 1370 that the great flood set in which made the latter part of the fourteenth century and early part of the fifteenth so remarkable. Stephens refers to this time of dearth as being a period of gloom, during which the incubus of Welsh poetry, the Cynghanedd, was formed. This came into prominence from the death of the last Llewelyn to the appearance of Davydd ap Gwilym. Previous to noticing the most eminent we will place on record a few of their predecessors:—

Llewelyn Goch ab Meurig Hen, 1330 to 1370, who wrote a pathetic elegy on the sudden death of his bride. Six of his compositions are in *Myv. Arch.*, his own elegy was written by Iolo Goch.

Llewelyn Vychan up to 1330, some MSS. left.

The sexton's son, Mab y Clochyddyn. A poem of his in praise of Gwenhwyvar is in *Myv. Arch.*

Iorwerth ab Cyriog (Anglesey), 1360. Two of his are in *Myv. Arch.*

Ithel Ddu, 1380. His elegy written by Iolo Goch and preserved amongst his poems.

Of Madog ab Gwallter, a friar and poet, 1370, we have full and satisfactory record. Some idea of his religious poetry may be of interest:—

A Son is given,
A kind Son born,
With honours great;
A Son of glory,
One to save us;
Of sons the best;
A Virgin's Son,
Teaching mercy,
And precept good.

No fleshly father
 Had this free Son,
 This freest gift.
 Meditate we,
 Now, and wonder
 At these marvels.
 Nought more wondrous
 Will again e'er
 Ask praise from us.
 Both God and man ;
 And God is man,
 With the same powers ;
 Giant great,—little
 Powerful—puny.
 Feeble to see,
 Poor and yet rich,
 Father and Brother,
 Author of being ;
 Jesus, whom we
 Patiently wait for,
 King of all kings,
 Humble, exalted,
 Emanuel,
 Honey of souls ;
 With ox and ass,
 Of life the Lord
 In manger lies ;
 Silk he needs not,
 Nor ermine white,
 To cover him ;
 And round his bed
 Not linen fine, but rags are found.

Save me, O Lord, yea do Thou now protect ;
 Weak am I, strengthless, be Thou my Support,
 Thou who hast rescued many, rescue me,
 Help to the feeble ; ah ! shouldst thou not love !
 And thou, my soul, lead me not into sin,
 Turn thee from error's ways while yet thou mayst ;
 While yet thou canst, the footsteps of the mind
 Guard midst the webs and pitfalls of deceit.

The Perfect, fairer than the fairest gold,
Designed and formed thee, as thou canst believe ;
Upon thee His own form He did impress,
And granted thee His image fair to wear.

Jesus, dear Jesus, to me show Thy face,
Veil not nor cover it from me :
Thy features veil not, and do Thou look down
Upon Thy servant, and with love

Cheer me, mysterious Ruler ! whilst I live.
To Thee I turn, O turn Thou not from me ;
Let me not into evil courses slide,
Nor end my days in chase of vanity.

Emp'ror, Creator, do Thou strengthen me,
Hold Thou my hand in Thine, and guide me well,
Lead me along in paths of righteousness.

Thee will I praise, kind Ruler of the skies.
Who of all these that know Thee wouldst not praise ?
Thy praise from church bells shall resound, and books,
And pour shrill harp strings of melodious sound.

When Thou shalt come to judge Heaven, Earth, and Hell,
Give me a sign by which I shall be known ;
Thou wouldst not place my soul amongst the lost,
Then let me stand besides Thee and the Lamb !"

The devotional spirit shown throughout this composition is very strongly marked, and for the fourteenth century deserving of highest praise. The poet's acquaintance with the world was slight, as a rule, and the scope of his illustrations a confined one. The web of the spider, the pitfall used to trap the game of the forest, came within his ken, and highest praise was from the melody of bells and harps. His idea of the Father was no abstract one. The classic mind was apt to liken Him to the Jupiter of some ethereal Olympus, but to the humble monk He was the Paternal, taking him by the hand, guiding the child on the way. Stephens quotes the poem in part, and adds (*Literature of the Kymry*, p. 390) his testimony as follows :—

"Though they (the lines) contain some obscure words, they are

pretty intelligible when we consider that six hundred years have elapsed since they were written. No other nation can produce such another specimen of old literature so intelligible in the present day."

Ieuan (Drwch y Daran), 1370. Ieuan Hen, 1350. Little is known of these, but that the latter was President of the Glamorgan Gorsedd, 1370, and was father of Gwilym Hen, who flourished in the next century.

Next we have Ieuan Llwyd, 1370, a poet of whom there are no remains. Iocyn Ddu ab Ithel Grach, 1360, and Ieuan Mon, 1370, have left a few MSS., but unimportant in character. In Gruffydd Llwyd, who flourished in 1380, we have one of higher status. Several of his poems are in MSS. Of one, addressed to Glyndwr, printed in Jones' *Welsh Bards*, there is a spirited paraphrase in Pennant's *Tour in Wales*. Our poet also wrote on the great marvel, the comet of 1402—a subject which formed the theme of many a poetic effort, and is instanced in Glyndwr's life and referred to by Shakespeare. His muse was a varied one. Some of his compositions well illustrate the opinion quoted by Macaulay, and entertained by our most eminent philologists, that the history of a people is to be found in their ballads. We get occasional glimpses of the social condition of the Welsh in the following, wherein Gruffydd openly prejudices the case of Morgan Davydd Llewelyn, who was tried for killing the Chief Justice of Carmarthen. Morgan is to be tried by a jury, who meet at a tavern, kept by one Gwenllian Hir, and the poet, who regards the calling of the usual class of jurymen, tailors, shoemakers, drovers, and loafers, as unfitted for the important task of sitting in judgment, leans strongly to men who woo the muse; but we give the ode *in extenso* from *Iolo MSS*, pp. 679, 680:—

Sir David, the Assertor of Justice,
The Moderator of the Meted Law,
Of the golden-crested helmet, of the race of Mordav,
Thine is a great name, the Lord Hanmer,
A complete lawyer, pure as silver,
A second David in our own day art thou.

Of wide celebrity thy tongue and thy understanding,
Widely hast thou established the wisdom of Solomon.
Come thou with thy vast talents,
To the citadel of Merlin, at my request,
To maintain, throughout the contest,
Richard, the august king.
When thou seest, most august lord,
The examining of the liberal man whom I love,
A thousand along with me will certify for him,
Morgan, the distributor of gold (*i.e.*, the generous).
Grant to him, though a hundred should attend,
An honourable jury, becoming an innocent man.
The liberal man will not have a peasant of crestless helmet,
Nor a tailor, a dirty procurer of clothes ;
Nor shoemakers, a senseless crew ;
Nor drovers, of stubborn tribe ;
Nor let idle persons, who know not the law,
Be numbered for the work.

1. Let Gruffydd ap Rhys be appointed,
The generous and spirited son of Gwinionydd,
A composer of no unpolished song,
A man who for gold will not perjure himself.
2. Llewelyn Goch, of expanded vision,
The spirited owner of energetic genius.
It will not be difficult in the honourable court
3. To obtain a true verdict if Rhys Ieuange is numbered,
One of the most excellent of youths,
That shall render judgment : let him go to the bench.
4. Moel y Pantri, no unskilful gilder of song
Is the splendid eagle. Of established fame is he
With his country ; one who will keep his oath.
5. Let Rhys Brydydd be counted ; well known his claim
To the composition of legitimate verse.
6. And Davydd, of inspired verse,
The energetic son of Iorwerth, of the vigorous muse.
7. It is right to admit Owen, the son of Davydd,
The bright constructor of poetry ;
The man who chants the melody of the greenwood ;
Wakeful and vigorous in the district of Iscoed.
8. And easy will be the poem of the Kyw,
And difficult to find his equal.

9. The Pased, an honourable man, will be credited,
Notwithstanding the ravenous birds of the country (law
officers).
10. I would not doubt the hundredth word
Of the Crach's oath, with his hands on the relics.
11. Let also at their meeting be counted amongst them
Syppyn (Kyveiliog), exalted is his fame.
12. Let me also be counted, whenever desired :
Has not the God of heaven, of peace and harmony, formed me
A man whom he will not suffer to swear a falsehood ?
And shall we not by citation prosecute
Him who swears it against a man's life ?
If on any day we sit together
In the house of Gwennllian Hir,
Certain is it, if the twelve
Are of my opinion in the fair tavern,
For two shiploads of solid gold,
They never will recognise Morgan as guilty.
May the curse of Mary, the protector of the land,
And that of God, lie upon the man who deserts him.

We select Hywel ab Einion Llygliw, who flourished from 1330 to 1390, as a fairly marked representative poet of his time. He was a man of note, and, according to Prydydd Hir, a celebrated bard, though there is some doubt as to his antecedents. Dr. Davies thinks he was uncle to Gryffyth Llwyd ap Davydd ap Einion Llygliw, another eminent bard of the next century. Hywel was one of the earliest of the amatory bards, and excelled in the ease with which he blended passages of descriptive beauty with expressions of the tender passion. Woman, in a primitive age, held but a secondary position. She was the toiler in the fields in Scriptural days, and in early British times only came into notice and laudation when in the exhibition of masculine achievements; feats of heroism or trials of endurance in great emergencies. The early British poet could, and did, mourn the loss of his helpmeet. But he won her often by the sword, never by the aid of the muses; and, won, she sunk into obscurity. It was left for the middle age of our history to bring her into notice, to become the poet's theme, and for a still later age—our own

time—for her to stand on the same intellectual and social platform with man.

The careful student of Welsh literature will note that the earliest intellectual expressions, prior to the tenth century, are studiously free from all apostrophes to love. Llywarch Hen mourned the loss of brave sons, pictured the gloom of Kyn-ddylan's hall; Aneurin told of the heroes who marched to Catteraeth at break of day. Moral lesson and aphorism come to us from *Englynion y Clywed* and from *Chwedlau*—still woman is not seen. Later on, and in the tenth and eleventh centuries, we have war pictures, devotional aspirations; mead too is extolled, the cupbearer is exhorted to fill; and then faint references are given first illustrative of a love of nature, showing the growing tenderness of the warrior, as in *Gwalchmai*; and in succession we have plaintive laments for the loss of some adored Nest, as in the *Marwnad* of Gruffydd ab Meredith.

It would be an interesting enquiry to trace how much the change was to be attributed to the Norman, to the troubadour, to the Crusades; but unquestionably from the time when the Norman element was assimilated with the British, and history presented us with the first dawns of a so-called chivalrous age, then the love poem came more conspicuously into notice, and emotional fervour, passionate longing, and ardent aspiration are linked even in the fetters of restrictive metres. In elucidation of our theory, we present one of the earliest love poems, that to Myfanwy, by our author, Hywel ab Einion, translated in *Specimens of Poetry of Ancient Welsh Bards*, by Ieuan Brydydd Hir:—

“I am without spirit, O thou that hast enchanted me, as Creirwy enchanted Garwy. In whatever world I am, I lament my absence from the marble castle of Myfanwy. Love is the heaviest burden, O thou that shinest like the heavens, and a greater punishment cannot be inflicted than thy displeasure, O beautiful Myfanwy. I, who am plunged deeper and deeper in love, can expect no other ease, O gentle fair Myfanwy, with the jet eyebrows, than to lose my life on thy account. I sung in

golden verse thy praises, O Myfanwy; this is the happiness of thy lover, but the happiness is a misfortune. The well-fed steed carried me pensive like Trystan, and great was his speed to reach the golden summit of Bran. Daily I turn my eyes, and see thee, O thou that shinest like the waves of Caswennan. Charming sight to gaze on thee in the spacious royal palace of Bran. I have rode hard, mounted on a fine high-bred steed, upon thy account, O thou with the countenance of cherry-flower bloom. The speed was with eagerness, and the strong long-ham'd steed of Alban reached the summit of the highland of Bran. I have composed, with great study and pains, thy praise, O thou that shinest like the new fallen snow on the brow of Aran. O thou beautiful flower, descended from Trevor. Hear my sorrowful complaint. I am wounded, and the great love I bear thee will not suffer me to sleep, unless thou givest me a kind answer. I, thy pensive bard, am in as woeful plight as Rhun by the palace, beautiful maid. I recite, without either flattery or guile, thy praise, O thou that shinest like the meridian sun, with thy stately steps. Shouldst thou, who art the luminary of many countries, demand my two eyes, I would part with them on thy account, such is the pain I suffer. They pain me while I look on the glossy walls of thy fine habitation, and see thee beautiful as the morning sun. I have meditated thy praise, and made all countries resound with it, and every singer was pleased in chanting it. So affecting are the subjects of my mournful tale, O Myfanwy, that lookest like flakes of driven snow. My loving heart sinks with grief without thy support, O thou that hast the whiteness of the curling wave. Heaven has decreed that I should suffer tormenting pain, and wisdom and reason were given in vain to guard against love. When I saw thy fine shape in scarlet robes, thou daughter of a generous chief, I was so affected that life and death were equal to me. I sunk away, and scarce had time to make my confession. Alas! my labour in celebrating thy praises, O thou that shinest like the fine spider's webs on the grass on a summer's day, is vain. It would be a hard task for any man to guess how great my pain is. It is so afflicting, thou bright luminary of maids, that my

colour is gone. I know that this pain will avail me nothing towards obtaining my love, O thou whose countenance is as bright as the flowers of the hawthorn. O how well didst thou succeed in making me to languish, and despair. For heaven's sake, pity my distressed condition, and soften the penance of thy bard. I am a bard, who, though wounded by thee, sing thy praises in well sounding verse, thou gentle maid of slender shape, who hinderest me to sleep by thy charms. I bring thy praises, bright maid, to thy neat palace at Dinbrain; many are the songs that I rehearse to celebrate thy beautiful form."

Hywel selects his metaphors with great aptitude and propriety. At one moment the object of his adoration is likened to the beauty of the heavens, then to the brightness of the sun, the purity of the sea foam, the tint of the cherry-bloom, the colour of the hawthorn. These, and other natural similes, flow amongst the unobtrusive egotism of the bard, who tells us that the praises he has sung have resounded through all countries. One is at a loss which most to admire—the varied character of his imagery, or the strength of his affection.

Llewelyn Brydydd Hodnant was an eminent poet of the century. Two of his, addressed to Ieuan ab Gruffydd Voel, are in 1st vol. *Myv. Arch.* Llewelyn Cell* Ivor, 1370, poet, of whom there are a few remains. Llywarch y Nam to 1360, one of his compositions, to Llyw. ab Madoc, appears in *Myv. Arch.* Proth figured as a poet up to 1350; no remains. A more noteworthy poet was Madog Dwygraig, to whom is due a great deal of merit. Two of his compositions appear in *Myv. Arch.* Math. ab Llyw, Goch, 1360. Some of his works are left in MS., and the same is all that can be said of Meirig ab Iorwerth, *obit.* 1370, and Meilyr, who figured from 1390. Gruffydd ab Adda ab Davydd was a poet deserving of fuller record; he figured from 1360 to 1390. Several of his poems appear in MS., and there is a tale or Mabinogi of considerable interest, entitled *Breuddwyd Gruffydd ab Adda*, printed in the *Greal*. He was killed at

* See *Biographical Dictionary*, by the Rev. Robert Williams, M.A.

Dolgellau, and an elegy was written in memory of him by Davydd ap Gwilym.

Gruffydd was the author of a tale which in itself shows that it is native born, and no translation, and may fairly be cited as a convincing illustration that Wales was the nursery ground of romance.

The dream of a youth of the district of Arwystl, who endured the severest agony of love:—As he was in Bangor, in Gwynedd, after wine out of glass and silver, mead out of buffalo horn, and ale out of maple (*massarn*), he retired to his chamber, and fell asleep; and he found himself walking along the banks of a river, through a lovely wood where the birds were singing melodiously. At the extremity of the wood he perceived a beautiful valley, with a river running through it; with deer and various animals of chase sporting about, and also swans on the river, and peacocks on the banks, and grouse and blackcocks, and along the valley in every direction there was honeysuckle, and there were vines.

On the south side of that valley he saw a splendid and stately castle, with numerous lofty towers, and in the highest tower he saw a noble lady through a window sitting in a magnificent dress of flame-coloured silk, and purple, with a veil of red silk on her head, with a coronet of gold and four-and-twenty precious gems in the coronet, the least brilliant of which shone like the mid-summer sun. Below the coronet was a forehead white and smooth, and smooth, slender eyebrows, two black eyes, bright as the falcon's, crimson cheeks, a nose of beautiful form, mouth and lips, and neck and bosom are [described in the same manner, but the words being compound, it is impossible to find corresponding terms in English], hands with long slender fingers, and the nails white. And the highly aspiring youth fixed a gaze of wild and anxious affection upon the lady. And she spoke to him with an emphatic and distinct utterance. "It were fitter for thee to look at the multitude beyond thee, than to gaze on me so steadfastly." With that the youth turned his eyes towards the other side, and there he beheld two immense hosts approaching, the one coming from the north, and the other from the west, with numerous banners and standards

of various colours, and the heads of the hosts before them; they were not merely two hosts, but two armies, mighty assemblages of armed men. And by the time the sun was as high as the tops of the trees the two armies arrived, one from each direction of the valley, and they lifted the standards and unfurled the banners, and lowered the spears and arranged the charges, and before the battle was ended in that valley there was heard the inflicting of blows in strenuous fierce encounters, and hard fighting, with remembrance of enmity and reproach of broken faith, and prosecution of revenge, and horses prancing, and horsemen fatigued, and Merlin predicting, and ruddy lances alluring bloodthirsty ravens, and battered helmets and quickly responding shouts, and trampling, and wrath, and avoiding of disgrace, and accusation, and harsh replying and full turmoil. And men with mutilated visages, and pools of blood, and horses without riders, and feet without stirrups, and the subduing of the Branwys and the slaughtering of the Lloegrwys (*sic*), and the sharp-edged weapons, and valorous encountering, and fierce looks, and abundant hostility, and cheeks stained with blood and sweating and toil, and a twin sister to Camlan.* And death and groaning, and applause to bravery, and swords notched and mortal wounds. And the Branes (standard) lowered and the Brython overcome.

Then the youth looked for the lady in the tower, and she was viewing her face in the gems in the rings upon her fingers, and the youth said to the lady:—

YOUTH.

Most beauteous lady of this splendid castle, of
Fairest form and countenance, wherefore was this
Furious conflict to-day?

LADY.

Not for the shrubs in yonder bower, not for the
Marble in this tower, and sculptured stone:
It was for me this fight was fought.

* The battle between Medrawd and Arthur, where the latter was "wounded to the death."

YOUTH.

Fairest lady of exalted rank, and wide-spread fame,
What are the names of the knights engaged?

LADY.

The name of yonder knight who slew the
Brynaich with his own hand is Paen, the
Red handed slaughterer of Brittany.

YOUTH.

Who is the warrior, who, together with his host,
Lies yonder with the armorial ravens on his arms?

LADY.

The red bladed Llawred of the north,
On my account he met his death.

YOUTH.

Thy beauty has this day caused the alluring of the ravens
to blood: Is there hope for the youth who loves thee?

LADY.

Youth, hear my words, which are not false—there never
Was a hope, there is none, and none will ever be
Never with . . . I will and . . . that . . .
And with that the youth awoke.

In this we have a freedom of description and minuteness of detail that give it especial value. Miss Jane Williams (*Ysgafell*), who translated it, states in *Literary Recollections of Carnhuanawc*, and justly, that the whole structure of the tale, the dream, the transition from prose to poetry, and the abrupt and tantalising ending show a degree of taste and sentiment equal, perhaps, to anything that can be shown, not only in the fourteenth century, but in times even of much greater cultivation of literary composition. From internal evidence we should infer that our poet was indebted to Breton associations.

We place Rhys Goch in this century, Rhys Goch ab Rhiccart, for there have been several poets of the name, and we do so in full conviction that the conclusions of Iolo Morganwg with respect to the period in which he flourished are untenable. This view, we see, is also taken by Stephens, who incidentally treads from his own

ground into our domain. One argument of his rather tells against him, and is more favourable than otherwise to Iolo, and that is his (Stephens') citation of the fact that Cynghanedd, while prominent in the poems of Davydd ab Gwilym, is not to be seen in the poems of Rhys Goch. This, we submit, indicates a distinctive epoch for each poet. But we would rather prefer to base our views on the idyllic similarity between the two bards, and its marked dissimilarity to any composition of the twelfth century, with the exception of Gwalchmai and a minor poet, whereas in the first half of the fourteenth century the pastoral themes came conspicuously into vogue. The schools of art in the days of Rubens and of Michael Angelo were not more distinct than were our bardic schools; and the saint or hero on the canvas are not more indicative types or signs of the age when they were painted, than are the saints or heroes of bardic efforts.

In *Iolo's MSS.* twenty poems of our bard are noted, and their character can be gleaned from their titles:—First, a love song; second, a song to Gwen's hair; third, a love song; fourth and fifth, the same; sixth, to the maid who declared she would marry none but a farmer; seventh, what the bard would do for the sake of Gwen; eighth, the song of the sleepless; ninth, the same; tenth, the song of the thrush; eleventh, the obduracy of Gwen; twelfth, to dispatch the sea gull as his messenger; thirteenth, the bard sends Gwen to Rome to do penance for causing his death; fourteenth, a song to the summer; fifteenth, the song of the bower; sixteenth, a song in praise of Gwen; seventeenth, a song to the wind; eighteenth, a song of the jealous; nineteenth, the song of the matchless; twentieth, a song to the one for whom he is dying of love.

John Thomas (Ieuan Ddu), the author of the *Cambrian Minstrel*, has given a faithful translation of the poet's song to the summer, the first verse of which we quote as an illustration of our bard's ease and felicity of description and expression:—

Summer I sing, and its sway o'er the poet,
Sing to its beauty where best we may view it,
View the sweet blossoms where love's feet would wander,

Down in the woodlands of green growth so tender,
 Tender the sight where its verdure extendeth,
 To every wide branch that over it bendeth,
 Bendeth for loved ones to form in their bowers,
 And hide with wild elves from sun-gleams and showers.
 Strike the brook-note-strings of Gwent's (?) hill-brows sheeny
 Til de rum, tal de rum, now sings Tom Teeny.*

It will be noticed that Ieuan Ddu has very faithfully rendered in this poem one of the metrical peculiarities of Welsh poetry, that of making the final word of one line the initial one of the next. In a poem of considerable length this is apt to become wearisome, but as in the present instance the effect is most pleasing, producing an echoing refrain which adds much to the harmony of the piece. Another excellent composition of Rhys Goch's, and one of ten quoted and much admired for its beauty, is that we refer to as No. 20. "A song to one for whom he is dying of love." We give a portion of this as it is a fair example of the poet's ability, and contains another peculiarity of metrical arrangement in the burden, the repetition of the last word in each stanza, preceded by "Alas!"

Of the colours of the blossoms—of the gentle eyebrows,
 Gentle her manner in social amusement,
 Sparkling in light amidst her jewels.

Alas! the jewels,

Alas! the jewels.

Jewels were becoming my beauteous fair one;
 A village was not gained by turning the sheep;
 And Gwen will not cease to steal away my soul.

Alas! my soul,

Alas! my soul.

My soul is the maid, on the margin of the glade,
 And for her I am dying of affection,
 And I am thus full of love in greeting her.

Alas! the greeting,

Alas! the greeting.

* The refrain in the original is:—

Taro tant alaw nant ael y naw twyni,
 Til dy rwm tal dy rwm, canu Twm Teini.

The greeting of Gwenddydd by her minstrel,
 Greeting her daily with a new song,
 And more kind will she not be when I come again on
 the morrow.

Alas ! to-morrow,
 Alas ! to-morrow.

To Rhys Goch there was but one being in existence, and this was Gwen, and all things on earth were subservient to her. The winds which strayed zephyr-like, or raved furiously with the power of a dragon, were her messengers. Her choir was formed of the lark, songster of early morn, of the nightingale, minstrel of the eve, of the thrush and the cuckoo. Her personal charms are eulogised. The trefoil, which he admires with all the traditional love of a Kelt, bends not beneath her tread.

She moves like the sea-mew, with the gracefulness of a swan. Now he woos her with the pensiveness of a poet who has no thought of the practical needs of this life—their food the ambrosia of the gods—and then, failing to obtain her love in return, attempts a more mundane course, tells her he has marked a place for a farm house, that he will buy sheep and cattle, geese and ducks, barley and wheat, a garden and orchard, and every corner full—*Duw a digon* (God and enough), an old Welsh proverb.* Still unsuccessful, he upbraids Gwen as the cause of his fate, and consigns her to Rome to do penance for causing his death. Viewed collectively, the twenty compositions preserved will, when arranged in due order, resolve themselves into a love epic singularly beautiful and plaintive, and most mournful in its closing episode.

We conclude our illustrations of Rhys Goch with another extract, which is given by the editors of the *Iolo MSS.* as a literal translation. This will be better evidence of the idyllic power of the bard than the efforts of translators generally, who are satisfied with giving the spirit and depart altogether from the letter:—

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

I was on the margin of a plain,
 Under a wide-spreading tree,

* *Vide* John Bradford's Book and *Iolo MSS.*, p. 466.

Hearing the song
Of the wild birds ;
Listening to the language
Of the thrush cock,
Who from the wood of the valley
Composed a verse—
From the wood of the steep,
He sang exquisitely.
Speckled was his breast
Amongst the green leaves,
As upon branches
Of a thousand blossoms
On the bank of a brook,
All heard
With the dawn the song,
Like a silver bell ;
Performing a sacrifice,
Until the hour of forenoon ;
Upon the green altar
Ministering Bardism.
From the branches of the hazel
Of green broad leaves
He sings an ode
To God the Creator ;
With a carol of love
From the green glade,
To all in the hollow
Of the glen, who love him ;
Balm of the heart
To those who love.
I had from his beak
The voice of inspiration,
A song of metres
That gratified me ;
Glad was I made
By his minstrelsy.
Then respectfully
Uttered I an address
From the stream of the valley
To the bird.

I requested urgently
 His undertaking a message
 To the fair one
 Where dwells my affection.
 Gone is the bard of the leaves
 From the small twigs
 To the second Lunet,
 The sun of the maidens!
 To the streams of the plain
 St. Mary prosper him,
 To bring to me,
 Under the green woods
 The hue of the snow of one night,
 Without delay.

The bard, from the superiority of his intellect to the run of mankind, had not unfrequently the credit of occult knowledge. Many of our bards were regarded as prophets also, and one of the most distinguished of these was Davydd ab Roderick ab Madoc, more familiarly known as Davydd Ddu o Hiraddug, Flintshire. He was both priest and poet, and aided a great deal in that regulation of Welsh Prosody which was so marked a feature in the latter half of the century. It is still a vexed question amongst critics whether the prophesies of Robyn Ddu, who flourished a century later, should not be assigned more correctly to Davydd. He is well known by the sacred poem, "Am ddiwedd dyn a'i gorph;" by several hymns, *vide Myv. Arch.*, and a very poetical translation of the "Off B. Mariæ," which fills thirty columns *Myv. Arch.*, 1st vol.* Gwgan ab Clydno, poet, 1370; Gwilym ab Hywel, 1390, and Heilir Vardd, 1350 to 1390, are placed on record as bards, but we have no MSS., or other testimony.

Adam Hutton, LL. D., Bishop of St. David's 1361, Chancellor of England 1377, gave one contribution to Welsh literature in his *Statuta Ecclesæ Menevensis*. Tudyr ab Gwyn Hafn, 1360 to 1400, left some few poems in MS., but of Cadwgan Henvoel, 1380, no poems are extant.

* Glanffrwd Thomas, in his excellent lecture on Welsh Hymnology, delivered before the members of the Cymmrodorion, suggests that the hymns composed by our poet were sung to the ancient national melodies of *Y Fywachen* and *Cwynfan Prydain*.

Rhys Meigan, from the strangeness of his fate and his remarkable association with Davydd ab Gwilym, deserves fuller notice.

It is related of Rhys Meigan, who was then a bard of some position and still greater assumption, that in going one day to the hall of Llewelyn ab Gwilym Vychan, o Emlyn, he rudely accosted Davydd ab Gwilym, at this time a youth of considerable promise, and bade him take his horse, and give it hay or oats. Davydd resented the impertinence, and a poetic contest ensued between them, in which Davydd denounced him as little better than a thief, stealing the hay from every meadow. This encounter was only preliminary to a still more decided contest. It was the custom then to hold a kind of a bardic tournament. One of the bards was appointed chairman, or, as he was called, the *Cyff Cler*, and in that position this bard was exposed to all the sarcasm which could be brought against him, and in time he was allowed to retaliate, and the more forcibly the more he was applauded. The personalities indulged in were regarded as the true Attic salt, and he who spared his antagonist in excess of gentleness did so to the loss of his credit as an efficient combatant.

The next time Rhys Meigan met Davydd ab Gwilym was at a bardic contest of this kind, where the Petrarch of Wales was *Cyff Cler*, and Rhys poured forth his spleen against Davydd in the following effort:—

In one thousand three hundred
 I am told was born,
 Like a whelp under bushes,
 A man of thy parentage,
 Sad it is to name thee,
 Thou son of Gwilym Cam, of canine paces.

Davydd ab Gwilym, now thoroughly prepared, recited or delivered impromptu a satire of unequalled severity. Rarely, if ever, has such a torrent of scathing and insulting verse been poured forth.

In one sentence, a mouse, whose habitation was the filthiest den, at another, a prowling tom cat. Now likened to a coach running madly by with all the curs yelping at it. A man destitute of

poetic fervour, but abounding in bad language; a base empty boaster, and house breaker. A broth bowl; swiller of beer. By accident making hits, but never winning a prize. The devil's shears; "Blessed," exclaims Davydd with unction, "blessed be the man who will hang him!"

Overcome with the torrent, unable to bear the satire of his foe and the malicious delight of the audience, Rhys staggered and fell a corpse upon the ground.

It is essential that we should at this stage of our history touch upon the form which enveloped the poetic spirit, and which, equally with the character of the muse, had its successive changes, and development, from the simplest of canons to the most perfect of rules and arrangements. The propriety of so doing is justified by the fact that in Davydd ab Gwilym, whom we now proceed to note, we have a bard who greatly improved, if he did not originate, the Cywydd—a form of metre known and thoroughly understood by that name—and whose technical knowledge of the laws of metrical construction was only surpassed by his lingual ability and thorough poetic power.

Amongst the earliest forms of metre were the Englynion Milwr, or Warrior's songs, very popular amongst the old bards, and well adapted to give Homeric power and expression to the detail of battle, and fervour of lament on victory. The Englyn Milwr consists invariably of three lines, and may be described as an unrhythm triplet of seven syllables, and while the first, and sometimes the second, are confined to the descriptive, some moral apothegm or proverb will be found lurking in the last line. We give an illustration:—

Wintry gusts now fill the air,
Wolf lurketh in his mountain lair,
Vice ever shrinks from Virtue fair.

And in another, which appears in that scarce collection, Jones' *Relics of the Welsh Bards*:—

Winter's snows enshroud the plain,
Crows ever prove a croaking train,
The fruit of indolence is pain.

This form, calculated to assist the memory, is the one supposed to have been used by the Druids in the education of their disciples (*vide Cæsar*, Lib. v., cap. VIII.), and as such must be regarded as one of the most ancient of methods. Various modifications may be traced from the time of Aneurin and Taliesin. From the irregular *ode* form, such as the English poet exhibited, and which is used by Aneurin in his *Gododin*, and the short metres of Taliesin, principally four to six syllables—together with the single alliteration of a word in the middle of the latter half of the line rhyming with another in the first half, such as Taliesin used—and so up to the ninth century. By this time many minor changes had occurred; but at the Gorsedd of Morgan Hên, of Glamorgan, when Geraint Vardd Glas was chief of song, more decided innovations were made, and it is now currently accepted that from this date *Cynghanedd*, or alliteration, began to prevail to a greater extent, and was regarded, if not as imperative, as some maintain, then as a decided constituent part of verse,* not necessary, and yet still important. Davydd ab Gwilym's era signalises the advent of the *Cywydd*, the twentieth of the twenty-four metres, into this form—the recitative—pervades more or less all his poems, and though the honour of its origin is claimed also for Iolo Goch, the bard of Glyndwr, and for Trahaiarn also, no one can deny but that he has excelled in rendering this metre, regarded as one of the finest and sweetest, of greater popularity than any other contemporary or succeeding bard. The *Cywydd* is constructed upon the primary canon, called *Cyhydedd Leven*. No. 4 of the twenty-four metres. This has seven syllables in each line, and is privileged from four to twelve lines in each verse.

In the lines of Davydd ab Gwilym, on the Broom, a favourite subject of Welsh bards, this is shown :—

Duw i mi a'm dyn diell
A roes goed un eurwisg well,

* See Essay, by Walter Davies ; *Iolo MSS.*, p. 630 ; *Lit. Kym.*, p. 9 ; Owen Jones on *Davydd ab Gwilym*, p. 23. The principal actors in the arrangement of the twenty-four metres towards the end of the thirteenth century were Meilir, Gwalchmai, Cynddelw, Llywarch, Brydydd y Moch, Bleddyn Fardd, Llygad Gwr, and Prydydd Bychan.

Gwiall cystal y gauav
A dail hoew val adail hav.
Gwnav yno, i hudo hon,
Glôs o' vanadl glas veinion
Mae y ty o wydr hydryw,
A wnaeth Merddin.

We will attempt, for the benefit of the English reader, to give a translation of this in verse. It at all events preserves the ideas. But we will make ample amends in our analysis of Davydd ab Gwilym's works to supply other examples from more accomplished pens, yielding the mechanical perfection and the spirit also of his muse :—

God to me and spotless maid
Has a wood more glorious made
Than anything in gold arrayed,
Or in the gayest form portrayed.
In winter's gloom it equals well
The vigorous growth of summer's dell,
And here I'll form a cell of green,
Like glassy house of Merlin.

The analyst of mind, or the intellectual individuality of a man, has little to do with biography except where it affects or colours that individuality. Otherwise few themes would be to us more attractive than to dwell upon the singular birth, varied career, incidents of shade and sunshine, and the lonely death of Davydd ab Gwilym, the most tuneful of Welsh minstrels.'

Let us glance a moment at his life. He was a love child, born of noble parentage under a hedge at Llandaff, his mother wedded after his own birth, his christening solemnized on her coffin !

It was the practice adopted with Cambrian youth of good estate to be sent to academies in Italy,* and we may assume that Davydd, from his intimacy with the Italian language and literature, so graduated. Then, from his early youth, gay, handsome, with ample means at command, the spoiled and petted favourite of Ivor Hael, welcomed gladly at the hall of Emlyn, and at other mansions, behold him enter into life, loving all that

* Jones's *Relics of the Bards*.

was beautiful in nature, and, chief of all, nature's masterpiece,—woman. Wooing many, angered like a vexed child in not obtaining Morvydd, maddened with his rival, Bwa Bach, now beseeching her, now mourning her; now revelling in satiric contumely—such are the leading features, the key-notes.

The song of his youth and of his early manhood was love, with a plaintive accompaniment of sadness. Student of nature, of the mountain torrent and the thunderstorm, of summer's glory, of the choristers of the woods; all his gleanings from the great book were subservient to love, and then with disappointment and age came the inevitable change that transforms the man of "gay delights" into the philosopher. Alas! that to so many it should come too late, that we only stray out of the battle scene of life or the heated halls of enjoyment, and muse upon the fancies and follies of the world as the sun goes down, and no morn in this land ever dawns upon us again. The mind of Davydd ab Gwilym was essentially active, his perceptions keen. The thinking faculties were well developed. He had received an education superior to that obtained by the mass of the clergy, for while fully conversant with the laws of composition and a master in technical art, he indicates in ripeness of classical knowledge, not confined, as some of his commentators explain, in simple allusion to Ovid, under the name of Ofydd, and Virgil under that of Fferyllt, but so grounded into his system as to give a classic bias to his mind. Where, but from Homer and Horace, from Ovid and Virgil, came that tendency to individualise the animate, and even the inanimate things of earth, linking, with all the poetic fervour of the Greek, the groves and the mountains, the songsters of earth, the torrent and the thunderstorm, with himself, his emotions, and his aspirations?

It is unusual in our own day to find the powers of vigorous thought united with classic attainments. Numerous are the men to whom nature has given a capacious memory which enables them to reflect the genius of gifted minds who have preceded them; but few are there who, similarly gifted, are able to strike out sparks of divine fire from the anvil of thought. Davydd ab

Gwilym could descant in well-chosen imagery to the Deity and to love, could lash with invective clergy and rivals, could give poetic idylls, using metaphors coined from personal observation, and was equally versed in translation and paraphrase.

His *Cywydd*—the *Drych*, or the *Mirror*—is an elegant paraphrase on the tenth ode of the fourth book of Horace, thus aptly translated by an anonymous writer :—

Trust not to beauty or to youth
The mirror famed for honest truth.
When thoughtlessly I hoped I bore
The engaging form I bore before,
Told me the rose of youth was gone,
And all my boasted colour flown,
And while its language raised my rage
Shew'd me the haggard traits of age.*

Some of the earlier bards, previous to the sixth century, have shown an acquaintance with the classics, but our author was familiar also with the later geniuses of Italian literature. In his passionate love for *Morvydd* he has been compared to Petrarch, and the comparison holds good in other than the poetic expression of long continued and fervent attachment to a mistress. Several of his odes are translations, others happy imitations of some of Petrarch's sonnets to Laura, and it is evident that he had read Petrarch with peculiar attention. He, like Fontaine, two centuries afterwards, sipped also of the flowers of Boccaccio, as instanced in the fable of the ant and the grasshopper. The description of the ant's comfortable winter abode in consequence of her industry during the summer months; the misery of the grasshopper shivering with cold, and forced to have resource to the provident insect's charity; his answer to the bitter question of "how he had spent the summer," that "he had consumed it in singing and amusing himself," and the provident and sagacious insect's reply, "that now then he might go and dance," may be cited as corresponding exactly with the French.

* Anonym. in *Camb. Reg.*, vol. iii.

He bien ! dansez maintenant, etc.

La Fontaine.

Llama weithian, llama'n dda, etc.

Dafydd ab Gwilym.

and thus rendered in *Camb. Regis.*, iii. :—

In singing, ha ! my friend, how gay,
The pastimes of thy summer day,
Then leave my door and skip along,
Dancing to thy sweet summer's song.

As justly observed, Davydd could not have plagiarised from Fontaine, seeing that he flourished two centuries earlier ! but both had their inspiration from the same source.

Our author's poems constitute the mirror of his life. Pleasant associations with Ivor Hael and Nest, diversified with bardic episodes ; his love for their daughter ; the discovery and her banishment to a nunnery ; his search for her ; despair and resignation. His forgetfulness of her in love for others, the mental abandonment of wooing twenty-four damsels at the same time ; his invitation to them singly to meet him at a chosen spot, their rage at the ruse played, and his taunt :—

Among you all, the kindest jade,
Who oftenest meets me in this shade
On summer's morn to love inclined,
Let her strike first, and I'm resigned.

Y butain wen vain vwynav—o honoch
I hono maddenav
Tan vrig pren, a heulwen hav
Teg anterth, t'rawed gyntav.*

Then we find him (still reading his life and actions by his poems) centering his affections on the fair Dyddgu to whom he devoted seven of his ardent poems—numbered fourteen to twenty inclusive in his works—and, finding her inaccessible to his wooing, turning his attention to the Laura of his life, the fairer Morvydd. To her in one form or another he devoted no less than one hun-

* The humorous vein was as well developed as the satiric in his works. Geronwy Owen—*vide Camb. Reg.*, iii., laments this, and "regrets he did not raise his thoughts to more sublime themes."

dred and forty-seven of his odes,* and of these one hundred and nine are extant, the others are lost, and are believed to be principally those which mourn her death, as, with the exception of a slight notice in connection with Ivor and Nest, no other reference to her fate exists. These poems exhibit the true poet-lover; she is his ideal. Her charms outvie all others. He compares her, separately, to all the beauties of the earth. The hare which frightened Morvydd at one of their meetings, the shepherd at another, are themes for his muse. She gives him a feather, and he sings his thanks. She plaits him a hat of birch, and he warbles forth a lay. Then we have humorous references to the goose which assailed him on a love expedition, and a fine apostrophe to the thunderstorm which also alarmed Morvydd. We give the concluding verses:—

Thou fierce fiery dragon, thus roaring aloud,
With rumble tremendous aloft in the cloud;
Like a bull in wild anger assailing the rocks,
And striking proud mountains with terrible shocks;
At thy trump's mighty clangour mad elements jar,
And full of thy furies, quick rush to the war;
Thy wild hissing flames with huge waters contend,
My Morvydd, alas! thought the world at an end.
Struck dumb with deep terror she hurried her pace,
Like thy lightning she flew from her lover's embrace;
I curs'd thy stern grumble with anger profound,
When drumm'd through the welkin thy bugbears around.
I thought for one evening to fly from all care,
To this blooming arbour with Morvydd my fair;
Now pour in full torrents thy wrath on my head,
For, feared by thy rattle, my charmer is fled.†

Then comes one of his most glowing songs when he and Morvydd are wedded in the grove, one friend only and the birds of heaven the witnesses; and with a brief interlude the song of happiness is ended, Morvydd is wrested from him, and against Bwa Bach, who weds her in a more legitimate fashion, all the virulence of the satiric side of his nature is turned.

* This we must admit is disputed.

† Translated by E. Williams (Iolo), *Lyric Poems*, vol. ii., p. 20.

How delighted he is when his rival joins the army to assist Edward III. in France. Bwa Bach accompanies three hundred soldiers under the command of Wogan. Delightedly sings Davydd ab Gwilym, earnestly does he pray that Bwa might be drowned !

We can imagine him in the few joyous days that he gets when he does actually steal her from Bwa singing in his best manner to May :—

MAY.

Many a poet in his lay
Told me May would come again ;
Truly sang the bards—for May
Yesterday began to reign !
She is like a bounteous lord,
Gold enough to me she gives ;
Gold—such as we poets hoard—
“ Florins ” of the mead and tree,
Hazel flowers and “ fleur-de-lis,”
Underneath her leafy wings
I am safe from treason’s stings :
I am full of wrath with May
That she will not always stay,
Maidens never hear of love,
But when she has plumed the grove ;
Giver of the gift of song
To the poet’s heart and tongue.
May ! majestic child of heaven,
To the earth in glory given !
Verdant hills, days long and clear,
Come when she is hovering near,
Stars, ye cannot journey on
Joyously when she is gone !
Ye are not so glossy bright,
Blackbirds, when she takes her flight,
Sweetest art thou, nightingale ;
Poet, thou canst tell thy tale
With a lighter heart, when May
Rules with all her bright array.*

But the minions of outraged law pursued them. She is captured and he is imprisoned. From his prison he is released on payment of a heavy fine, which his friends of Glamorgan subscribe for him, and very earnest and eloquent is he in praise of the men and the land of Glamorgan ever after. Two of his poems are devoted expressly to Glamorgan in his gratitude for this timely service. We quote one as an excellent illustration of the poet's happiest mood:—

THE SUMMER.

Thou Summer! father of delight,
With thy dense spray and thickets deep;
Gem'd monarch, with thy rapt'rous light.
Rousing thy subject glens from sleep!
Proud has thy march of triumph been,
Thou prophet, prince of forest green!
Artificer of wood and tree,
Thou painter of unrivalled skill,
Who ever scattered gems like thee,
And gorgeous webs on park and hill?
Till vale and hill with radiant dyes
Became another Paradise!
And thou hast sprinkled leaves and flow'rs,
And goodly chains of leafy bow'rs;
And bid thy youthful warblers sing
On oak and knoll the song of spring,
And blackbird's note of ecstasy
Burst loudly from the woodbine tree,
Till all the world is thronged with gladness—
Her multitudes have done with sadness!
Oh, Summer! do I ask in vain?
Thus in thy glory wilt thou deign
My messenger to be?
Hence from the bowels of the land
Of wild, wild Gwyneth to the strand
Of fair Glamorgan—ocean's band—
Sweet margin of the sea!
To dear Glamorgan, when we part,
Oh bear a thousand times my heart!
My blessing give a thousand times,

And crown with joy her glowing climes ?
Take on her lovely vales thy stand,
And tread and trample round the land,
The beauteous shore whose harvest lies
All sheltered from inclement skies !
Radiant with corn and vineyards sweet,
And lakes of fish and mansions neat,
With halls of stone where kindness dwells,
And where each hospitable lord
Heaps for the stranger guest his board !
And where the generous wine cup swells ;
With trees that bear the luscious pear,
So thickly clustering everywhere,
That the fair country of my love
Looks dense as one continuous grove !
Her lofty woods with warblers teem,
Her fields with flow'rs that love the stream ;
Her valleys varied crops display,
Eight kinds of corn, and three of hay ;
Bright parlour, with her trefoiled floor !
Sweet garden, spread on ocean's shore !
Glamorgan's bounteous knights award
Bright mead and burnished gold to me ;
Glamorgan boasts of many a bard,
Well skilled in harp and vocal glee :
The districts round her border spread
From her have drawn their daily bread—
Her milk, her meat, her varied stores,
Have been the life of distant shores !
And court and hamlet food have found
From the rich soil of Britain's southern bound.
And wilt thou then obey my power,
Thou Summer, in thy brightest hour ?
To her thy glorious hues unfold
In one rich embassy of gold !
Her morns with bliss and splendour light,
And fondly kiss her mansions white ;
Fling wealth and verdure o'er her bow'rs !
And for her gather all thy flow'rs !
Glance o'er her castles, white with lime,
With genial glimmerings sublime ;

Plant on the verdant coast thy feet,
 Her lofty hills, her woodlands greet.
 Oh ! lavish blossoms with thy hand
 O'er all the forests of the land ;
 And let thy gifts, like floods descending,
 O'er every hill and glen be blending ;
 Let orchard, garden, vine express
 Thy fulness and thy fruitfulness—
 O'er all the land of beauty fling
 The costly traces of thy wing !
 And thus 'mid all thy radiant flowers,
 Thy thick'ning leaves and glossy bowers,
 The poet's task shall be to glean
 Roses and flowers that softly bloom,
 (The jewels of the forest's gloom !)
 And trefoils wove in pavement green,
 With sad humility to grace
 His golden Ivor's resting-place.*

The flowers of true poetry we have culled do not afford a complete estimate of the poet, any more than would the perusal of the *Canterbury Tales* yield us a thorough insight into the mental character of Chaucer. Davydd ab Gwilym could be as quick in fierce satire as he could be ardent in love, or impulsive in gratitude ; and at no time, excepting perhaps at the close of his career, were his religious convictions any other than superficial. It has been attempted by one of his biographers, William Owen, 1789, to draw a marked distinction between his life and his works ; that while the general complexion of his works bordered on the extreme of levity, and represent him sometimes inattentive to the rules of decorum, and even intent on seeking after pleasures, the only traits handed down represent him as directly the reverse. This is not the most acute of criticism. A man's works mirror his

* Johnes, the translator, is exceedingly happy in his selection of words, and is as spirited in his versification as Coleridge in his translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein." We have always insisted that the translator should be of equal intellectual power to the author translated.

Davydd ab Gwilym, while conspicuous for his selection of pure Cymric words, was not above adopting an English one. Dr. Davies cites him as the standard of pure Welsh, but to this Goronwy Owen demurred. Neither noted the "poyntment" and "garlant" in his "Ieuan Gruffydd a'i Ferch Dyddgu."

mind more truly than the monumental eulogy of friends, and by those works Davydd ab Gwilym's mental and moral portrait must be given. The occasional interludes of satiric assault against the clergy or against rival bards were the shadows of the background. One of the ablest examples of these satires is the Bard's Devotion, No. 149 of his works. In this he represents himself accosting a staunch friar, clad in grey, to whom he bewails his ill-success in courting a fair lady. The friar reproves him for placing his thoughts on earthly pleasures, and warns him that life is not a solace, but a dark passage up to heaven, and adds :—

If thou would'st save thy spotted soul

.

Inure thy hand to pious deeds,

Go pay thy tithes, and tell thy beads.

Davydd retorts with insisting that the Master, whom all obeyed, was not so strict; that to love the beautiful was man's instinct, that the variations of life were essential, and, with a philosophy which savours of that expounded in our time by Bolingbroke and Pope, sings :—

You live not on a single dish,

Now beef's preferred, and now 'tis fish ;

Just so, for all things there's a time,

For preaching now, and now to rhyme.

Finally, the poet reminds him that his noble art is attained by few, but not so with that of the friar, every dunce having the "visions and proverbs" he imparted. The end is that the friar is represented as losing his temper and sending the poet to perdition, Davydd naïvely retorting, "To friars alone does that belong !" In verity, he was purely a light-hearted child of song, a genius above the cut and dried canons, which enjoin a straight road, and a discreet life. One more like the meteor to flash upon us, and pass by, than the fixed star, ever shining steadfastly and calmly in its heaven.

In youth and manhood the vigour of health was his, and the thunders of the Church were unregarded, and death had no terrors, but as age stole on we find that his early misdeeds troubled him

sorely. He thought of the beautiful flowers of life he had tossed, soiled, away, and there is a tremor in his plaintive song. Saddened eyes, once bright, and loving, gaze upon him from the shadow land, and feebly he prays as the retrospective pictures of life, most weird and grim of panoramas, pass him by. Still even then the old feelings of the courtly youth who brought the sunshine of song into the halls of Ivor are not dead. "Let me die alone," he cries, in one of his last poems. "Next to forgiveness by God, let no enemy see death conquer me at last!"*

Sad indeed the closing picture, his last song. It is the summer leaf amongst the snow, the bright bird of June, gay tinted, trembling amidst the gloom of December:—

THE BARD'S LAST SONG.

I've seen the days of youth depart!
The shaft of sorrow stings my heart:
Old age alone, and cares remain—
Heaven support me through my pain.
Gen'rous manhood now is o'er,
The day was bright—it shines no more;
Confused ideas rack my head;
The noble love of fame is fled;
Lost is th' harmonious voice, which long
Cheer'd the sad heart and pour'd the song—
"Ivor is gone! my friend most dear;
And Nest, sweet soother of my care!
My soul's delight, dear Morvydd's fled,—
All moulder in their clay cold bed,
And I, oppress'd with woe, remain,
Victim to age and ling'ring pain."
Where larks their sprightly matins sing,
Where cuckoo hails the noon of spring,—
Where Philomela's ev'ning lay
Echoes melodious from the spray,—
There did my bounding heart rejoice,
To hear the love lorn damsel's voice;

* O Thou! to whom true faith is dear,
Grant, as my parting hour draws near,
Grant, as I heave my latest sigh,
No foe may watch in triumph nigh.

There did the balmy kiss inspire
 The rapt'rous strain of warm desire.
 But, ah ! no more I cheer the glade,
 Or chant beneath the vernal shade ;
 Tho' still the ling'ring memory last ;
 'Tis o'er, my lovely theme is past !
 Pains rack my head and dim the sight ;
 E'en beauty's charms no more delight :
 O'er vanished scenes of former loves
 The tortur'd thought but faintly roves,
 Unnerv'd and destitute I lie, —
 The giant Death stalks threat'ning by ;
 My course is run—I see the land,
 The grave—my home ! 'Tis just at hand.
 O, Christ, Thy speedy succour send !
 Be thou my Pilot—thou my Friend ;
 Safely conduct me to the shore—
 Be this my lot, I need no more.

Finally, reviewing the whole of Davydd ab Gwilym's poems, we select one as the most representative and as the best. His poem to his shadow shows that he had not sufficient metaphysical acumen to complete a really striking idea, and that his mind was inspirational, not reflective ; quick intuitively to see, but not powerful enough to grasp ; an early type of the Shelley and Keats school ; like the former, full of truest poetry, but a child in the ways and walks of the world.

It has not unfrequently been noticed, that at the grave of the loving and the lost, when the last solemn rites have been paid, a songster of the grove has soared like a disembodied spirit into the blue eternal, tempting the imaginative to think that the soul of the one lamented had so arisen, telling us that death was not the ending, the goal. So thinking, let us quote one more of our poet's happiest efforts, and thus aid in sweeping away the saddening influence of his last song. How reminiscent of Shelley and Keats is the following : —

IR EHEDYDD.—TO THE LARK.

Sentinel of the morning light !
 Reveller of the spring !

How sweetly, nobly wild thy flight,
 Thy boundless journeying :
 Far from thy brethren of the woods, alone,
 A hermit chorister before God's throne !
 Oh ! wilt thou climb yon heavens for me,
 Yon rampart's starry height,
 Thou interlude of melody
 'Twixt darkness and the light,
 And seek with heav'n's first dawn upon thy crest,
 My lady love, the moonbeam of the west ?
 No woodland caroller art thou ;
 Far from the archer's eye,
 Thy course is o'er the mountain's brow,
 Thy music in the sky :
 Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,
 Thou earthly denizen of angel song.

No student of man doubts the existence of a combatative element in the Welsh nature. Early displayed in action on the field, again exhibited when there was a mental awakening, and the bard fought and sang ; still later down the centuries, shown in bardic retort and playful epigrams, and so on to the margin of our own days, illustrated in the controversy of sects and the inevitable splits of churches.

The era of Davydd ab Gwilym was, as we have mentioned, prolific in bardic jousts, and at no time more signally displayed than in the long poetic warfare between him and Gruffydd Grug, a native of Anglesey, and, as he claims to have been, a pupil of the Welsh Petrarch. In the somewhat genial rivalry between the two, twenty-seven poems were written between them, now preserved in connection with Davydd ab Gwilym's works. Occasionally the blows given were rather too severe to be regarded as merriment.

At one time, *vide* poem No. 124, Grug warns Davydd to beware, for that he would not find in him another Rhys Meigan :—

Bychan iawn a rybued
 A geir genyf fi o ged
 Anodd i brydydd unig
 Ymwrdd â dyn agwrdd dig

Medra bwyll a mydr o ben
Mogel!—nid wyf Rys Meigen.

In response, Davydd sends him another poem, in which he relates the whole circumstance of the affair, see p. 125 of his works, and concludes by hinting that as Gruffydd resembled Meigan in the license of his tongue, so he might in similarity of fate. We give the concluding verse:—

Da y gwn, wiw gistlwn enw,
Ditiana'nad wyt un-enw
A Meigen Rys, meginrefr,
Magl floneg, heb ofeg befr!
Mawl ni bu mal y buost,
'Mogel di fod mwygl dy fost!
Yn Rhys wyrfaeu rhus arfer
A las a gwawd alas gwer.
Y doi dithau, da deuthum
Sarhaed fi, sir oed a fum.
Mi a wn nad wyd llwyd fardd,
Un enw fyth yr anhyfardd
A Rhys Meigen, rhus magawd:
Gwn fo las y gwas a gwawd;
Gallai fod am dafodau,
Unwedd ych diwedd eich dau.

Grug's mechanical ability in the construction of verse and his fertility of thought are admitted, and ample proof is afforded in the various poems which appear in the collection of ab Gwilym's works side by side with those of his rival. One of his severest stings is that given when answering ab Gwilym, who told him how many times his heart had been wounded by love. "Surely," sang Grug:—

"If this you would us have believe
Your heart must e'en be like a sieve."

The bards were reconciled by a ruse just when their rivalry was becoming deadly. A mutual friend reported to each poet the death of the other, and simultaneously both expressed their grief in such mournful and affectionate elegies, that when the ruse was discovered, a warm friendship was begun that lasted until the

end. There is little doubt but that the love which inspired both for the same fair object had as much to do with the feud as poetic rivalry, and Davydd's ill-success in his suit made it still easier to bring about a reconciliation.

One of Grug's ablest compositions is principally the elegy written by him in memory of Davydd ab Gwilym. In this he eulogises the yew tree at Ystrad Flur, which shelters the grave of his friend. "God be good to thee," he cries, "that thou shouldst be a sheltering house for Davydd."

In the second verse he exclaims "that Davydd Llwyd had foretold that this yew, before it had grown, should be the green-leaved house, hiding the dead from the snow and the wind." "And yet" he mourns "that he lies beneath its roots, grave bound with silent language." "Not of my consent," he cries, "hath he departed."

In the third he speaks of the universe of song, in which Davydd was ruler of the fulness of his knowledge of the poetry of nature. "Woe," he adds, "that to Dyddgu he should be silent."

In the fourth and concluding verse this yew is regarded as the gentle guardian of the tomb, blessed with immunity from fire and the axe. Throughout, the idea of the yew acting as a house of thatch is forcibly and pleasingly expressed, and our readers will not regret having the elegy complete, and in its original excellence:—

Yr Ywen i oreu-was
Ger mur Ystrad-Fflur, a'i phlas,
Da Duw wrthyd, gwynfyd gwŷdd
Dy dyfu yn dŷ Davydd,
Davydd, gwedi dy dyfu,
A'th wnaeth o'i faboliaeth fu.

Davydd Llwyd a'th brophwydawdd
Er cyn dy dyfu rhag cawdd,
Dy urddo yn dŷ irddail,
Tŷ a phob llwyn yn dwyn dail,
Castell cudd meirw rhag eirwynt,
Cystal a'r pren gwial gynt

Dy léau, bu deuluaidd
 Dy wrysg, dy gangau, dy wraidd;
 Mai danud y mudaniaeth,
 Beddrwym—nid o'm bodd yr aeth!

Byda o englynion brydodd
 Bu ddewr ri mewn rhieni rhodd,
 A synwyr cerdd naws unud,
 A gwae Ddyddgu pan fu fud!
 Gwnaeth ei theuluwas las-ryw
 I'w hael dyfu tra fu fyw
 Gwna dithau, geinciau dethol,
 Gywirder i Ner yn ol.

Addfwyn warchadwai wyddfa
 Drybedd i'w fodrabaidd da;
 Na ddos gam, na ddysg omedd,
 Ywen, odduchben y bedd.
 Ni'th lysg tân, anian un-erch,
 Ni'th dyr saer, ni'th dyfriw serch,
 Ni'th bilia crydd, mewn dydd dyn
 Dy dudedd yn dy dyddyn.

Ni thÿr hefyd, mewn bryd braw,
 A bwyall, rhag ei bwyaw
 (I'r dy fauch i ar dy fon)
 Taeog, na chynyteion.
 Dail yw'r to, da le yw'r tau,
 Diwartho Duw dy wrthiau.

A noteworthy and remarkable man was Sion Cent, or Dr. John Kent, who flourished under various forms. By one authority (Iolo) he is styled plain John of Kentchurch, and another, an ingenious friend, who has not yet given his conclusions to the world, is of opinion that a John Went, a Franciscan Friar, who is noticed in one of the Rolls publications, and who flourished about the same time, is no other than Sion Cent. Then we have a surmise handed down to us from his own time that he was no other than Owain Glyndwr himself, a report probably due to his intimacy with the Scudamore family. Whoever he was it is certain, from the numerous compositions extant in most MS. collections, that he did exist, and that he flourished about the

close of the fourteenth century, and was one of that remarkable galaxy of great men who dignified the era; isolated from each other it is true, and often in their sympathies, and having distinct orbits of their own. We refer to Davydd ab Gwilym, Rhys Goch, Sion Cent, and Iolo Goch. Sion was evidently of Pembrokeshire birth, but either from Kentchurch, where he resided some time, or Gwent—for he lived in Monmouthshire; during his later years he was known by this designation.

The range of his intellectual effort was a wide one. He was both bard and essayist, and remarkable for his linguistic powers. As a Latinist it is not likely that he had many equals in his time, and certainly few superiors. The character of his muse was worthy of the most censorious of the bards, for he did not conceal his indignation at the luxury and corruption shown by the clergy, and was a stern Lollard, in all respects, in his animadversions.

In literary as in religious life, our author did not possess the largest amount of toleration, as we find from one of his compositions, a poem "To Another's Book:"—

Doubtless by the ignorant and false
Assertor, of great presumption;
A book thou art not giving true utterance
In thy leaves, nor honest, nor upright.
Thou scurrilous utterer of fifteen kinds (*i.e.*, motley),
Wait thy judgment if thou livest;
Or else, do thou tremble at the words of religion—
Get thee to hide between some old chest and the wall.
Bold art thou in all wickedness,
Thy blamelessness has ended.
Cease thou from me—dost thou not remember the fall
Of Oldcastle?—Thou shalt have a similar fall.
Indignant are the powerful, loudly fierce and warm,
Extremely indignant that they are not vindicated.*

The following list of his poetical pieces is given in the Welsh Charity School MSS., to which we add from other sources:—

1. The Three Periods of Life.

* *Iolo MSS.*

2. The Trinity.
3. The Creation.
4. An Invitation to Praise God for his Grace.
5. To His Own Purse.
6. The World.
7. To God.
8. On the World.
9. The same subject.
10. Showing the Afflictions of the World.
11. A Lamentation for the Condition of the Welsh under Henry IV.
12. On the World, with an Invitation to Trust in God.
13. The Uncertainty of the World.
14. To the Proud and Covetous.
15. On the World.
16. An Address to God.
17. Paraphrase on the 21st chap. of St. Luke.
18. The Miser.
19. On the Ten Commandments.
20. A Divine Poem.
21. The Day of Judgment.
22. The Seven Deadly Sins.
23. An Address to the Deity.
24. To the World.
25. Against Murder.
26. A Satire on the Bards, with an Answer to it by Rhys Goch Eryri.
27. The Reprehension of the Clergy.
28. The Miser.
29. The Prediction.
30. The Three Mortal Foes.
31. To Old Age.
32. The Redemption.
33. The Fall of Man.
34. To the World.
35. On the Life of Man.

36. To the World.
37. A Divine Poem.
38. The same subject.
39. The Eight Vengeances.
40. Address to the Bible, wherein he mentions the Martyrdom of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, for reading it.
41. Cywydd to the Twelve Apostles.
42. Beginning of the World.
43. Descent of the Kymry.
44. To His Purse.

In addition to these, he is stated to have been the author of a grammar; of the Apologue of Einiawn ab Gwalchmai; of fables; of *Llyfr yr Offeren* (in Welsh); of St. John's Gospel (in Welsh); of *Araith y Tri Brodyr*, etc.

He may be regarded as the antithesis, in many respects, of Davydd ab Gwilym. On one point only did they agree, that in condemnation of profession which was not supported by the vigorous reality of practice, as illustrated in the idle life of the clergy, so prevailing in their time. As *Sion Cent* says:—

Dyma'r dallder arferwyd,
Delwau vedd well na Duw lwyd,
Rhoi addoliant ar ddeulin
A ddylai i Grist, i ddelw grin.

Thus Englished:—

This was the blindness which prevailed,
Images were more esteemed than the adorable God.
Worship which was only due to Christ
Was rendered on both knees to a rotten image.*

But when each of our poets wandered from this theme they took different paths, one entered into animated descriptions of nature and revelled in strains worthy of Ovid; the other in religious and philosophic reverie, blending the fervour and gloom of the early Puritans with, in later years, the asceticism that characterised Socrates. Though a priest at one time in Emlyn

* Also note conclusion to his "Poem on Another's Book."



district, where it is said he officiated (*vide Myv. Arch.*, iii., p. 128), Sion does not always appear to have been ascetically inclined, if we take the Cywydd to his purse as a reflex of his early life, and view this as such, though it is open to the critic to regard this composition merely as an abstract reverie showing what the power of the purse is. The bard in this Cywydd describes the purse as his golden chest sent from Divine sources, his dear guardian, his prophet and companion. "There is no better guardian," he exclaims, "under heaven than thou, O golden nest, best of paymasters. I have possessed horses," he continues, "and have been respected, had jewels, arms, relics, garments, a crown of gems, rings, chains, and my relatives are many in Emlyn—thanks to my purse for this."

"I have learned much of the Book of Solomon and the seven arts; have learned a trade, can compose a Cywydd, and an Englyn—thanks to my purse for this."

In the course of the Cywydd he reflects strongly on the prevalent corruption in courts of justice. "Should I be detected in the act of thieving and sent to court, and should judgment and inquest be held over me, I know that I shall be excused. Forty persons would perjure themselves in my behalf; all the officers would be on my side. Thanks to my purse for this." Nor does he indicate a high opinion of morality amongst the fair sex? "I have been much loved by women. I have had assignations below Conway. I should have a million more if I liked. I am not permitted to go alone from the tavern. There is much contention for me. Thanks to my purse for this." The wonder-working power of gold is extolled by Sion even more highly than by the cynic who said it would buy adulation and honour, lands and virtue. Sion goes further than this, "With money I might have all Wales, its houses, its castles, and its land. I shall have love in Paradise, heaven for my soul at the bidding of false Popes, and the good will of every enemy. Thanks to my purse for this."

In this last reflection it is not unlikely we have a sting against

the Roman Catholic faith, to which he was a bitter opponent, and not the expression of his own belief. "Formerly," he says, "Friars were preachers, who went about on foot with nothing but a staff, but now they possess horses, and frequented banquets. St. David never tasted wine or mead, nor did he wear any garment of horse hair."

In his poem on the age and the duration of things, we have something like the series ascribed to Hesiod and quoted by Aristophanes, only that Hesiod selects the crow, the raven, and the stag, and others, and gives different terms. Sion's poem is of interest, especially to the antiquary—many of his statements as to the age of things having within the last generation been current in village wisdom in Glamorgan, and doubtless in other districts in Wales:—

Triads of the ages in their complete progress were formerly known.

Three years is the duration of an alderpole,
Three times the duration of an alderpole
Is the life of a good dog in the green woodland,
And three times the age of the dog
Is the age of a good and active horse.
Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man—a short existence!
Thrice the age of a man
Is that of the bounding hart.
Thrice the age of the stag
Is that of the melodious blackbird.
Thrice the age of the beautiful blackbird
Is that of the earth grown oak,
And thrice the age of the oak
Is judged to be that of the earth itself.

The poet next reflects on the unerring character of this law of life, and of the inevitable end. "Death," he exclaims, "comes to all alike, sparing neither gentleness nor honour, neither beauty nor strength."

He then exults in the joys of Paradise, "nightless day, the incessant song, no clouds, no darkness, no disease," and contrasts this with the torments of the damned. Herein he revels, and a

picture of great power is sketched, worthy of the gloomiest conception of Mediæval times. In it we have the intensity of heat and of cold :—

“The imprisoned fiends ; hunters with horrible wailings. Red hot hooks and spits and a frost of a hundred ages ; ice,” he adds, as if to complete this intensity, “ice that has never thawed. Bellows and cauldron ready and the closing of hell overhead !”

Then he moralises upon the character of the lost who have perjured themselves, who have drunk in vain assemblies, who have denied their faith, who, having wealth, have given none to the poor, abandoning prayer and mass, Sunday and holiday, and living dissolutely. Then the strain, which has been vigorous and denunciatory, sinks into a plaintive and a pleading one, and tender implorings are offered up to escape the dreadful fate and win a happy end.

These are fair illustrations of Sion’s poetical power, and strength of conviction. His *Cywydd* on the beginning of the world exhibits him as a thoughtful student of Genesis, showing the order of creation and introducing many quaint similes of his own. Thus Adam and Eve “were formed within an hour, and in less than two hours they were punished. Scarcely had he taken the apple from the tithe tree when it became to him a grievous case. They remained there no longer, for God sent them from that place, and Adam laboured with his hands—used his sharp spade frantically in order to avenge his deceit.”

Adam’s duration of punishment is also given, “and after he was dead Adam remained in Hell for four thousand six hundred and four years.” Very marked to this is his *Cywydd* on the descent of the Kymric nation, in which he traces them from Japhet and interweaves the old legendary narrative of Brutus. To the Kymry was due the credit of building the three fairest cities in the world, Troy, Rome, and London. He describes Brutus as “sleeping on the hide of a stag, in which position he was found by an angel sent by Christ, who told him to proceed to sea with his progeny.” Claiming high descent, and mourning existing

sorrows, the Kymry were yet to be favoured with better days. They were in waiting, finally waiting, he says, for deliverance:—

It seemed as if to the poet-seer's vision came the echo of the squadrons of Glyndwr!

From the bed of death the utterances are invariably of the same character,* the gayest minstrel breathes but a plaintive note, and the merriest jester saddens us all with his pitiful solemnity. So in hours when philosophy strives to satisfy itself that its logical deductions are exact, and only the man of purest faith is calm, Sion Kent, priest and poet, renowned by friends for his piety, and by the people regarded as a wizard, turned his face to the wall, and ere he died composed with trembling hands his last verses. There is much in them to admire. It was far later in the day when Shakspeare and Bacon philosophised in similar moods, and later still that from the martyr's funeral pyre came utterances of equal faith and holiness. We give them in their entirety:—

VERSES COMPOSED BY JOHN OF KENTCHURCH ON HIS DEATH-BED.

1. What shall man obtain of the world, and the pomp
Of lands and riches,
But a fathom of grave to lie in,
And one small shroud, in all?
2. Never more shall there be poured out for this body,
Of the pernicious accursed beverage;
I seek, in my urgency and need,
My portion of sustenance for the soul.
3. Wise is the Christian, and consistently good,
Seeking God above all:
Whoso finds God shall find Goodness;
Benefit shall man obtain from remembering Him.
4. Good is death in the end, for the man
Who speaks the truth.
With God's cheering countenance there is abundance:
Without the blessed God, we are without satisfaction!

* The age was familiarised with death-bed utterances. Scarcely a poet who did not bequeath one. See Chaucer, with his own plaintive song from the bed of death.

5. The torment of subduing vengeance
 Alas ! is afflicting me.
 Woe to the one, and woe to the many,
 Who shall endure a portion of my torture.
6. Hear me groaning and sorely complaining,
 Like a wolf in a chain,
 Do not, heavenly Lord, I beseech Thee,
 Take me from the world in a state of burning.
7. Is there any man, or anyone to be found faultless
 To come to the throne ?
 Is there anyone in whom there is no guilt ?
 Yes, the Son of our Lady St. Mary.
8. God of Heaven forgive me the sins
 I have committed so long ;
 Before dying— before the fierce summons of death.
 My day is approaching.
9. Towards the cold dreary grave of fleshless bones
 And of motionless limb,
 Without a cheerful prospect, without merriment,
 Until the last trial, until the day of judgment.
10. Proud is man amidst the fulness of feasting,
 And inspiring is the song,
 But consider, thou multitude, the end—
 To the dense earth will man go.
11. May the Son of God in goodness give some day
 To every man His spirit.
 After the day life will be no more
 Nor man, nor day, nor earth.
12. After that day has fully past,
 Neither sun, nor moon shall then exist,
 Nor stars, nor voice of birds,
 Nor Bray of hart, nor day, nor man.
13. The best counsel, by St. Mary, is to trust in God,
 As there is nothing without Him
 But dark death to deceive us :
 And death undoubtedly will come.*

* *Vide Iolo, MSS.*

We illustrate his constructive powers with the following :-

CYWYDD TO MARY AND HER SON.

Y Verch wenn o fraich Anna,
A garawdd Duw a gwraidd da.
Thou white maid from Anna's arms,
Loved by God from thy good root.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

A llyma vyd cyd cadarn
A diwedd byd yw dydd barn.
This is a strong compact world,
And its end is the judgment day.

Ieuan Rhaiadr, who figured about the end of the century, composed several poems of merit, one, a Cywydd, to get Rhys o Vuallt (Rhys of Builth) out of Gloucester gaol:—"What in the world causes this blame," he cries, "the bitterness and the prisons," or, as in the original:—

Pa ryw beth sy'n peri bai,
Y chwerwder a'r karchardai.

Another of his poems was to appease Gwen, who had become jealous.

In Iolo Goch, who may be said to have linked the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we have a bard who presents us with two distinct aspects—at one time historical, at another religious; and so well are the distinctions preserved, that in his religious poems we have only an occasional metaphor taken from the knightly world, and in the historical scarcely a trace of the profound religious convictions which inspired him.

In his Cywydd to Sir Roger Mortimer, the hero in whose veins, he says, runs the blood of the Red Dragon, we have the sheen of armour, the fluttering of banners on which gleam azure and gold with gules argent; heralds prance before us, and the "Lord of the Red Hand," with golden spur, bounds on to conquest!

Turn to his Cywydd, to the "Trinity," to "Mary," to "God," and all this is swept away. Most devout of Roman Catholics, to him the conspicuous figure is "Mary, selected for her beauty," the

Queen of Heaven, and mentally we see the bowed form of the shaven monk, and hear the dismal sound of *miserere*.

He interweaves classical with religious lore in his devotion to Mary. She is a "goddess," and very poetical does Iolo become, and thoroughly orthodox when he describes her as bearing a burden in her arms which is to relieve us from the burden of our sins. However faulty he may be sometimes found in his creed, he holds fast strongly to the doctrine of the Trinity, and the efficacy of Mass, and one of the highest terms he can apply to the Saviour is that of Pope.

The characteristic trait, which in his religious poems is devotional, becomes encomiastic in his historical, and few of the bards in his time played the panegyrist so well, as instanced in "Sir Rhys," "Sir Roger," and most fully developed in his adulation of Owen Glyndwr. As mirrors of his time, all his poems have especial value. They are, with few exceptions, unworked mines of historic treasure, and in the search through obsolete words and phrases no longer understood, and similes the force of which are lost from the difficulty of deciphering, gleams of true poetic vigour and a robust earnestness of faith meet one, to encourage and stimulate to further exertion. The task of rendering a good readable reproduction was well begun by the Rev. Robert Jones, and the promise indicated in the few poems he gave only makes one regret the more that he did not live to complete his task. But judging from the two translations added subsequently in the *Cymmrodor* by H. W. Lloyd, M.A., and the promise of a continuation by him, we may yet have as complete a collection as is extant of his contemporary, Davydd ab Gwilym. Nearly sixty of his poems have been collected, chiefly, we believe, through the enterprise of the late Rev. Robert Jones, by the medium of the *Cambrian Journal* in 1855 and following years.

We give as complete a list as is now extant:—

Marwnad Tudur ab Gronw, 1315.

I Ieuan Esgob Llan Elwy.

Arall iddo.

Dyfod o' Yglyndwr o' Ysgotland.
I O. Glyndwr cyn y rhyfel.
Arall iddo.
Achau Owain.
I Owain ar ddifancoll.
Breuddwyd am dano.
Marwnad Edward III., 1377.
I Syr Hywel ab Fwyall.
I Feibion Tudyr ab Gronw.
Mawl Rhys Gethin Nant Gonwy.
Mawl Hywel Coetmor.
Marwnad Syr Hwgan a l  s, 1346.
Marwnad Tudyr Fychan ab Gronw.
Marwnad Ithel Ddu y bardd o' Fon.
Marwnad Llewelyn Goch ab Meurig Hen.
Marwnad Ithel ab Robert o' Degaingyl.
I Syr Ro. Mortimer.
I Ddewi Sant.
Cyffes Iolo.
Y deuddeg Apostol.
I ddyfalu y llong.
I ofyn March.
Arall.
I Hersdin Hogl.
Dychan y Brawd Llwyd o' Gaer.
Arall iddo.
I Fair.
Arall iddi.
Achau Mair.
Sioasym a Mair.
Y Farf.
I Ferch ac i'r farf.
Y saith Bechawd marwawl.
I'r Offeren.
I Dduw.
I ofyn Cyllell Hely.
I Ieuan ab Einion.

Dyfalw y Tafawd.

I'r Byd.

I Ferch, pan oedd ef glaf.

Arall i ferch.

Brud.

Arall.

Arall

Cywydd Marwnad i Rys Gruffydd o' Borthrwyd.

Cywydd Marwnad Davydd ab Gwilym bardd.

Cywydd i'r Drindod.

Cywydd y Seren, a ymddangoses yn mis Mawrth, 1402.

Cywydd i'r Byd.

Cywydd trived Cyfoed.

Cywydd chware cuan i'm llaw.

Cywydd Marwnad Llewelyn Goch ab Meirig Hen.

Cywydd Marwnad Syr Rys ab Thomas o' Ddinefwr.

Cywydd i ofyn March.

Iolo's poems are striking illustrations of the fact that in the compositions of our old bards, a good deal of fossil history is preserved. We get glimpses of social life in Mediæval days which the monkish historian regarded as beneath his notice. Thus in his eulogy to Sir Howel of the Battle Axe a graphic description of Criccieth Castle is given, and the old ruin opposite Harlech, familiar to the tourist, with its double fosse and vallum, stands again before us in its entirety, the blue waves washing the base of its towers, and within, in harmony with the stormless sea, fair ladies engaged in weaving silk, and the sound of pleasant music lending gladness to the scene. Sir Howel, the hero who "rolls back the tide of battle," is here surrounded with home delights and luxuries; the gentle wife and daughters are with him, and the chess-board near hints at social enjoyment very different to his armoured days at Poitiers.

But it is in his poem to Owain Glyndwr that we have a complete home life picture of the fourteenth century.

This has been variously rendered. The first in point of date in *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru*, literal translations in various works

of more or less value, and a paraphrase in Borrow's *Wild Wales*. Fortunately we are able to give the English reader a translation from the pen of Mr. Howel W. Lloyd, M.A., published in the *Cymmrodor*, vol. v., part ii., which has both literal and poetic merit :—

A POEM TO OWAIN GLYNDWR.

Twice I have promised thee to bear
 The journey—'twas a promise fair—
 And, when a promise has been made,
 It should be to the utmost paid.
 Fulfilment, always dear when meet,
 Is dearer still in cause so sweet.
 The vow is delicate, for so
 'Tis gain to Owain's court to go ;
 Then thither straight I'll wend my way,
 It bodes no ill, and there I'll stay ;
 To gain my life respect, I ween ;
 In mutual greeting when we're seen.
 My Lord Supreme of high descent,
 To minstrels most munificent,
 Can welcome still, nor deem it hard,
 A crooked, old, decrepid bard,
 Hear, for the muse to tell is bold,
 He'll blush not to befriend the old.
 In haste, then, to his court I'll fare,
 Not one, mid hundreds, is so rare,
 A stately place, a Baron's court,
 For bounteous cheer the bards resort.
 The light of Powys—grave request—
 Hath laid on me his high behest,
 His dwelling's state superb to sing,
 Its tow'r fenced round with gold-like ring.
 Its lake with bridge o'er-reaching far,
 Its gate secured with many a bar,
 Its steeple, like St. Patrick's, French,
 Its bolts supplied with supple clench,
 To Westminster's its cloister like,
 With quoins each angle fraught alike,
 Its roof with gilded vaults above,
 So tight they like a prison prove.

The junction is, in all the joints,
Made firmly fast, at all the points.
And, as a ship's planks fitly joined
Together all completely groin'd.
A house, like those in Naples seen,
Within it would contain eighteen.
The timber'd house on topmost height
Of a green slope, is fair to sight ;
On pillars four so strangely high,
The mansion seems to reach the sky ;
Over each pillar stout of wood
Is fix'd a chamber firm and good,
And pleasantly, in slumbers deep,
Among the rafters, minstrels sleep.
Four rooms to eight afford their rest,
A spacious, light and airy nest.
The bakehouse frowns from roof of tiles,
Of smoke the chimneys nurse their piles,
Nine ample halls of one design,
In one and all are wardrobes nine ;
Shops clean and bright, compact, and fair,
With London's Cheap may each compare
The Cross-Church white is wall'd around,
Its chapels with glazed lights abound.
On ev'ry side the Court's replete,
Each house within it, all complete,
An orchard, vineyard, too, hard by,
With varied tints, beside it lie.
One park, a warren, rabbit feeds ;
Another deer, the best of breeds.
Ploughs, steeds are there—their master's name
Of all the tribe's best known to fame.
Bright meads with grass and hay are fill'd
And crops of corn in fields well till'd ;
A fair mill, on unbroken stream,
And dove-house, bright with noonday gleam.
A fish-pond, hollow, dark, and deep,
In need till netted fish to keep.
A spot where cannot fault be found,
There pike and silvery fish abound.
Three tables, too, and birds alive,

Vivacious set ! her'ns, peacocks, thrive.
 And slaves whate'er he may direct,
 With promptitude, each work effect.
 He has the first fruits, Shrewsbury ale,
 Wassail and bragget never fail.
 For wine, and every liquor look,
 Fire for his kitchen, and his cook.
 The bards a lodging all may find,
 Altho' 'twere daily, to their mind,
 This palace is, without compare,
 Protect it, God ! of all most fair.
 His lady—of all women best,
 Me, with her bread and wine hath blest,
 Noble and knightly her descents,
 Maid royal in beneficence.
 Come, too, shall both his children there,*
 Each one a nest of chieftains fair.
 There 'tis not easy oft to see,
 Or latch, or bolt, or lock, or key ;
 The barriers there no porter lifts,
 No want is there of wealthy gifts,
 Nor lack, nor hunger, nor disgrace,
 In Sycharth ever sought a place.
 Or Welshmen by the bravest, best,
 Of lion's pow'r, the land's possesst ;
 Strongest of strongholds, strong yet slim
 Its lord, I love both it and him.

The prevailing impression in the English mind of a Welsh Bard is that of the clerwr or wandering rhymster, going from house to house, or as one of the accompanists of armies. But Iolo Goch was Lord of Llechryd, a De Lacy on his mother's side ; well versed in classic lore, as evidenced by his confessions (*Cyffes Iolo*), and M.A. of one of the universities. It was perhaps the blending of English blood in his veins, as much as his literary and bardic proclivities, which made him a discreet spectator instead of an actor in the long fifteen years' contest which Owain Glyndwr waged. He was the warm friend in social life, the bard to eulogise

*The literal translation renders this better : " His children come in pairs, a beautiful nest of chieftains."—*Pennant*.

in poem and lament in graceful elegy, to describe the heraldic adornments of the warrior, and his prowess in the field, but to keep aloof himself from the danger of a declared partizanship. No one can read the last poem, with which we close our notice, without admitting that there is more of the patriotism of the Lord of Llechryd in his composition than the loyalty of a De Lacy.

Beat down the castles, forts of woe,
And London, lair of dogs, lay low,
Strike, strike and slay! let Normans ken
That horns of gold have Mona's men.

We give the poem in its fulness, by the same able translator,
Mr. H. W. Lloyd:—

AN ODE TO OWAIN GLYNDWR, AFTER HIS DISAPPEARANCE.

Tall man, thou mark for Harrys hate,
Art living still? Is past thy fate?
If thus it be, with fiery spear
Come, show thy shield, say, "I am here!"
Thou gold girt warrior, seek thine home,
Come well begirt with arms of Rome.
Come possesst of Peter's seal,
Full just thy cause will God reveal.
Come from the East! so shall o'erthrown,
Thou bull of strength, be tow'rs of stone.
Before thee rays of fire be shed,
And gifts by all be freely spread.
From Lochlyn, Earl of keen-edged sword,*
Come, of the Glyn thou gen'rous Lord,
Who bearest, for thy shield's contents,
A fair escutcheon, four descents;
Three lions, as the empyrean, blue;
Three steel frets seen the wild-fire through.
Set we the stainless Peacock o'er,
Set you a chief o'er Bear and Boar:
So, there conjoined are axes three,
A mighty host where strife shall be.

* Eryr glwys, dos Iôr o'r Glynn,
Iarl awchlaif i dir Llychlyn.

"Amiable Eagle, go Lord of the Glynn,
Keen-glaived Earl, to the land of Lochlin."

Let go sev'n noble ships from shore
Full soon, and then sev'n hundred more.
Come from the North—'tis Mona's will,
To Erin and her hope fulfil.
Call also—may God grant her thee!
Needs must thou have her—Italy!
Pure Galahad,* rise! we'll hear thy call,
Ere fall the Baptist's festival.
Thy beacon raise, brisk chieftain, haste
In Dublin yonder, o'er the waste;
Raise a fair fleet of seamen's power,
In confines of the Gael, and Gower.
Come, Hero of my heart, betray'd
From Man, and be not long delay'd.
To Gwyddyl, best of signals sped
For fight is ever Gold and Red;
Llywelyn's standard consecrate!
Those colours will thy men elate.
Parade before the Britain's host!
Lo! England's for her treason lost!
Of temper true thy weapon bring,
And reign o'er all the isles a king!
Eagle of might! one moment more,
And light a flame on Mona's shore.
Beat down the castles, forts of woe,
And London, lair of dogs, lay low.
Strike, strike and slay! let Norman's ken
That horns of gold have Mona's men.
Needs must thou—'tis of prophecy—
Full many a bout of battle ply;
Do battle, and the foe shall flee;
Still thou, at will, canst gentle be;
But if thine arm with wrath be sped,
In distant Berwick see the dead!
Thy fortune's turned, I know full well;
Thro' summer fight with conflict fell;
Like oaks, thy foes shall fall full fast,
Not Vochno's fight did longer last.
March through the ford of Ieithon's glen,

* Gauls.

With Mona's banner, throngs of men ;
Be nine the number of thy fights ;
Their own, nor less, nor more requites.
Sword of Cadwalader the Blest !
Take all thy grandsire e'er possess'd !
Take back for all thy kin their share !
From us take bondage hard to bear.

The previous poem we have given, describing Sycharth, will more than this repay a careful study. The fact of windows being glazed corrects an impression retained by Lady Guest in *Mabinogion*, that glass was of later date in its introduction. Intercourse was not so rare with England but that accurate knowledge was held of London, see contrasts of Westminster and Cheapside; and foreign travel is hinted at by the reference to Naples. Then very conspicuously noted are the bards; this palace is their sanctuary, a permanent house surrounded with creature comforts. And it is no residence such as the fourteenth century castles were long taken to be, built more for defence than pleasant residence, destitute of flowers, orchards, vineyards, and perched on a lone mountain track little cultured. Here we have all the accessories of present courtly residence, with the addition of vine growth for wine, which up to the sixteenth, and even seventeenth, centuries was common in Wales and the borders. The reiterated mention of wine and its abundance confirm us in the belief that the climate at this period was much warmer than it now is. There has been a gradual change going on, and the evidences at hand of old people support this idea. Thus in connection with Glamorgan Iolo enumerates several hundred varieties of apples; now the apple is sparingly cultivated, and the farmers in Carmarthenshire and Breconshire point to the relics of old orchards, and say we cannot grow them half so freely now. Ridges on Cefn Arthen, Llandovery, show that the land there grew oats; but they cannot be grown now. Hazel trees (*collwyn*) as thick as a man's body may be met with in the country. No one plants hazel now in the mountainous districts of Wales. In the memory of the present generation oats were grown on the Cwm Taff hills; this has been abandoned. In a district of Carmarthenshire evidences

were found some years ago of flax being cultivated; this is no longer done. In the matter of wine, at most of the old farm-houses there is what is known as the "wynws," now invariably a cart house.

Assuming then, with these data, a warmer climate and more generous results from tillage, there could not have been the spare dietary that now prevails in the isolated nooks and mountains of Wales, and much of the bardic picture of abundance which we are apt to think highly exaggerated, may have been but slightly coloured after all.

Iolo tells us, elsewhere, that the plough was common in the days of Hu Gadarn. It is very evident from his statement that it was in active employment in his own.

Iolo Goch, though a bard of repute, still held too high a position as Lord of Llechryd to be classed with the ordinary minstrels, who, in Glyndwr's days of fortune, fluttered around him. He was both friend and eulogist, the more servile duties being undertaken by Gruffydd Llwyd and others. Of Gruffydd little is known, the principal poem which has been handed down is one of the heroic stamp. In the beginning he apostrophises Glyndwr for his renown, and refers to the blending of generous traits in his composition, admitting with grief that in an evil hour, fired with British beverage, he forgot the distance between him and his lord, but:—

Soon my generous chief forgave
The rude presumption of his slave.

Then he implores him not to leave his peaceful bower, but mourns that his prayers were in vain, and we have a thorough Homeric strain in the following:—

He flew like lightning to the hostile plain.

.
I saw the God-like hero go,
I saw with aching heart
The golden beam depart.

Then he mourns with sweet remembrance over his departure,

and in conclusion dwells rapturously on his successes, compares him with Urien, and predicts equal immortality.

The conclusion, as paraphrased in Pennant, is one of the bard's happiest efforts :—

Strike then your harps, ye Cambrian bards ;
 The song of triumph best rewards
 An hero's toils. Let Henry weep
 His warriors wrapt in everlasting sleep ;
 Success and victory are thine,
 Owain Glyndwrwy divine !
 Dominion, honour, pleasure, praise,
 Attend upon thy vigorous days !
 And, when thy evening sun is set,
 May grateful Cambria ne'er forget
 Thy noontide blaze ; but on thy tomb
 Never-fading laurels bloom.

Rhys Goch, of Eryri, flourished from this period, the latter part of the fourteenth century to the early part of the fifteenth. Indeed, the editor of *Gorcheſtion Beirdd Cymru* places him as late as 1420. Rhys was a gentleman by position, and had a seat at Hafod Garregog, in the environs of Snowdon, where he wooed the muses with some amount of success. An ode of his to the Fox is interesting as an illustration of the sound answering to the sense. Rhys was in love with the fair Gwen of Dol, and sent a peacock to her. His rival, also a bard, composed a poem to the Fox, beseeching it to kill his rival's present, and singularly enough the bird was destroyed, and the rival bard was happy. Stung by this misadventure Rhys composed the following, which so teems in the original with gutturals that Sion Tudur called it the Shibboleth of Sobriety, "because no man when drunk could possibly pronounce it."

RHYS GOCH TO THE FOX.

The wretch my starry bird who slew,
 Beast of the flameless embers hue,
 Assassin, glutton of the night,
 Mixed of all creatures that defile,
 Land lobster, fugitive of light,

Thou coward mountain crocodile,
With downcast eye and ragged tail,
That haund'st the hollow rocks,
Thief, ever ready to assail
The undefended flocks,
Thy brass hued breast and tattered locks
Shall not protect thee from the hound,
When with unbaffled eye he mocks
Thy mazy fortress underground,
Whilst o'er my peacock's shattered plumes shall shine
A pretty bower of faery eglantine.*

Another example of the poet's ability will be found in the "The Song Rhys Goch made to Robert Meredith," which possesses some historic value. Robert was an outlaw at the time, having been mixed up in the Glyndwr rebellion, and this song, an eulogy of Robert's valour, is about the most ancient extant since the days of Edward I. So writes Sir John Wynne, of Gwydir. Sir John adds, further, a reference to the alleged massacre of the bards by King Edward, but this is one of the "not proven" charges against English government. That the bards refrained from inflammatory compositions is certain; that they were very circumspect is shown by this song, in which the poet carefully conceals the home of the warrior to whom he refers.

One would like to string it into rhyme and limn the kinsman,
"the greyheaded lion."

With spear all bloody, lance and shield,
And sword which few like him could wield;

and picture the country over-run with savage bands, the dry wood
welcoming the fire—

Hir y bu Ruffudd ruddbar
Waywdan fab Cynan ein car
Ar goesgeirch hir gwayw ysgwyd
Yn gorwedd Llew Fflamgledd Llwyd.

but a prose translation in this case will probably more accurately

* *Vide Cambrian Map II., 56.*

represent the poet. We will give it as we find it in the "History of the Gwydir Family":—

"Long did our friend (or kinsman) Gryfudd ap Conan, with his bloody spear, fiery lance, shield, and flaming sword lye dormant, like a greyheaded lion, whilst his country was all in a blaze by the hands of the enemy, who heaped together dry wood to kindle (welcome the fire.) Tremble not at this relation, he did not tremble. From him there grew a beautiful branch, eminent in battle and master of the British Games.* If any disordered head is asked the Christian name of him who is called a descendant of the great family on the throne of the province, it is Alexander, the beloved chief of the multitude with the Golden Crown of Trystan the Wise.† I prophesy he will deserve the high title of a wise baron, and withstand an army between the famous water of the Severn and the clear stream of Garthen. Dark envy and detraction will not suffer his praise to be celebrated. If it is his desert, timid contras avaunt! If any strait,‡ beautiful and brave offspring of Cynan's lineage was ever praiseworthy this must be he.

Beware the scoff of those who have before detracted.

If I speak of him it must be to his honour.§

The most ambitious production of Rhys Goch Eryri is the Marwnad, or Elegy to Gruffydd ab Robert Fychan, but it may be regarded as an illustration of superlative eulogy. "Land of Eifionydd," he exclaims, "so often eulogised, woe to its men. Gruffydd is dead, and there is a hazy sea groaning over the scene of old. Whence comes the sea; is it from above, or has the flood turned out of its bed and whelmed the place." Thus he describes the lamentation that has arisen upon the death of Gruffydd. It is a sea of tears that covers Eifionydd! Could the fulness of grief be better expressed. "Sorrow has caused this deadly sea storm which threatens even to bury our language, and left the mourners

* These were the four and twenty games (Y Pedair Camp ar Hugain), which every British youth aspired to excel at. *Vide Jones' Relics*, 1794.

† One of the Knights of the Round Table.

‡ Straight is here evidently meant.

§ *Vide* "History of the Gwydir Family." p. 41.

feeble." Rhys next digresses in a reference to the blending of Christian teaching with the dogmas of old Druidic philosophy, so:—"Jesus took a pure ear of seed from the grain of ancient Salisbury,"* then again laments for his two misfortunes to lose Gruffydd, and riches.

Rhys resorts to the usual figures for his illustrations. Gruffydd in one place is a tame lion, in another an eagle in golden armour. He dwells pleasantly upon the family Gruffydd has left behind him, "respectful shoots; fair vines; choice corn to become ripe ears. Seven stalwart sons and six daughters; one a vicar, quite an Augustine; then Richard, the liberal, a word for him, a man whose praise extends to England, and who will have Cheshire at his feet. Courageous William, on his shoulders may a golden collar be seen; Sion is respectful, generous, also Roland; and Nudd is the mirror of Eifionydd. Cadwalader, a strong keeper, a formidable oak; and if I mistake not Edward's arm would reduce an ash javelin to splinters." Rhys becomes enamoured with the number seven.

"There are seven Archangels in Heaven conversing," he cries, and seven also in the manor of Eifionydd.

Seven Harts spring from Gruffydd,
Seven bodies whose growth is that of stately trees,
Seven men without weeds or trash,
Seven days are the brothers,
Gwynedd and its men's seven virtues,
Seven philologists of White Eifionydd,
Seiriol and seven bright stars,
Seven planets to protect Cambria,
Seven Psalms to preserve the land,
Seven county defenders highly eulogised,
(The literal seven county locks eulogistically spoken of!)
Seven men fine linguists, wise men,
Seven bodies weighing eight hundred,
Seven ages of a hundred years they'll have.

So he lauds the descendants, then pausing, looking at his theme,

* "Aeth Jesus a Thywysen Bar o had, grawn Salbri hén."—*Gorchest.*, 99. What say the opponents of Druidism to this, four hundred years prior to Iolo Morganwg.

the lament of Gruffydd, he ends with a closing sentence of dignity:—

The notable old Squire!
In the presence of Jesus
May he eternally remain.

The original, and the prose, or literal translation, we have given as a "study." It is one of the old fashioned methods which bilinguals in past time submitted in their efforts to mirror the Welsh mind before the English eye. But it is, as will be seen, unsatisfactory. The bard had a two-fold labour: to give expression to his ideas, and preserve the fidelity of *Cynghanedd*. Thus the Welsh reader has idea and harmony flowing before him, and if the idea should be bald, the harmony may atone. Hence, a literal translation scarcely does justice to the bard: we love the beauty of his arrangement, and have simply a few, perhaps, commonplace thoughts. To be just we should place ourselves in his era, understand thoroughly the historic or personal associations, and link his ideas with a metre pleasurable to the English ear. This has been done in the case of several of our Welsh bards—Davydd ab Gwilym in particular, and it should be in all cases where practicable.

Not unfrequently, however, especially in bards of this reign, some compositions are met with presenting insuperable difficulties to any translation. Words crowd upon one which cannot be found in Owen Pughe, or in any other, and with a hazy glimmering of what the bard wishes to convey the effort to decipher is given up. Such bards were word makers. They compounded words. They put lingual fragments together, seeking only to preserve metre; logical sequence of thought was secondary, and not unfrequently sense was sacrificed.

The prose writings of the century casually noticed in the current of our history take a more conspicuous place than as a variation of bardic effort. Distinct from diatribes against the clergy, from humoristic sallies against one another, and tender apostrophes to fair *Myvanwys* and *Morvydds*, Nests and *Dyddgus*, were the *Mabinogion*, or children's tales, which were much liked

by abbots and princes, and were lent by one to another with great care, and treasured as of special value. They are interesting to us of the present day as yielding a great deal of light on historic and archæological subjects, affording some details which the poems of the bards, who were often either heroic or amouristic, do not supply. The clergy regarded them with favour as pleasing relaxations to the monastic gloom and severity of life practised, and especially as they contained none of the caustic satires which the principal bards delighted to administer.

The Mabinogion abounded with bright pictures of fair ladies and gallant knights. In vivid colours the kingly courts of old were described, and incident and adventure sparkled on the page. Nor this alone. Virtue and vice were brought into contention, virtue for a time drooped its head and suffered and vice flourished. But eventually, out of the gloom and from the fetters, the strength and purity of virtue triumphed at last. Glorious ancestors these may in all sincerity be regarded of the literature of four and five centuries later, the early imprimings on the British mind which have since become indelible, and are heirlooms of the nation's moral nature. One of the principal writers of Mabinogion in this century was Ieuan Vawr ab y Diwlith, author of many works of note: "The Preservation of the Welsh Language;" "The Arts of Vocal Song, and all that appertains to them according to the rights and usages of the Welsh Nation;" and "Judicial Decisions of Wise Men." Another was called the "Greals;" the "Mabinogion;" others the "Nine Tropes and Twenty-four Embellishments of Diction;" "The Book of Fables;" and a work for the preservation of the moral maxims and laws of the Welsh people.

It seems an inherent belief in the public mind that greatness or goodness of an extraordinary character must have a different entry into mortal life than is decreed to the ordinary. Whether derived from the impression given by Sacred Writ or otherwise it is not our purpose to enquire. Many cities claimed Homer: the ancestry of King Arthur vibrates between tradition and history; the birth of our patron saint is obscure; two counties at least

claim the "Dimetian" minstrel, and, not to multiply instances, there is a halo of romance about the early life of Ieuan Vawr.

It is stated that the bards of Tir Iarll, having gone to the Dewless Hillock on one of St. John's midsummer festivals to hold there a choir of vocal song, found a new born child half alive upon it, and it was taken by one of the bards, Rhiccart ab Einion, placed with a foster mother, and brought up to one of the learned professions. From his size he was called Big John, and, being found on the Dewless Hillock, this was added to his name.*

The character of his mental ability is well given in the following:—

TRIADS OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. The three embellishing names of poetic genius; light of understanding, amusement of reason, and preceptor of knowledge.
2. The three embellishing names of reason; candle of the soul, might of wisdom, and transparency of knowledge.
3. The three embellishing names of wisdom; beauty of the heavens, strength of amusement, and the word of God.
4. The three embellishing words of the understanding; eye of genius, ear of reason, and right hand of meditation.
5. The three embellishing names of knowledge; might of the world, joy of the wise, and grace of God.
6. The three embellishing names of God; King of the Heavens (soul of worlds), Father of animation, and immensity of love.
7. The three embellishing names of heaven; life, blessedness, and heavenly tranquility.
8. The three embellishing names of the sun; torch of the worlds, eye of day, and sprightliness of the heavens.
9. The three embellishing names of the moon; sun of night, the beautiful, and sun of the fairies.

* John Bradford's Book, *Vide Iolo MSS.*, p. 488.

10. The three embellishing names of the stars; eyes of serenity, candles of heaven (God), and gems of the sky.
11. The three embellishing names of the sea; field of Gwenhidwy, court of Neivion, and fountain of Venus (and glutton of the world).
12. The three embellishing names of the waves; sheep of Gwenhidwy, dragons of the salt deep, and blossoms of ocean.
13. The three embellishing names of summer; chevalier of love, father of vigour, and keeper of ardour.
14. The three embellishing names of the wind; hero of the world, architect of bad weather, and assaulter of the hills.
15. The three embellishing names of flowers; gems of shrubs, beauties of summer, and eyes of Zephyrs.
16. The three embellishing names of herbs; mantle of summer, aspect of beauty, and hall-floor of love.
17. The three embellishing names of Zephyrs; countenance (smile) of joy, salve of heaven, and smile (face) of love.
18. The three embellishing names of genius; life of knowledge, soul of reason, and gift of God.
19. The three embellishing names of conscience; light of heaven, eye of truth, and voice of God.
20. The three embellishing names of knowledge; paths of truth, hand of reason, and strength of genius.

* The remaining four are missing from the text.

It will have been observed by the thoughtful student of the progress of Welsh Literature from the time under consideration, that it had a somewhat marked religious character. Even the bards, who were in strict antagonism with the monks, were not exempt from prevailing superstitions, and those who ridiculed the

sale of small images at fairs by the wandering friars,* and the barter of paters, and panaceas against disease for articles of use, or food, yet showed a veneration for Mary, the mother of Jesus, a respect for the chief saints, and a belief in the efficacy of masses for the soul quite as ardent as that shared by the most devout recluse.

Still the bard displayed a greater strength of mind on the whole, and his occasional satire of the monks was an indication that he could no more accept a belief in the power of abbot and monk to perform miracles, than he could close his eyes to their extortion. The state of society, so graphically exhibited in *Liber Landavensis* as existing in the twelfth century, was but little altered. The numerous monasteries and friars partly revealed in the campaign of Glyndwr, and in part handed down to us in lingering etymology of hill side or ruin, showed what a hold the church had upon the country.

The owner of land and wealth not unfrequently abused his power, and when he did so, to the detriment of the church, he parted with some of his land and wealth in atonement, and the bard, who was accustomed to regard the lord of the soil as above the stature of men and the infirmities and liabilities of humanity, was often reminded by the partial impoverishment of his master that his rival wielded a power to curse that was more effectual than his own high-flown eulogy. Here, then, we had the intellectual section of Wales in two separate divisions: the monk with a narrow creed, and the bard, whose religious impressions had a blending of natural religion and Druidic philosophy. These were the two agencies in the arena of mind; one was to progress, in its fashion, gathering to itself in time the attractions of art, and then to remain unprogressive, having no influence on the gradual expansion of the human intellect. But the other, the bard, a student of nature and of man, was to be the pioneer, with no meretricious aids to assist in the mental and moral development of the people.

* St. Curig. *Vide* Glyn Cothi.

Macaulay, in his eloquent assertion of the benefit that accrued to literature from its preservation in monastic security, while the storm of civil discord carried its wrecking influence around, passed aside unnoticed the literature that existed without. That which was conserved within, the Sacred Book, and devout manual, the literature of the *Greal*, and of Arthur and his knights, did not comprise all that came down on the flood of time, helping to make Britain famous. The secular mind, vigorous in its grasp, and soaring above monastic gloom and earthward yearnings into the purer light of a loftier faith than was enacted by pope and taught by friar, came from without the monasteries, and from amongst the people; and if only given forth at first in simple exercise of song, in moral axiom, and in primitive bardic jousts, yet had unmistakably a powerful influence on the age that succeeded. We must bear this in view as the panorama is slowly unrolled. We are now glancing in upon the elementary school of the nation's mental and moral history.

LITERARY ANNALS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

A brief survey of the condition of Wales at the dawn of the fifteenth century affords subject for interesting reflection. Wales, previous to the last Llewelyn, was almost divided into two great divisions. Rugged and uncompromising patriotism still existed in the North, but the South was becoming every year more and more Anglified. The Norman settlements, the influences of religion and trade, the nearer proximity of the English districts, all were telling a tale. The Norman castle contained within itself the materials for the construction of society, which, spreading out in every direction, exercised a modifying change. There was the priest, who was as much an aide of the Norman as the bard was of the Welsh chieftain, and artisans of all classes, who from residence within the walls settled without in the clustering village,

dominated over by tower and rampart, until in course of time the feudal appanage became first village, and then township, in which native and foreigner lived in amity.

From the death of Llewelyn, until the rising of Glyndwr, this modifying influence had gone on, more or less affecting all the Principality, Cardiganshire and the North influenced materially by shipping and other industrial elements in addition; but this progress of things, so favourable to peace and literary development, was harshly interrupted, and the fifteen years' campaign of Glyndwr represents almost a blank in our literary annals.

Iolo Goch, the veteran, with a few of the fast fading bards of the fourteenth century, were still alive, but the men to dignify the era were yet in the background of tutelage. Rhys Goch Glyndwrdu, a nephew of Iolo Goch and a pupil of his, was one of the earliest, and left a few of his compositions in MS., and Cynrig ab Davydd Goch, 1420, also left a few pieces, the first lines of which are given in Moses Williams's *Index Poematum Wallicorum*. David Vychan too figured early in the century. He was known as Sir David Vychan, being a bard as well as clergyman, and it was the custom in such cases of two-fold significance so to distinguish.

He was chiefly noticeable for his translation into Latin from the Welsh of the Travels of Mark Odric in India. Another of the early bards of the century was Gruffydd ap Gwevlyn. Some of his poems are preserved in MS., and amongst these is an elegy on Gruffydd ab Cynan.

In Gutto'r Glyn we have one of the most conspicuous bards of the period. He was domestic bard to the Abbot of Valle Crucis, to whom some of his poems are addressed, and was as observant and as graphic in description as he was prolific.

No less than ninety-five poems* are extant, the titles of which are as follows:—

Cowydd i William Gruffydd ap Robin o Gochwillan.

*Ninety of these poems remained in MS. until the nineteenth century, when they were published by the Welsh MSS. Society.

Cowydd i Harry Ddu o Euas rhag gwrthod y Clerwr.
Cowydd i Ddavydd ap Gwilym ap Davydd o Llwydiarth ym Mon.
Cowydd Arglwydd Harberd.
Cowydd Fal y bu y maes ym Mambri (Marwnad Sir W. Herbert).
Cowydd i blas Sir Richard Herbert.
Cowydd i William Vychan Siamberlain Gwynedd.
Cowydd Cwnfan i Sir Richard Gethin Marchog urddol yn Frainge.
Cowydd Iefan ap Einion.
Cowydd i Dafydd Llwyd Aber Tarad.
Cowydd i Llaw arian.
Cowydd i'r Kinastr a laddodd Iarll Warwic yn y maes ym Marnet.
Cowydd i Sion Hanmer o Holtun.
Cowydd moliart Edward IV.
Cowydd.
Cowydd i ofyn dau filgi llwydion.
Cowydd i ddiolch am bwrs.
Cowydd mawl i Deon Cyffin.
Cowydd i'r wyn degwm.
Cowydd i'r ty yn Moelyreh.
Cowydd Howel ab Ifan Fychan.
Cowydd Marwnad Edward ab Davydd.
Cowydd i Abad y Mwythig.
Cowydd Marwnad Rhys Abad Ystrad Flur.
Cowydd i Syr Bwreh o Vawddwy.
Cowydd Syr Wm. Thomas o Raglan, y Marchog glas o Went.
Cowydd clod Mathew Goch.
Cowydd i D. Llwyd o Gedewain.
Cowydd i Arglwyddes Penfro.
Cowydd i Rosier ab Sion o Emral.
Cowydd Hywel ab Meurig Fychan.
Cowydd i Harri Dwinn.
Cowydd i Syr Howel ap Dai.
Cowydd i Sion Edward o'r Waen.
Cowydd i'r Wdeneiff.
Cowydd i erchi corn.
Cowydd ateb i gowydd Duchan gan Syr Rys.

Cowydd i Wladus.
Cowydd Siefrai Kyffin.
Cowydd i erchi march.
Cowydd i Ddafydd Abad.
Cowydd marwnad Llywelyn ap y Moel.
Cowydd.
Cowydd Marwnad.
Cowydd i ofyn helmet i Wiliam Rodon o'r Holt.
Cowydd.
Cowydd.
Cowydd.
Cowydd.
Cowydd i ofyn llechi tô.
Cowydd.
Cowydd mawl Arglwyddes Mawddwy.
Cowydd i ddiolch am baderau.
Awdl Davydd Abad Glyn Egwystl.
Awdl i Berson Corwen.
Awdl Davydd ap Thomas ap Llywelyn o Ddeheubarth.
Cowydd Marwnad Einion ap Gruffydd Rhys.
Cowydd i Hy. ab Ieuan Fychan.
Cowydd i bum mab Llywelyn ab Hwylkyn.
Cowydd i Dduw.
Cowydd i Harri Ddu o Enas.
Cymmod I. Fychan ab I. ab Adda.
Iofyn pais o Faelys.
Cowydd i ofyn huling.
Cowydd i ddiolch am farch.
Cowydd i dy Syr. R. Herbert.
Cowydd i Syr. W. Herbert o Raglan.
Ateb H. ab D. ab I. ab Rhys.
Marwnad Gruffydd Fychan o Gors y Gedol.
I ofyn Gwalch.
I Sion Edward o'r Waen.
I Dref Croesoswallt.
Moliant i Sieffrai Cyffin.

Marwnad y Bardd Gutyn Owain.
I Domas Salbri.
Moliant Davydd Abad.
I'r Arglwydd Sion Talbot.
Marwnad Gwerfyl Mechain.
Moliant Rhys Abad Ystrad Flur.
Gorchest i erchi Bidog.
Ateb gan Dudur Penllyn.
Moliant Thomas Watcyn of Went.
I Abad Glyn Egwystl.
I fenthig llyfr y greal.
Ceisio heddwch gan. I. Fychan.
Moliant S. Hafart.
Cowydd dychan i Ddafydd ab Edmwnd.
Marwnad S. ab Mad. Pilstwn.
I 4 Meib. Ed. ab Dav. Gam.
Marwnad Hywel ab Owen ab Gruffydd.
Cowydd i Syr Walter Herbert.
Cowydd i Syr R. Gethin.
Marwnad Edward ab Davydd o'r Waen.
Cowydd i Syr W. Herbert.
Moliant Rhys ab Thomas.
Cowydd y Paderau.
Marwnad Tomas Salbri.
Marwnad Syr William Gruffydd.

Two of the poems of Gutto are addressed to David, the Abbot of Valle Crucis Abbey.* One is chiefly devoted to the expression of Gutto's thanks for the present of a sword and buckler of exquisite workmanship, manufactured at a shop in Wrexham. He is delighted with his present, and Gutto soars to the height of eulogistic gratitude in declaring that this one present from him is equal to four presents from any other abbot. He wanders away from this into the mention of fair Egwestl, but at the end comes back to the theme, and where was ever the expression of

* Founded in the twelfth century by the Cistercian order, and one of the first to be abolished *tempo* Henry VIII.

gratitude more delicately yet more strongly put. He desires to rest with the poet Adda Vras in heaven. "May I," he exclaims,

Lie in the same bed at Yale,
With my buckler and sharp sword
Carved as arms on my tombstone.

The Moslem might claim to have his gilded scimitar to flash among the houris of Paradise; Gutto would have the present of the abbot carved on his tombstone!

The reader will note here, as in preceding, and as we trust to show in succeeding instances, how details of social history are given forth. In Iolo Goch's poem we hear that the old renown of Shrewsbury was retained for its ale as in the avallenau ascribed to Merddyn Gwyllt.

Pengwern's legions strong in battle,
Quaffers of divine metheglin.

Now Wrexham for its armour. Then we have in another poem by Gutto, to the same abbot, an elaborate picture of profusion such as modern days would scarcely equal, certainly not surpass. The monastery, Gutto tells us, is an open palace where he spent his festivals; the palace of St. Peter. David is likened to St. Anthony amidst the gilt and foliated images, the choir, the chalices, and the books. Then the table, how it groans 'neath the burden of plenty:—

There is old liquor to make us merry,
Pale and dark metheglin.
We shall have bragget and sharp ale from the pipes,
Wine and nuts.
We shall have a thousand apples for dessert,
And grace, honour, and dignity,
Honey, grapes, the fruit of orchards,
And of the fortress of Yale and carols,
And fire which will make the old feel younger.
There during dinner will arise the strains of organs,
Vocal and instrumental music.

Gutto, not content with expressing his gratitude for presents and hospitality in two of his poems, endeavoured to get a loan

of the *Holy Greal* from Trahaearn, of Waunllwg, for the Abbot of Valle Crucis, and he did this also in a poem that has been preserved.

The *Greal** is one of the Romances of the Round Table, written in Welsh, and describes the search of Arthur's knights for the vessel so called, and traditionally supposed to contain the sacred blood shed at the Crucifixion.

This poem again is a study. It does not begin in classic phrase with, "Arms and the man I sing," nor yet in the fulness of hope with "Long life and blessings to thee." Gutto transcends this. The first line wishes Trahaearn three lives!

The ages of three men to thee, Trahaearn,
Patron of the bards in giving judgment,
Son of Ieuan, the chief of Penrhos,
The son of Meyrick,
The second from Howel Gam,
And the third of the race of Adam.

After expatiating on his lineage, Gutto exclaims:—

May thy end in this world be the Day of Judgment.

Next Gutto enlarges on his strength and his fame. He is not only "the eye" of his district, Gwaunllwg, but "the hand, and the book." Was ever compliment more profound? "Distributor of the teachings of science, the mouth of learning of the Glamorgan bards, the skilful tongue of our language; extolled from Aberfraw to Pembroke." Thus filling up and bountifully colouring his picture of adulation, Gutto approaches more closely the object at heart. So pre-eminent is he whom he extols that "the Abbot of Valle Crucis will make the land an entire feast, and at his own charge shall meat and wine be free. Two illustrious men present, the abbot and Trahaearn, one distinguished by his order, the other by the science of the world!" Then meekly does Gutto come to the point:—

* It is supposed to have been written first in Welsh in the seventh century, and afterwards translated into French. The Welsh copy is lost.—*Vide* Editor of Glyn Cothi's works. It has been translated now, by the Rev. Robert Williams, Rhyd-y-croesau, Oswestry.

Assuredly does Davydd love ;
 For one book does he call out
 That he loves more than gold and gems,
 And implores you to send
 The goodly *Greal* to this land,
 The book of the blood—the book of the heroes.

“If the abbot had only this book!” cries Gutto, “he would be content to live without other food. The holy monks also do desire to have the Sacred Book in yonder land of Yale.”

Gutto promises that it shall not tarry there, but return again, and as surety poor old blind Gutto and his chattels.

“And gracious providence as from the dwelling of St. David,” was to be his reward.

Gutto’s variety of praise is not exhausted in these poems. In another of his odes to Davydd Llwyd, of Glan Tanad, translated by Mr. H. W. Lloyd, he compares him in strength and muscle to the lion and the grisly wolf; though Davydd knows only his mother tongue, this is no disadvantage. “The man of one speech,” says Gutto, “stirs not the envy of others;” and the poet adds, with philosophic reference to the compensatory power of nature—“and is often gifted with a double amount of understanding.”

“If an apple tree in full blossom will maintain a man,” says Gutto, “he is one who will maintain a thousand; nay to me he is a whole orchard.”*

In elegy, as in eulogy, to the fair as to the valiant, Gutto is not lacking, as note a translation from the same able hand in *Arch. Camb.*, p. 31, an elegy on the Lady Gwerfyl, daughter of Madog of Mechain. She died in March, and the fulness of bereavement to Powys is well expressed in the lines. “March has carried away a greater support than is father or mother.” Her fading away was “the moon falling to the ground; the town was chilled, and since she has gone, summer has become winter.”

In plaintive sadness he wails her loss, but is consoled in the

* *Arch. Camb.* 1876, p. 33.

thought that she, "our moon," has won a place in the bosom of Jesus for her bounty, with Mary and her company. The English reader will, however, have a better opinion of Gutto's poetic power by the metrical translation Mr. Lloyd has given in *Arch. Camb.*, p. 76, relative to Penley in Maelor. This is an encomium on Matthew Goch, and the inference is that it was composed with the view to rouse the Welsh to raise a sum for the ransom of Sir Matthew, then a prisoner in France :—

When in our day is known to fame,
In Normandy, a hero's name,
To Matthew will the boast belong,
Yclep'd "the Red," by wine made strong,
Of valiant captains all the soul,
Chiefest of all the muster-roll.
O'er all the youth, an eagle he,
Rolando's twin in chivalry,
Shows Arthur's front to those of France,
Fells countless foes with crimson'd lance.
Red Matthew's lance o'erthrows a host,
He charges—and the battle's lost.
Lo Matthew here, and England all
Rushes to Matthew's rousing call.
From childhood hath he learnt to bear
The bell in battle with his spear.
His valour stood in sooth confes't
When on Rhone's bank, his lance in rest,
Like some stone-wall from gun propell'd
A fort's fierce opposition quell'd.
Gallant the feat—he led his band
A dance thro' Maine's and Anjou's land,
By all the saints! a glorious sight,
Rolando tearing through the fight.
Their gift to us in him we hail,
The shepherd of men clad in mail.
Of purpose pure—the praise is rare—
This man of force from Maelor fair.
The branch of some wide-spreading tree
Hath just his stately dignity.
No 'vantage 'scapes his ken, a wall

Steel-proof is Matthew ne'er to fall.
The men by his command controll'd
For daring deeds as bulls are bold.
Like Mangorels his warrior bands
Range Maine's and Anjou's ravaged lands.
Tho' pitiless their onward pace,
Like flowers of war they tread with grace
The highways and the forests clear,
With hue and cry, like hunt of deer.
For Matthew's guerdon, Mary! give
Long Matthew and his men to live.
That he was ta'en, when 'twas heard tell,
Fear on th' afflicted minstrels fell;
Cities, while he a captive lay,
For news frequented were each day;
Keen to the Cymry is the blow,
Tears for their kinsman freely flow.
For him let not their fright increase,
For Matthew's bondage soon shall cease,
The cost contributed conclude
His shorten'd term of solitude.
Bring all your gifts—a double grief
At double cost deserves relief.
His strength and stature none gainsay,
The Dauphin's people we must pay;
'Tis not that Matthew loves the gold,
Tho' greed be rife, and worldlings cold;
The coin that buys from prison-cell
Our kin, doth other hoard excel;
He is not emulous of strife,
Nor yet for office loves his life.
Not one is he to barter fame,
Or for Job's wealth belie his name;
The world on praise sets mighty store,
Her Melwas still is Maelor's lore.
To the Cymraeg this Cymro good
Be honour'd by proud Cymru's brood;
Let England his renown enhance,
And—where he frets for freedom—France

Our poet indicates in several of his numerous poems the

possession of a vein of humour, but with regard to his historical references he is chiefly noticeable for having given currency to the bardic fiction, so long entertained until demolished in the *Literature of the Kymry*, of the great destruction of Welsh MSS. in the Tower of London.

Gutto says:—

The books of Cambria and their destroyers
To the White Tower went concealed,
It was cruel in Ysgolan
To throw the heap of books into the fire.

For one of Stephens's most successful criticisms we must refer to *Lit. Kym.*, p. 333.

Gutto is claimed by Iolo Morganwg as adducing in his ode to Davydd Llwyd substantial proof of the genuineness of the alleged ancient British alphabet called Coelbren y Beirdd, and it is maintained, say the editors of the *Iolo MSS.*, that the repeated mention of wood, and hewing of wood, and the allusion to the felling of trees, are utterly unintelligible except as to referring to the cutting of letters upon wood, in the inscribing of verses upon the billets of the Coelbren. Llewelyn Sion, a bard who flourished in this century, has given an elaborate description of the method adopted. He states first "that after the wars of Glyndwr, the king forbade paper or parchment to be brought into Wales, or to be manufactured there, in order to prevent epistolary correspondence between one Welshman and another, and also between the Welsh and Foreigners." Then, adds Sion, "the Welsh had recourse to the ancient method of the bards of the Isle of Britain, viz.: the cutting of letters, which they called the signs of language and utterance, upon sticks prepared for the purpose called Peithinen, and thus it was done." Then follows a minute description of method, see *Iolo MSS.*, p. 620-1. As one of the alleged proofs we conclude our notice of Gutto with his ode to Davydd Llwyd:—

Davydd! the Bards are coming.
All the minstrels will come to thy house with honour.
Davydd, son of Davydd my chief,

Well hast thou distributed, thou great grandson of Einion.
Diligently do the bards seek thee,
Davydd Llwydd who withholdest not the banquet.
Fair residence of the venerable beloved one,
Whilst thou existest thou art a town of assembling;
A dwelling thou hast surrounded by sunshine,
On the fair brow of the vale of Towyn is the house,
The edifices of St. David's are those of thy land.
Or the Zion of the island is there.
The Island of the Saints or St. James's,
The Hospitium of the Nightingale of Bettam.
The object of pilgrimage for every district;
The Pope of Rome, of Kedewain region.
Thou art a second Cadell Deyvnllwg,
Powerful, to protect us all.
Like the faithful sanctuary cross of Keri,
The lord of Kedewain will protect us.
Thou hast not fled, thou wilt not retire,
To spare expense of the costly world.
Thou maintainest thy house, thou venerable generous one,
And distributest goods to the deserving.
Should a King arrive, thou Pope of the Island,
And come into thy country, he would go to thy court.
Every minstrel, every stout traveller,
All come to thee, every one to his lodging;
Every poor man, even as far as Glamorgan,
Every simple person as if he were the Pope or Sir Foulk.
Every mouth, all have sung
Long life to thee, and that was a pleasant thing.
As abundant as is the poetry,
So much the more difficult is it to find wood for the song.
And we possessed for poetry
Wood for a season, if Gwilym would permit.
There are two edges to each tongue,
To cut the wood, the oaks of verse
The men of genius are hewing
Their verse up yonder, out of the wood of the hill,
So that there will not be found, for a while,
The materials of a poem out of the wood.
The wood has gone into thy poems,
And the forest will not long endure.

There are two with poems for you,
Exercising themselves in metre ;
Swdwal, the energetic carpenter of accurate verse,
Felling trees to form a song,
Llawdden, with his axe,
Will not leave wood materials, wherever he comes ;
Extensive is the work of his craft ;
The felling of trees for the keys of verse.
Two are they who, if allowed,
Will not leave wood in the country ;
Few are the trees on the hill top
That remain after them, as refuse.
Hewing a poem, renewing wood,
Not of weak hazel, nor of thorn bushes.
Commencing the verse, squaring the wood,
Am I still doing for thee, Davydd.
In the top of the spreading oak of three languages
There is room to set my axe at work.
Should the woods of record be exhausted.
Davydd, thou art wood of the dwelling of poetry ;
The best material art thou, Davydd ;
The wood of ode and of poem art thou.
Thou art the wood, the material of the house of song,
The support of activity in the directing of ardour.
The rafter of our language, and its roof overhead,
Its gable beam, and its staunch joist.
A straight grown pillar of Einion have we,
With a strong sound core, from Gwilym.
The stately oak of Keri, fair and venerated,
The roofing tree of the beloved Kedewain.
The home which need not be avoided,
And the payment table of the bards art thou.
Ivor of the mansion of the free table :
There is no true Ivor but Davydd.
Happy man on the banks of the Severn ;
Hapless our lot were we deprived of him as our chief.

In Guttyn Owain, another distinguished poet of the century, we have one who united in a superior degree to many of his contemporaries the sagacity of the historian and the fluent description of the bard. He was historian and herald bard to the Abbays of

Basingwerth and of Ystrad Flur, and resided alternately in those monasteries. He must have been a man of considerable prominence and repute, as he was the second person named by Henry VII. in the commission to enquire into the pedigree of his grandfather, Owen Tudor. Many of his compositions are preserved, and several genealogical collections. His copies of Caradoc's *History of Wales*, called *Llyfr du Basing* or *Black Book of Basingwerk*, are in duplicate at Hengwrt, *vide* our list. To Guttyn Owain belongs the credit of being the earliest narrator of the Madogian Discovery of America. Powell, the erudite and faithful historian of Wales, states in the early editions of his work that he had the transcripts in the handwriting of Guttyn Owain, and Powell's testimony may fairly be accepted. Guttyn, then, has thus given us one of the most fruitful subjects of literary controversy that we have had, a vexed question upon which poet and historian have been exercised, and which remains to this day undecided.

Two points only have been established, the disappearance of Madoc,* and the resemblance amongst the Mandan Indians and others, some say Padoucas, of a language bearing some affinity to the Welsh.† The great void between has been filled by the poet and the novelist, and scope for speculation has been given by curious coincidences, but this is all that can be stated. Antiquarian skill, philological ability, and considerable literary power have been brought to bear, and some of the ripest Welsh scholars have taken up this side or the other, but in the circle of European historians Columbus retains his proud position, while Madoc's fame becomes dim and more dim.

We, for our part, elect to remain with the minority. The difficulty in the way of insufficient shipping has been removed by evidence showing that in respect of ships at that period, Wales was abundantly supplied.‡

Guttyn's MSS. are still preserved at Wrexham, and contain some

*Llywarch, Invocation to the Ordeal of hot iron, *Arch. of Wales*, i., p. 289, Catlin's N.E. Indians.

†*Cambro Briton*, vol. i., 61, *Iolo MSS. Notes, Camb. Tour*, "Madoc." Thos. Herbert also, who wrote 1635 from *Raglan MSS.*

‡Nicolas Harris's *Naval History, and Wales, Past and Present*, "Madoc."

of the Mabinogion. He is also, on the authority of that eminent antiquary, Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, credited with upholding the colonization by Brutus from Troy. Vaughan states, in his transcripts of the chronicles which give that view, that the originals were in Guttyn Owain's handwriting. In one of his poems, printed in *Gorchestion y Beirdd*, he eulogises the same Abbot David, as Gutto Glyn did; and refers to him as the Pope of Yale, and Pope of the Glen, in his white frock, surpassing Nudd; one of the three liberal men of the isle of Britain.

His liberality, according to Owain, was world-wide, for there was neither water, land, nor house where his fame did not extend; and that "feasts were like the leaves in number, upon which he expended an immense sum of money—even the gold of the bank."

This word opens up a curious train of interest, as to whether banking institutions had at this time, as seems probable from the reference, made their way into Wales. One of the earliest references in English literature is considerably later, viz.: 1646, and is made by the author of *Fœdera*—Thomas Rymer, who mentions the draft of one banker upon another. Bills of Exchange, suggestive of negotiations, were probably introduced by the Romans, but if Phillip the Fair opened a bank on Paris Bridge in 1304, and this is an historical fact, similar institutions may have been started in England, and after the Union had a status to some extent in Wales. The bards mention the Jews, our earliest bankers (who had the money-changing tables first within and then without the Temple), with more personal acrimony than is justified by religious feeling, and the profusion of gold in Wales from an early time, first as shown by the golden torques and decorations of warriors, and afterwards in monastic adornment, give more than a hint at the mediums who aided financially, as well as in trade.

In another MS. poem, extolling the Abbey of Valle Crucis, Owain exclaims: "The resort of gold is the monastery, and its choir surpasses that of Sarum.* It has costly earrings of foliages— and

* Sarum appears to have been well known to the bards, who, in all probability, also resorted to Stonehenge at this time.

images and numerous voices." Guttyn Owain, who redeems his character somewhat in more staid description and sentiment, yet savours of the Holy Friar renowned in song when he descants on "the four courses prepared by his cook, and the liquor which made it like a carnival." There is exquisite feeling in his conclusion that such a beloved man (as the Abbot) was destined to enjoy a long life!

Meredydd ap Rhys, who flourished about 1440, appears to have been a poetic predecessor of the much loved and quaint Izaak Walton, of English piscatorial lore; but instead of frequenting lonely streams and musing philosophically as he toyed with the finny tribe, he liked the Galilean method of netting them wholesale. His entreaty for the loan of a net is one of the most interesting relics of our early literature.

With equal ardour to the plaint of Gutto Glyn for the *Greal*, Meredydd prays for this net, and his high-coloured eulogy of the Lord of Llanufydd is quite as fervent as that given by Owain of the Abbot of Valle Crucis. We present a translation as an interesting study.*

Ivan, prudent one, within his day
 The best in disposition and in piety,
 A chieftain unequalled in stature,
 A princely person like his father Tudur,
 Of upright form, of lion temper,
 With the hand of Nudd the Generous, of the race of
 Gruffydd Llwyd;
 Descendant and generous heir,
 And of equal privilege with Heilin Vrych.
 Neither prince nor baron
 Was ever so generous as this Cambrian.
 A good man and bold upon thy charger,
 Art thou, thou lion of the blood of Llywarch.
 Good is thy aspect, thou man of reading,
 Good thy strength, if I know thee, man.
 Thy graciousness resembles that of Job,

* *Iolo MSS.*

Thy learning like that of David the Bishop ;
Of vast learning in the sciences of Merlin,
The two profound laws are on thy lips.
In disputation, no eloquent portion is found,
Excepting what comes from thy mouth and wisdom.
Valiant in the fight art thou,
And a saint in the church.
An unambitious lamb in the tavern,
A teacher of the proud, by giving judgment,
A bold man in the day of meeting,
An Ifor in Llanufydd.
All know that you, Ivor,
Possess a wise tongue and wealth.
Long may this truth continue, chieftain,
Of your power. My complaint to you is
That I hunt the windings of the river
With a broken, tattered net ;
Gazing on the fishes of the source of Alun,
I watch for them without catching one.
Eminent chieftain, I declare to thee,
That sorrowful is Meredydd for a net.
With his experience, more pleasant to the son of Rhys
The extent of the water than the tangled land.
Quickly will I go to the river,
Should I have the summer to search it,
And once to gain its banks,
And have a net from the liberal nobleman.
There is a large and handsome lordly net
In your possession, generous Ivan.
If I shall receive a gift, I desire
This net, and request it of you.
In the resort of trouts, should it be granted,
Betwixt two men shall it be drawn to land.
Its two staves are its support,
With its skilful workmanship, and its two lines ;
And its polished lead at the bottom,
Throughout its length to weigh it down,
Above is its handsome swelling bosom ;
Below, its expanded hempen covering.
A fair web to enrich a person,
Beautiful as the bees' honeycomb.

It will combat the water, beating against its lines,
 Amidst the foaming of Aberceunant.
 A hauberk, of the work of a strong hand,
 With its loose flowering slieve training after it.
 The water will be beautifully divided by it;
 Unobstructedly will it pass through it.
 Through the water, thy net, Ivan,
 Will reach when extended from shore to shore.
 A vast advantage will be to me in Lent,
 To possess a net and watch the fords,
 And to receive it as a gift from you.—
 And here is presented to you a poem for it.

Meredydd gets his net and sends another poem of thanks, adroitly hinting at his patron's skill as a hunter—"You keep to the land—I to the water!"

It will be well, before the recollection of the splendour of Valle Crucis Abbey and the glowing eulogiums of Gutto Glyn and Guttyn Owain pass from the mind, to note another of our fifteenth century bards, Deio ab Ieuan Ddu. He was a dweller in Cardigan-shire, a noted county for the cultivation of ascetic views and frugal habits. Deio has left some compositions in MS., but he is chiefly noticeable for one poem descriptive of a visit to Madoc, Abbot of Bardsey. Bardsey, to the poetic and reverential mind, was a shrine second only to that of St. David's; and two journeys to St. David's were held as equal to one journey to Rome.* To them it was the gate of heaven; its very dust the ashes of saints of old.

Deio knew this, and when he further heard that Madoc was famed for his hospitality, he forthwith set out on a pilgrimage thither, having first composed a poem in praise of him, which he intended handing in on his arrival. We have a pleasant picture of the old bard's anticipations, his sailing in a boat across a summer-like sea, and his landing at Bardsey, but his chagrin was great in finding that all the splendour was imaginary. Madoc lived like a recluse in severe mortification of the body; his house

* *Meneviam pete bis, Romam adire siris.*—*Dos i Ruwain unwaith ac i Vynyw ddwywaith.* Vide *Notes Glyn Cothi*, p. 266.

was thatched; his cupboard nearly bare; and all the provisions laid before Deio were musty bread, maggoty cheese, and sour butter-milk. Deio in wrath threw his Cywydd into the fire, and made a satirical ode, of which we give a translation of the first verse:—

Madoc, son of Madock,
Untoward and untractable!
Whose house is thatched and ceiled with dry cheese,
And all his cupboards filled with the most insipid sort
of that commodity.



Deio was but human. Under the influence of metheglin or the ruby wine from the Hirlas Horn, it was natural for the Awen-inspired poet to colour his picture too highly; but what possible inspiration could be found in the humble dietary of Bardsey?

Meredydd ab Rhosser figured about the middle of the century, and in addition to bardic rank was president of the Glamorgan Gorsedd in 1470. He has left several poems, but is most notable for a prose MS. which gives interesting information as to the mode of conducting these bardic gatherings. From him we learn that they have a distinct religious tone from the spot selected for holding them, the gatherings in Glamorgan being principally at Llandaff or at Bettws.

At one of these gatherings the president related the following, which has been handed down in MSS. by Rhosser, and is valuable as throwing light on the character of the meetings:—

The castle of Foulk, Fitzwarren, called Foulk of Glamorgan and Foulk Viscount of Cardiff, consisted of one large and lofty tower, and much higher than any other tower in the island of Britain. As Sir Foulk was one Whitsuntide speaking of the hardships he had endured when fighting with his enemies and the Saracens, and of the way in which he managed to defeat them, whilst knights and noblemen of high descent were listening, "I could easily have done that myself," said one knight, "And I also," said another, "And I also," said a third. And so from "I also to I also" until each was heard to boast himself equal to the best and equal to Sir

Foulk himself. "One thing besides I did," said Sir Foulk, "but less wonderful, I must confess, than anything else." "What was that?" said one and the other of all that were present. Said Sir Foulk, "I jumped to the top of my own castle, which everyone of you acknowledges to be the highest in the kingdom." "That is true as relates to its height," said one and the other and all of them, "but as to jumping to its top, nothing but seeing the exploit with my own eyes will make me believe that." "Very good truly," said Sir Foulk, "and if I shall have the honour of your company to dine with me some day in my castle, you shall see me jumping to the top of it." Every one promised to come, and the day was named and all of them came, and they dined, eating and drinking well, the meat and the drink being of the best. "Now," said Sir Foulk, "for jumping to the top of the tower, come and see every one with his own eyes." They proceeded to the foot of the stairs, and Sir Foulk jumped to the top of the first step, and from that to the second, and then to the third, and thus jumped from step to step until he jumped to the top of the castle. "O," said one, and after him every one else, "I could have easily jumped to the top of the castle like that myself." "Yes," said Sir Foulk, "I know you could, and that every one of you easily can now, after seeing me do so, and the way I did it. And want of understanding alone was the cause of your not doing so, or at least it never came into your mind how it could be done." Meredith, the son of Rhosser, related this at the *eisteddfod* of Llandaff, which was held then in the church, by William Evans, Treasurer of Llandaff, to show how knowledge of learning and science must be obtained.*

There is a legendary account in *Iolo MSS.* (p. 448) of a "chair" at Neath, re-established in the time of Rhys ap Tewdur upon an ancient foundation. The following mottoes of the different chairs may be of interest:—

Isle of Britain—Truth against the World.

Glamorgan or Siluria—God, and all Goodness.

Round Table of Arthur, of Taliesin, and of Tir Iarll—Nothing is truly good which may be excelled.

* *Iolo MSS.*

Powys—Who slays, shall be slain.

Deheubarth, South Wales—Heart to Heart.

Gwynedd—Venedotia—Jesus.

Dynnaint (Devon)—Nothing is for ever that is not for ever and ever.

Urien Rheged (Loughor)—Truth will have its place.

Raglan—Awake! it is Day.

Davydd Eppynt left a few compositions, and amongst them an ode to Mary and her son. He says:—

Mair Vorwyn mai ar voroed,

Allur (? A rhin) dy werth rhaid un oed.

Wm. Egwad, who flourished about the same period, appears to have had greater respect for territorial dignitaries. In his awdl in praise of Chester he refers to the ruler as Creator and Governor of Kaerlleon. He is happier in his Cowydd to implore Hywel ap Henri to come to his country, and he sings pleasantly of land and sea—"Pa dir na mor pa derin aeth."

A group of minor poets may be noticed, of whom we have little to record but their names. Gwilym, son of Sevnyn, who figured in the last century, also occupied a position in this. He flourished from 1430 to 1470, and has left several compositions in MS.; so also Gwilym ap Ievan Hen, 1440 to 1460; Wm. Prys, Clergyman; Davydd Gwalch, and Davydd Bach ab Madawg Wladaidd. The last named used numerous cognomens at the end of his poems, such as Sypyn Cyveiliog; Y Crach, and Crepyn Gwerthryniion. Davydd ab Meredydd Tudor is also stated to have left some of his poems in MS., and Edward ab Rhys Maelor is in the same category.

Some of our etymologists derive Edward from Ior'werth, but as this date is the earliest for the appearance of "Edward" in Welsh literature, or in social annals, it is more probable that the Welsh derived it from the name of the English Kings.

Hywel Cilan and Ievan Clywedog also left some MS. poetry. The latter figured as president of the Glamorgan Eisteddfod in 1430. Another President of the Glamorgan Gorsedd was

Gwilym Tew, whose muse was of a gentle and devout character, but only a few of his compositions are extant, and those principally in manuscript. His chief composition is an illustration of the twenty-four ancient metres quoted at length in Rhydderch's epitome of Dr. John Dd. Rhys's Grammar. These may be regarded as skilful constructions, and show also the strong religious bias of the poet; but we are afraid that Gwilym Tew in English dress would not win high distinction. There is a literal rendering into English of one of the metres, by an able bard of our own time, Cadwyn Fer:—

To Mary we look to protect us from the foe.
 Mary is our harp, to produce reverence.
 A tender handmaid in Dewyn's opinion,
 Not fervent to the unkind, or unsympathetic.
 An unbroken land Mary is to my bosom.
 With greater secrecy, Mary of the heart.
 Mary the soul of the body of virgins,
 Void of evil in the sight of angels.
 Mary is to lead me.
 Mary has been a white slender virgin
 In the East, and tender.

Ievan Tew was also president early in the century. He was known as an eminent poet of Arwystl.

These and another bard of similar standing, Ieuan Llwyd ab Gwilym, are examples of a school of poets, who, amidst the turmoil and exciting influences of the century, pursued a calm, uneventful career. Shrinking away from the throng who contended, some for Yorkist, and others for the Lancastrian, they dwelt devoutly on the graces of saints, and the goodness of a peaceful and religious life. In their calmly measured metres we have no sound of the battle-field, of the tramp of men, and the roar of opposing war cries. All is tranquility. Ieuan discourses of the patron saint David. He tells us that he has read every serious gold-lettered book, but found no saint more powerful than Saint David. Then he follows out the legendary life in his poem, from the abstemious dietary of the mother, Nonn, who lived during her confinement with the saint on watercresses, barley-bread, and

water, to the entrance of the saint into his apostolic duties. Very picturesque is the bard's description of the Cathedral. It is another "Temple of Jerusalem, of exquisite workmanship, and superbly decorated. The roof is covered with lead, and within the sacred building, incense and relics, and sumptuous vestments, elegant images, brilliant lamps of glass, a lightsome choir, and a clear-toned organ, a melodious chant, and delightful singing with the sweet sound of music and of bells!"

In Black Ieuan of the Bill-hook we have evidently one who combined rural duties with bardic pursuits. He, like Gutto'r Glyn and Guttyn Owain, has a leaning towards devotional life, and with the latter (our blind old Homer) has a yearning for the *Greal*. The evidence of his poetic abilities left to us is chiefly confined to a poem, in which he requests the loan of this book from Lewis, the Abbot of Glyn Neath. In the opening Ieuan adroitly refers to a work which the abbot has accomplished, that of translating the Service of the Virgin Mary into Welsh.*

The venerable Man of Glyn Neath,
says Ieuan,

With the truthful book which he formed,
Who transferred into two words or three
All the eloquence of the world at large!

This is the beginning, and Ieuan, nothing abashed with this heavy dose of flattery, continues:—

Seven sciences do we recognise;
The whole seven are in his bosom!
Grammar, he is as firm as the faith
With the strength of forty grammarians.
In art he is fully matured,
In Civil Law he is a perfect surety,
In sophistry he brightly effervesces.

This is an excellent description of the sparkling brilliancy and Machiavellian character of this tantalising art, which one section of the Greek school so much admired. Ieuan steadily refers to

* The same was done by Hiraddug.—*Vide Mye. Arch.*

his patron in the third person, as if it were derogatory to approach nearer the sacred presence of one whose ecclesiastical rank was so high, and whose learning was so great, and after drifting about into Scripture history, puts the question bluntly :—

Let the book therefore be courteously sent
To us from the court of Neath by the worthy Lewis ;
Who is exemplary in rebuking the ungodly,
And of true propriety in prayer to God.

If the book can be sent against Lent,

Ieuan promises to observe the superior law of St. Gregory, to have Matins in the choir, and after Vespers the offering up of praise to the Virgin Mary.

There is thorough Catholic fervour in his conclusion :—

Daily shall I betake me to my song,
To chant for his soul.

And excellent this :—

“The gift that is tendered to save from suffering is a golden jewel that will lead to heaven.” (*Vide Iolo MSS.*)

Another batch of minor poets meet us in the persons of Harri Hir; Harri y Garreg Llwyd; Heilyn Ddu and Heilyn Goch; Heilyn Hywel and Huw Cae Llwyd. Some of these left MS. poems, but the majority of the minor poets may be regarded as having played the part of retinue to the more distinguished. Lewis Glyn Cothi refers in several of his poems to the band of minstrels and bards who accompanied him, and Iolo Goch mentions the crowd that was at Sycharth. There was scarcely a district that had not its bard, and one great reason for the leniency exercised towards them was that the mass confined their muse to devotional subjects, while a few who resorted to the elegiac, to praise of the lords of various districts, to frequenting weddings, and to pouring forth mournful poems on the death of patron or heir, were tolerated so long as they did not, like Cothi, annoy the ruling power.

Hywel ab Davydd ab Ieuan ab Rhys deserves fuller notice as a poet and as a historian of more than ordinary merit.

He was one of the earliest of the bards of Aberdare, a valley that has given many eminent poets to Wales. In its modern days no one would think it a place to favour studious reflection, with its swarming population and its incessant drive; but in the old days few spots were more beautiful, with its wooded hill-sides, its streams that meandered through the vale, and its historic associations. Always in view of the dweller in the valley was the great bluff of Hirwain, that seemed to stand out in summer noons with its halo of sunset as a grand monument of the last struggle of Rhys ab Tewdur, the old warrior of Dinefwr; and behind reared the greater hills, gloomy in their shade, on which he, the exile from Brittany, the lord of Glamorgan, fell. Most favourable must the scene have been to that communion of the soul with the ideal, when, in fitting response to the special character of the dreamer, the saints of the past or the heroes of old battle fields come to the mental view, and saintly perfection or heroic excellence play again their parts. To our bard the saint was of greater consideration than the hero, and in his poem to St. Cynog, one of the Breconshire saints, he awards him high meed. "As the son of Brychan he was entitled to a crown," but Hywel rejoices "that instead he accepted the life of a hermit." Reference is then made to his miracles, in a series of sententious passages, and at the close the protection of the saint is implored over Brycheiniog, the land of his fathers.

Hywel had greater mental calibre than many of the minor bards. He wrote the history of all Britain in Latin, and of the three principalities in Welsh, and all his works are well written, testifying to his ability and persistent research.

An eminent poet of the century comes under notice in the person of Bedo Brwynllys. He was regarded as one of the most eminent bards of his time. The titles and first lines of seventeen of his poems are in the *Greal*. Few more ardent admirers of Davydd ab Gwilym than he existed, and in some respect the

similarity of their minds seemed to constitute the latter a reflection of his friend cast onward into more distant years. He laboured considerably in collecting the manuscripts of the Dimetian bard, and these, or transcripts, were placed for safety in Raglan Castle, and unfortunately were destroyed in the time of the Commonwealth.* Other copies were, however, intact, and from these we have the edition of 1789 by Owen Jones and William Owen.†

Some illustrations of Bedo may be of interest. He appears to have been a very assiduous petitioner, with most varied wants. He composed a couplet to beg a dog, "Kywyd i erchi ci hely (llafuriais am llaw fawrwaith);" to beg a black bull, "Teyru gwyr Ystrad Tywi;" to warn a damsel not to marry an old man, "Y vunddifai fwyn Ddwywes (the faultless kind goddess)." One of his odes is a lament at being deceived by his Gwen. It is called "Kywydd y twyllo (the deception complete)." "My Gwen poisons me," he cries.

Mae Gwen yn ym gwenwynaw.

Iancyn Brydydd has simply left his name as a poet of the fifteenth century.

Gruffydd ab Lly. Vychan, Rhys Teganwy, 1450, Thomas Derllys, and Sir David Trevor, poet and clergyman, author of a humorous poem on Menai Ferry, and Gruffydd Llwyd left a few compositions in MS.

We must not omit from notice also one of the few women who attained bardic eminence in the century. This was Gwervyl Mechain, daughter of Hywel Vychan. She was reputed an elegant poet in her day, but we have no illustrations of her ability.

The mention of Hywel Swrdwal and his degree of M.A. yields us one of the earliest indications we have of the preference indicated by Welshmen for Jesus College, Oxford. He figured from 1430 to 1460, and in addition to historic abilities was reputed chief of song. (See *Eminent Welshmen*.)

* Jones' *Welsh Bards*.

† Three poems, "Kywydd i Verch," are in Welsh School collection, British Museum, and one to Abbot Davydd.

His historical achievements show him in the light of one of those painstaking and enthusiastic Welshmen who regarded the writing of history to be as sacred a duty as the life of a saint. His history of the principality of Wales is in point. This, written in Latin, begins with Adam and ends with Edward I. He was author also of a Latin Chronicle. That he possessed marked constructive power in verse is evident from an incident preserved of his career at Oxford, though it must be stated that authorities differ as to the fact whether it was he or a son who figured as chief personage in it. Our own impression, taking the character of the verse and of the date, as given, is that the actor was Hywel. It would appear that a contention arose among the students "as to the inferior position in learning held by Welshmen as compared with Englishmen. The advocates of this view maintained that the Welsh were not to be compared with the English, they were not so good, nor so wise, nor by any means such skilful versifiers," upon which, so runs the story, a Welshman of distinction arose and spoke as follows:—"I am myself but an indifferent scholar, and not to be compared with many eminent scholars from Wales; nevertheless I should be sorry were a poor scholar of no standing to prove unable to compete with the most learned Englishman in regard to versification and several other particulars, but scholars are not so wanton and frivolous; nor do they set their heads and minds so much upon contention and gossip as the bragging English. But I will answer this question in the following manner:—

"Let the best educated Englishman amongst you compose Latin verse, and if I fail to make one fully as clever, then he may condemn the Welsh; let him compose English or Welsh verse, and if I in that respect prove not his equal, then you may inveigh against the Welsh; let him versify in any language he pleases, with which I am acquainted, and if I do not versify equally as well, then let him calumniate the Welsh and spare them not. I also will versify in English, your own language, and if all the Englishmen of England will produce such a versification, or anything at all equal thereto, then you may sneer at the Welsh. If

you fail in the attempt, then suffer the Welsh to enjoy the privilege which God has bestowed upon them, and know for certain that ye are not to be compared with the Welsh." Wherefore he composed the following ode, in the metre of alliterative consonancy (*croes gynghanedd*), which no Englishman can ever do :—

O michti* Ladi our leding ;—to haf
At hefn our abeiding ;
Yntw ddei ffest everlasting
I set a braynts us to bring.
Yw wann ddys wyth blyss dde blessing,—of God
Ffor ywr good abering,
Hwier yw bynn ffor ywr wyning
Syns kwin and ywr syn ys king.

Owr fforffaddyrs ffaddyr, owr ffiding ;— owr Pop
On ywr paps had swking ;
Yn hefn blyss I had this thing,
Attendans withowt ending.

Wi sin dde bricht kwin wyth kwning ;—and blyss
The blossom ffruwt bering ;
Ei wowl'd as owld as I sing,
Wyn ywr love on ywr laving.

Kwin od off owr God owr geiding ;—Mwdder
Maedyn notwythstanding ;
Hw wed syts wyth a ryts ring
As God wad ddis gwd wedding.

Help ws pray ffor ws prefferring,—owr souls,
Assoil ws at ending ;
Mak awl ddat wi ffawl tw ffig,
Ywr Syn's lyf owr syns leving.

As wi mae dda dae off owr deiyng,—resef
Owr Saviowr yn howsling ;
As hi mae tak ws waking,
To hym yn hys michti wyng.

* It is believed that the guttural *ch* or *gh* was at this time sounded by the English at Oxford.

Mighty hy twk, mi ocht tw tel,
Owl sols off hel, tw soels off hicht,
Wi ask wyth bwk, wi wysh wyth bel,
Tw hefn fwl wel, tw haf on fflicht.

Awl dids wel dwn	}	A gwd met wricht.
Tabyd Deo bwn		
A God mad trwn		
And se so swn	}	And so non might
And north and nwn		
And synn and mwn		

As swn as preid, is now syppest		
Hys sel ys best, his sol ys pight,		
I tel tw yo	}	Wi uws not richt
As sym dwth shio		
As now ei tro		
A boy wyth bo	}	Hym ffrom a fficht
Hys lwk is lo		
How mae yw kno		

Dde truwth ys pyt, ddat yerth ys past,
Dde ends bi last, dde hands bi light
O God set yt, gwd as it was,
Dde ruwl dwth pass, dde world hath picht.

A preti thing, we prae to thest		
Ddat gwd bi hest, that God bi hicht		
And he was ffing, yntw his ffest,		
Ddat ever shal lest wyth deivers licht.		
Dde world away	}	Yt ys nei nicht.
Ys dynn as day		
Yt ys no nay		
Os owld ei say	}	Wld God ei nicht.
Ei was yn ffay		
Eild a gwd may		

Away wi wewld	}	In a bant hicht,
Dde syns ddey sowld		
And bi not howld		
And ywng and owld	}	Ddat Siesws hicht.
Wyth hymddey howld		
Dde Ddsiws ha ssowld		

O trysti Kreist, ddat werst a krown,
 Er wi dei down a redi dicht,
 Tw Thank tw ddi }
 At dde rwd tri } Ddeyn own tw licht
 Dden went awl wi }
 Tw grawnt agri }
 Amen wyth mi } Ddi tw mei sicht.
 Ddat ei mae si }
 Owr lwck owr king, owr lok owr ke
 Mei God ei prae, mei geid upricht,
 Ei sik ei sing, ei shak ei sae,
 Ei wer awae, a wiri wight.
 Agaynst ei go }
 Mei ffrynds mei ffro, } Wyth ffynd ei ffeicht.
 Ei ffownd a ffo }
 Ei sing also }
 Yn welth yn wo } Tw kwen off micht.
 Ei kan no mo }

As a special interest attaches itself to this composition from the fact that it shows the English pronunciation of the time we add a translation. Note Ey for I, and other words corresponding to the present English (Flemish) of Pembrokeshire :—*

O mighty lady our leading,—to have
 At heaven our abiding ;
 Unto thy feast everlasting,
 I set a braynts us to bring.
 You won this with bliss, the blessing,—of God
 For your good abearing ;
 Where you been for your winning,
 Since Queen and your son is King.
 Our forefathers' father, our fiding,—Our Pope.
 On your paps had sucking ;
 In heaven bliss I had this thing,
 Attendance without ending.
 We seen the bright Queen with cunning ;—and blyss
 The blossom fruit bearing ;
 I would as old as I sing,
 Win your love on your loving.

* Copies of this appear in *Cambro-Briton* and *Camb. Rey.*, but the best is in *Hynarion Cymreij*, pp. 13-16—Cardmarthen: J. Evans, 1923.

Queen od of our God our guiding,—mother
Maiden notwithstanding ;
Who wed such with a rich ring
As God wad this good wedding.

Help us pray for us preferring, —our souls
Assel us at ending ;
Make all that we fall to ffiging,
Your son's love our sins leaving.

As we may the day of our dying,—receive
Our saviour in housling ;
As he may take us waking,
To him in his mighty wing.

Mighty he took, me ought to tell,
Out souls of Hell, to soils of Hight
We aish with book, we wish with bell,
To heaven full well to have on flight.

All deeds well done,	}	A good met wright.
Tabyd Deo boon		
A God made troon.		
And say so soon,	}	And so none might.
And North and noon,		
And Sun and Moon,		

As soon as pride, is now supprest		
His zeal is best his soul is pight,		
I tell to you.	}	We use not right.
As some doth show		
As now I trow.		
A boy with's bow	}	Him from a knight.
His look is low		
How may you know		

The truth is cut, that earth is cast,
The ends be last, the hands be light,
O God set it, good as it was,
The rule doth pass, the world hath pight.
A pretty thing we pray to thest
That good be hest, that God be hight,
And he was ffiging, unto his fest
That ever shall lest with divers light.

The world away	}	It is nigh night.
Is done as day		
It is no nay		
As old I say	}	Would God I might.
I was in ffay		
Yield a good may		
Aware we would,	}	In a hant hight
The sins they sold		
And be not hold		
And young and old	}	The Jesus hight.
With him they hold		
The Jew has sold		
O trusty Christ, that werst a crown,		
Ere we die down a ready dight		
To thank to thee	}	They now to light.
At the rood tree		
Then went all we		
To grant agree	}	Thee to my sight.
Amen with me		
That I may see		
Our luck our King, our lock our key		
My God I pray, my God upright,		
I seek, I sing, I shake I say,		
I wear away, a wiry wight.		
Against I go	}	With fiend I fight,
My friend my fro		
I found a foe		
I sing also,	}	To Queen of might.
In wealth in wo		
I can no mo		

As we survey the literary history of the century by the light of the men who arose successively and figured therein, one conspicuous fact is brought home to us, that the avocation of the bard was now principally that of peace.

Ieuan Gethin ab Ieuan ab Lleision, who figured up to 1450,

**Vide Arch. Camb., New Series, i., 304.*

is chiefly notable for a plaintive elegy to his son. We give the first lines : —

Own dyn ai frath dan ei fron
A gweli yn y galon.

Alas ! a man with a stab under his breast
And a wound in his heart.

One of his compositions, an elegy on Ieuan Döwr, father of Gwilym ab Ieuan Hen, is preserved in *Gorchestion Beirdd*. Ieuan was a thatcher, and in pursuit of his trade fell and broke his windpipe. A picture of home life is given in the elegy, the straw thatch cannot be repaired, and must be replaced by tiles or stones. The wasps can no longer make their nests, the mice and the sparrows must go away. Rough mouthed as the thatcher was, Ieuan Gethin believes he is gone up to thatch the House of God ! Very dexterously the bard refers to his industrious habits—the hazel bushes do not lament ; the rushes in the land of Lleyrn are glad ! We give the original and a translation.

Gwae Wilym—nid gwiw wylo,
Eisiau Tad i osod to ;
Torres gieu ei Freuant,—
Ni thyrr coed i wneuthur cant ;
Ni thöed henwaith Ywain,—
Mi thöir mwy eithr a Main ;
Ni cheiff caccynnen hennyth
Ni thau'r Beirdd, ni thöer byth.

Aed y llygod i rodio,
Aed o'r tir adar y tö ;
Aeth Ieuan ddilan ddolef
A'i Dobren, or Nenn i'r Nef.
Nid wylwn ond o'i alaeth ;—
I Dy Dduw i doi ydd aeth ;—
Llawer Collwyn heb gwyno,
Llithred hwn hyd llathr y to ;
Llawer—hyd yn nhir Llëyn—
Llwyn Hesg—yn llawen o hyn.

Woe to Gwilym—it is useless to weep
 For the want of a Master to set a roof,
 He cut the nerve of his windpipe—
 He will not cut wood to make a rim;
 The old work of Owain will not be mended—
 The covering shall be of stones (tiles),
 The wasp shall not have her old nest;—
 The Bard will not be silent—they will never thatch again.

Let the mice go and walk about,—
 Let the sparrows fly from the land;—
 The rough-mouthed Ieuan
 And his dibber, from the house-top—is gone to Heaven.
 We weep not, but of his grief,—
 He went to thatch the House of God;—
 Many a hazel bush do not lament
 This one's glide over the glossy roof;
 Many bush of rushes from here
 Even to the land of Llëyn are glad of this.

Some few of the old bards and warriors of Owen Glyndwr, who had followed him in his campaigns, and had chaunted his victories, or lamented his defeats, remained in seclusion, permitted freedom on payment of fines and penalties; but the song of the bard as a rule was a peaceful one. They were far-sighted enough to see that the destinies of England and Wales thenceforth were to be one and the same, and that to rouse further conflict would be idle and unprofitable. The life of Ieuan Gethin affords an example of this. He had fought in the armies of Glyndwr, and when reverses came had fled into Anglesey. Eventually one hears he was permitted to return on payment of one hundred cows and two hundred sheep.* One striking exception to the rule of peaceful song is to be found in the career of Lewis Glyn Cothi, from whose poems more light is thrown on the social and domestic annals of the century than from any others of the time. As Gruffydd ab yr Ynad Coch is a reminder to us of the last days of Llewelyn, and Iolo Goch of the expiring efforts to regain independence under the warlike Glyndwr, so Glyn Cothi is inseparably associated with the

* *Eminent Welshmen.*

long course of events, the blending of Welsh warriors with Yorkists and Lancastrians in the civil wars of England, and that more durable annexation of Wales with England which resulted from the placing of a Tudor on the throne.

We are carried back mentally as we review that stirring epoch to the bleak hill-side in Anglesey, where the mother of Owen Tudor lived in obscurity in the old hall of Penmynydd, while her gallant son, from being squire in attendance upon the Queen, became her husband and the grandfather of the King of England.

That grandsire's obscure death, the remarkable career of his three sons, Edmund, Jasper, and Owen, two becoming belted earls, the last a devout monk; the protracted wars and the decisive issues of Mortimer Cross, Banbury, and Bosworth; the death of "R. bach," as Cothi figuratively terms him, the R expressing the dwarfed and contorted form as opposed to I, the straight and stalwart Iorwerth (Edward)—all these occur to the mind as we note the name of Lewis Glyn Cothi. Centuries have passed since his era, but he has made his mark upon our literature, and the little stream of the Cothi, which babbles quietly through the parish of Caio, has been dignified by the memory of a poet who first saw the light of day in one of its secluded vales. Lewis Glyn Cothi stands before us as distinctive a figure as any in our history. He is no monk lost in heavenward contemplation, no reverential bard pondering upon saints and religious formulas; no eulogistic admirer of abbots and priors; but a man of the world, of infinite shrewdness, and with a vigorous individuality about him that almost compelled *act* to follow *will*.

We may justly term him "the horn of battle," for to him, in a great degree, was due the action of the Welsh lords in the Wars of the Roses. The mass of his poems, which were published (but without translations) by the Cymmrodorion in 1837, were addressed to the principal lords of the Welsh districts, his patrons. They are composed of odes and elegies; now he laments a scion of the house of Gam, and again extols a descendant of Cadivor, but whatever he does, whether mourning one of the open-handed, active in bounty, or extolling deeds

of valour performed by another, nothing is feebly done or in "halves." The bard is full of healthy vitality, and he is first at a merry wedding party to sing the praises of the bride, and as readily amongst the front rank in the battle field, striking home with all a Cymro's valour. Cothi's poems, surveyed with the eye of an antiquary or historian, yield much to interest. We see a condition of things existing which has been but barely touched upon in history. The annalist has told us of the eventful incidents of the Wars of the Roses, but no direct picture of society in the Welsh valleys has been preserved by him. It is only from long and diligent examination of such poems as these that one is able to reconstruct it, to make the dead past live again momentarily before the eye. Wales, before her best blood was spilled out in the Wars of York and Lancaster, was dotted with mansions, of which the one described at Sycharth was a type, and allowing for a little of the exuberance of bardic eulogy, they were abodes of men rich in lands and herds, and many able in a brief space of time, as repeatedly shown in the century, to lead to battle a hundred stalwart men. From Mouthy, in the north, to Carmarthen, from Abermarlais to Glamorgan, it was the same thing. Here in the Glynedd Valley was to be found Rhys ab Sion; at Abermarlais a Nicholas; at Maelienydd a Vychan; at Rhayader a Bedo Goch; at Elvael a Ieuan Goch; at Glanbran a Gwynne, and everywhere larders were full, cellars overflowing, and welcome prompt.* Many of these lords were men of territorial distinction, as shown by the position they occupied in the wars, the banners borne by their followers, the heraldic devices worn, all of which Cothi dovetails in his poems. Bards in the fulness of their gratitude may be excused for exaggerating the quantity of wine stored, and the profusion on the hospitable tables; but their references to mansions, number of apartments, furniture, and dress may be regarded with a more matter of fact eye, and in these respects the evidence is confirmative of our view of great comfort and wealth existing and a certain degree of luxury

* See also Gruffydd ab Nicholas, *Dynceor Family*; *Camb. Reg.*, i., 54, and T. Rees' *Top. Dict.*

enjoyed. Take Cothi's description of the dress Davydd ap Thomas has to wear, *Y Dosbarth*, ii., 6—"All bespangled with gold, his horse richly caparisoned with gold trappings and a golden petrel on the saddle, and the bridle also ornamented with gold." Here is another indication of a refinement such as few dream existed. Cothi, who married a widow of a Chester citizen against the laws which made it illegal for a Welshman to marry an Englishwoman, suffered the loss of his furniture and had to leave the city, so he dedicated a poem to four ladies to present him with a bedstead and bedclothes, and to another lady for a curtain which he had seen with her. This is the description of the curtain. *Vide Dosb.*, i., 31.

"It should bear every kind of tree in full leaf, all manner of birds, besides lions and stags. Also the Holy Cross and the blessed Virgin guarding over the twelve apostles. And also represent the saints and the Saviour of the world, the blooming trefoil (famed by bards), the French gardens, the branching forest, also representation of a shield and of arrows; head of the lately dreaded foe, covered with pins, lions attacking their prey, and the weapons of Herbert. On a portion is depicted a leopard, and on another the lion of Edward. Above, the moon is seen surrounded with stars, and on each corner of this beautiful curtain four angels clothed in robes. In the centre a representation of God, and also that of a man, a lion, an eagle, and an ox." *Dosb.*, i., 31. This elaborate art work, which is simply a description of the one he admired, seems to fit in with the surroundings as given in the poems, such as :—

Sparkling wine from the Rhone Valleys.

Claret from France, oranges (oreats) and other materials of dessert; the dresses of ladies, fur, velvet, silk, and profusion of ornaments of gold; armour and bright swords and lance; the occasional tournament. (*Vide Dosb.*, ii., 11.). It is almost reproducing a page of the Mabinogion, and gives a hint at the source of the inspiration of writers in sketching their tales of chivalry and romance. Critics have inferred that the bright pictures of love and heroism, with their gorgeous colouring,

came in the track of the Norman, and were legacies of France, and of the Crusades. Are we assuming too much in asserting that the source of inspiration was nearer home? If we link these indications of refinement and art culture with the descriptions extant of the various abbeys, and their gorgeous decorations, with the education of the higher classes, that included not only that of Oxford, but of Italy, with the intercourse that existed between Wales and the continent, another picture than the one commonly impressed on the mind is presented to us by the poems of Lewis Glyn Cothi. And these lords of the valleys are not valorous personages only, living in feudal condition; but, as Cothi shows in the case of many to whom he composed odes and elegies, men of reading that may be regarded as extensive in his day, and well versed in the Scriptures. Note his ode to Roderick ab Rhys; to Trahaiarn, an accomplished scholar; to Wm. Vychan, and others. Cothi is far more discreet in eulogy than his contemporary bards, who praised abbots and petitioned for the loan of Greals. In one matter only does he occasionally go into the fulness of ecstasy, and that is when the wine is most generous, and the table groans. Then he becomes Horatian, and the incense of the grape seems to linger about his stanzas. But society in his day was not altogether Mabinogion pictures of tournament and of revelry. We glean suggestive hints of other things. There is a little manufacture going on. He refers to the great lead furnaces of Flint. The English yoke does not rest peacefully on the people, as note the Black Day of Beaumaris (*Dosb.*, vii., 3), when Davydd ap Ieuan, of Llwydiarth, was killed in an affray between the King's garrison in the castle and the country people. Cothi writes an elegy in memory of Davydd. Then again, Cothi's friend, Reinallt of the Tower, sallies into Chester, and kills many of the citizens, in revenge for their treatment of Cothi, and in *Dosb.*, v., 7, he thanks him for the service. Inns are common, and the sign is a chequer board, indicating that games as well as ale can be had there, though "disiau"

(dice) appears to be the most popular. Ivy, a relic of the Romans, varies with the chequers as a sign, and indicated a wine house. *Dosb.*, v., 12. "Eiddew gwyr arwydd gwin."

In-door amusements are noted as well as out-door, throwing the bar for instance, and an amusing insight is given into marriage festivity. Cothi, a thorough clerwr at one time, or wandering bard, sends a poem to a patron for the gift of a horse. "His duty is to be at the weddings; to be first there to sing the beauty of the bride, and the valour of the bridegroom, but not having a horse, some of the minstrels who are mounted get there in advance of him, and his occupation is gone." Our poet at times breathes a mournful strain when a patron dies, and he recalls his wisdom in the council and his heroism on the field, but in all that he does there is the same hearty spirit, the same uncompromising hatred of the English. This hatred is shown, and forcibly, in his ode to Watkin Vychan, of Talgarth:—

Nac arbed Vanbri n'ai brain N'ai phiod
Na Chaerloew wrthi n'ai charlau arthod;
Na Sisedr emawg, na sais drwy ammod;
Na Sussex nag Essex ar un gosod;
Na Pharcha'r Ddena, na ddod ar wirion;
Nid erys Saeson yn y drws osod.

—*Dosb.*, i., 16.

Here he bids the Welshman to spare not, enumerating various obnoxious places in England, and strongly comments on the trustless character of the foe, and their certain fate. An excellent example of the poet's special style has been given by Mr. H. W. Lloyd, which we quote. It is an Epithalamium, written by Lewis, on the occasion of the marriage of Robert Whitney:—

1

Is there one on the banks of the Wye has the humour*
Of Squire Robert Whitney? Whom God ever bless!
Of the cross-figured mansion, how staunch is the eagle!
From Trysol he takes his descent, and no less.

* *Arch. Camb.*, ii., 4th series.

2

His bridal descent,—not a thought it needs further,—
 Thomas Roger's own daughter is her pedigree :
 'Tis enough if he chose Mistress Alice to marry ;
 Of a sun among stars his selection will be.

3

Of the court every courser with stars is bespangled ;
 The liquor and viands there a harbour would fill,
 Past the strong tow'rs of Robert whene'er I've to travel,
 His watch and his ward make my blood to run chill.

4

This master of mine's in the tow'rs of his fathers ;
 Newgate holds not the money about him in coin :
 The parish can't number his men in plate-armour,
 And his steeds and his spearmen the battle to join.

5

There sits Mistress Alice all retired in her bower,
 With her money and treasures so grandly array'd :
 On a Monday she puts on a fine robe of damask,
 Of camlet like velvet, with pattern display'd.

6

O'er her cheek and her temple, of gold her attire is ;
 She wears garlands and scarlet in dignity great :
 For the salmon's own lifetime* she'll call upon Jesus,
 For nine lives of a man she shall bear her estate.

7

All Elvael's invited, so lavish is Robert ;
 Of his store he gives freely to me ; nor afraid
 As a justice is he to deliver just sentence
 When sitting in judgment on some master Cade.†

8

There breathes not the man who shall prove in him treason
 While there lives boat or ship with an anchor at sea :

* The age of the Salmon is often referred to by the Welsh bards in illustration of longevity. Note also the Salmon of Llyn Llŷon. *Iolo MSS.*, 602, and the *Mabinogion*, by Lady C. Guest.

† The notorious Jack Cade of the rebellion. Cade's banner bore an inscription often misquoted :—

When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
 Who was then a gentleman ?

Permit it he will not—he'll never give reason—

While the moon night illumine or blue the sky be.

9

As all the world knows, in my lord's lordly mansion

Are huntsmen and yeomen, that none will deny :

In its stalls stand the coursers all gilded and neighing,

Bows for battle, and horns, for the stag's bleating cry.

10

In Whitney are greyhounds, of hounds, too, a hundred ;

There huntsmen in plenty all ready to start :

With kitchens for Christmas, and buttery, and cellars ;

While men prattle at work, many cooks ply their art.

11

From the mansion is carried loud laughter of peasants,

From the tow'r that of many an unbidden guest :

From the bridegroom bring progeny, offspring, descendants ;

From the bride bring a blossom,—a line to be blest.

12

Amen ! I say, too, may her children content her,

And gladden the bosom of Whitney's brave lord :

May they grow in their mansion in lieu of good liquor,

And in their White Tower where riches are stored.

13

My lady's free mansion, my lord's goodly mansion,

Is the wretches' asylum, so holy is she :

Tower fairer to us than the White Tower of London

Is Whitney's, so bounteous and gentle is he.

14

What mansion save that on the headland of Alice,

Like Sandwich, is fashioned like five on the dice ?

More lofty than Joseph's or Sisera's palace,

The fortress on Wye will grow ever in size.

15

Not dearer to me are the Houses for Charity,

By Lazarus built, nor Nudd's own on the Strand,

Than Whitney's, as peerless for wine and hilarity,

As flow'rs from the South are to every far land.

16

From the one and the other more lavish the gifts are
 Than the flow of the stream to the guileless and meek :
 So the wise men gave Mary the gold from their coffers,
 From far when they travell'd their Saviour to seek.

17

Of their gold ore and mead, goods of both and of either,
 I shall ne'er be denied by this well-wedded pair :
 Their land too will revenue bring me ; and raiment ;
 Divers herbs, and of feasts, too, ne'er fail me a share.

18

Divers dainties shall reach us from plain and from mountain,
 Divers birds, too, and fishes fresh out of the sea :
 He is Arthur himself, so he will not o'erlook me ;
 His Queen, too, Gwenhwyvar like minded is she.

19

Woe, woe to the Saxon who loves not their castle !
 Of the Welshman who scorns them be told a sad tale .
 Nor Daniel, Non, Denis, Cedwyn, them to cherish,
 David, Dwynwen, Elias, nor Hilary fail !

20

May they live the long life both of Noë and Moses !
 Of two trees, the oak female and male, be their age !
 Late let them be parted when death their course closes !
 Mary, speed well its outset, make happy its stage !

21

Yes, late be their parting ! The length of their lifetime
 From Whitney to Monmouth the oldest defy :
 To bestow, with their links of pure gold, many collars,
 And with wine crown the bowl on the banks of the Wye.

The poems of Glyn Cothi are, in many respects, as illustrative of his life as they are reflexes of the manners and customs of his time. Fully two hundred and thirty-two* are preserved. Some of the earlier ones are the eulogiums of a youthful mind, full of

* These were copied by Owain Jones (Owen Myvyr) and again transcribed by Tegid at Christchurch, Oxford.

admiration for the lord of his district, his valorous presence, his warlike achievements. Anon he launches forth into a poem on the celebration of some fair lady's marriage, and he is lavish in praise of her beauty, and prodigal in blessings upon her head and that of her husband. These and similar ones, thanks for hospitality rendered, and hospitality expected, vary those in praise of lord and encomiastic tribute to lady. Then we get indications that the tumult of war is around him. He exhorts to battle; fiercely does he prompt some valorous Meredydd or Vychan to the field; he recounts the deeds of his forefathers, of banners that waved on old fields of yore, and every art is plied to rouse the inborn hate against the Saxon.

Our bard, with all his marked individuality, was yet content to remain in tacit acceptance of the Roman Catholic faith. He stood on the verge, as it were, of the mighty change then brooding. Wickliffe had arisen, and here and there kindred minds were following in his steps, undaunted by the fate which threatened perverts. One of these, Sir John Oldcastle, sought an asylum in Wales, and one of Cothi's poems is a reminder of this, as he addresses an ode to Vychan of Powys, whom he lauds for his courage and bounty. It was this Vychan who captured Oldcastle, and conveyed him to London, where he was inhumanly martyred. From the early date of the poem we may infer that Vychan had not so ignobly distinguished himself when made the subject of the poet's praise.

To the poet mind, as opposed to the practical, and especially the mercenary, one's native land possesses charms that outvie all others. It is the same everywhere and has been the same in all epochs. No matter what other imprints on the great fabric—human nature—it will bear this, and Lewis Glyn Cothi was no exception. Valorous one hour, his soul filled with the melody of war, at another his whole being rapt up in delight with bounteous feast and "minstrelsie," he yet comes before us in another and widely different character. We see him on English soil, weather-worn, dinged with battle-stain, resting after some desperate strife, casting back his recollections to the old land of Gwalia, and

before him gleam the natural charms of Caio, and in his ear, late filled with the yell of hate, sounds pleasantly the summer lullaby of the Cothi. Then we come upon him in the evil days when Jasper, his friend, has been defeated at Mortimer's Cross, and both are in hiding. Lewis now becomes the Xenophon, and every incident of the retreat is given, now amongst the rocks, then in the dense forest, until an asylum is gained and he can breathe in peace once more and review the stirring incidents of war.

As one of his most vivacious compositions we give his "Saxon in Flint," and further, it may be regarded as more generally interesting than those which are confined to the laudation of individuals. This too presents him in quite a different guise. He is no longer the eulogist, no longer the gayest spirit of all at merrymakings. No longer the soldier, dreaming of tented fields, or yearning again for the quietude of home. He is the satirist, fierce is the storm of words poured unswervingly upon the idiotic piper and the Saxon crowd. But we present a translation from the able pen of Mrs. Llewelyn. The original will be found in the collected works of our bard, *Dosb.* v., 7.

THE SAXONS OF FLINT.

A man, like others, formed by God,
On Sunday morning last I trod
The streets of Flint; an ill-built maze—
I wish the whole were in a blaze!
An English marriage feast was there,
Which, like all English feasts, was spare.
Nought there revealed our mountain land,
The generous heart—the liberal hand—
No hirlas there was passed around
With richly foaming mead high crowned.
The reason why I thither came
Was something for my art to claim—
An art that oft from prince and lord
Had won its just—its due reward.
With lips inspired I then began
To sing an ode to this mean clan:
Rudely they mocked my song and me,

And loathed my oft praised minstrelsy.
Alas ! that through my cherished art
Boors should distress and wound my heart.
Fool that I was to think the muse
Could charm corn-dealers, knavish Jews ;
My polished ode, forsooth, they hissed,
And I midst laughter was dismissed.
For William Beisir's bag they bawl,
" Largess for him !" they loudly squall ;
Each roared with throat at widest stretch
For Will the Piper—low-born wretch !
Will forward steps as best he can,
Unlike a free ennobled man :
A pliant bag 'tween arm and breast
While limping on he tightly prest.
He stares—he strives the bag to sound,
He swells his maw—and ogles round ;
He twists and turns himself about,
With fetid breath his cheeks swell out.
What savage boors ! his hideous claws
And glutton's skin win their applause !
With shuffling hand and clumsy mien
To doff his cloak he next is seen ;
He snorted ; bridled in his face,
And bent it down with much grimace ;
Like to a kite he seemed that day,
A kite, when feathering of his prey !
The churl did blow a grating shriek,
The bag did swell, and harshly squeak,
As does a goose from nightmare crying,
Or dog, crushed by a chest when dying ;
This whistling box's changeless note
Is forced from turgid veins and throat ;
Its sound is like a crane's harsh moan,
Or like a gosling's latest groan ;
Just such a noise a wounded goat
Sends from her hoarse and gurgling throat.
His unattractive screeching lay
Being ended, William sought for pay ;
Some fees he had from this mean band,
But largess from no noble hand ;

Some pence were offered by a few,
 Others gave little half-pence too.
 Unheeded by this shabby band,
 I left their feast with empty hand.
 A dire mischance I wish indeed
 On slavish Flint and its mean breed ;
 Oh ! may its furnace be the place
 Which they and Piper Will may grace !
 For their ill-luck my prayer be told,
 My curses on them, young and old !
 I ne'er again will venture there ;
 May death all further visits spare !

It may be inferred by the superficial reader of this translation, that the predominance of the Saxons in Flint, coupled with the furnaces existing there, and the smelting of lead ores, implied that the valorous Welsh, fond of music and not given to diligent agriculture, left the utilisation of their mineral wealth to strangers ; but against this we may cite the fact that the Forest of Dean was the original Fferyllwg, the land between the Wye and Severn, at one time forming a part of the five divisions of Wales, and as Fferyll signifies a worker in metal, this would indicate an iron-working district at an early period. *Vide*. T. Price (*Carnhuanawc ; Hanes Cymru*.) The Romans worked iron there extensively, transmitting it to Bristol to be made up into articles of warfare, and it is but natural to suppose that they were not the discoverers, but availed themselves of the existing, though, as compared with modern times, primitive arrangements.*

This tract, too, was known as one of the three Gwents, "Gwent Goch yn y Deau," a reference to the red earth—*sesqui oxide* of iron.

Sufficient evidence has now been afforded of the historic value and varied powers of the bard, and yet we would, ere passing unto a notice of the remainder of his contemporaries, dwell slightly on his technical ability.

His cynghaneddion (assonance) strikes one as of the simplest

* Worked coal and iron cinders were found lately at Caerleon.

kind; but it was the refinement of his skill which made it appear so, and no one knows the extreme difficulty of composition until the effort is made to imitate. As in letters and in art, the scholar and the artist conceal the evidence of labour and struggle to attain perfection, and we see only results. So in his case. In style Lewis was often elegant, and always forcible, and he had the great merit in all cases of being intelligible, and he must have been in his time high in repute, and influential in action.

In succession to the distinguished poet of Caio we must note a few lesser luminaries, lesser as regarded the Principality, but each one was in all probability the oracle of his district: Gruffydd Llwyd ab Goronwy Owen Gruffydd Llwyd ab Griff. ab Ivan ab Eineon, Rhys Llwyd, and *Rhys Llwyd ab Rhys, all left a few MS. poems.

In the same cursory way we must note Llywarch Bentyrch, a Glamorganshire poet of some note; Llywarch Wyn, Llewelyn ab Cynwrig Ddu, Llewelyn ab Ednyved, all of whom figured in the century. Llewelyn ab Gutyn, who flourished from 1460 to 1500, is handed down to us as combining bardic powers with instrumental ability on the crwth. Llewelyn Goch y Dant left some MS. poetry, and so did Llewelyn Moel y Pantri. The latter must have been a poet of some rank, as shown by the fact that Gutto'r Glyn wrote an elegy upon him.

Madog ab Gronow Gethin; Meredydd ab Llewelyn, are accredited as poets. Phylip Bedo Bach, who flourished about 1480, was of superior status. Several pieces of his are to be found in MS. collections, and the titles and first lines of nine of his compositions appear in the *Greal*. Rhys Fychan left a few MS. pieces, but we have only the names and none of the deeds of the following:—

Gruffydd ab Gruffydd; Gruffydd ab David Vychan; Gruffydd ab Davydd Ychan, otherwise known as Guttyn Morganwg, and Gruffydd ab Gronw Gethin. Lewis Mon, native of an isle that has been

* This probably was Rhys Brydydd, the grandfather of "Lewis Morganwg."—*Vide further Iolo MS., 613.*

prolific in bards, figured in 1480, and has left some poems in MS., but no record exists of Morus ab Hywel. Davydd Nanmor was a poet of more exalted rank, and from the specimens of his muse extant may be regarded as one of the Ovidian school, more happy in describing his ladye love than in satirising a monk, or indulging in a poetic duel with a brother bard. He appears to have localised himself in the neighbourhood of Aberystwith centuries before the inland dweller had a yearning for the sea, or the wild roar of old ocean had its echo in music and song. Yet, as Nanmor's harmony rings in one's ears it is difficult to believe that he lived at a time remote from our own. Here is an illustration of his powers, a poem in praise of a lady connected with the Gogerddan family :—

O'er noble Lea's bosom white
Her golden tresses stray,
Like wandering lightnings when they light
On ocean's hoary spray.
Those glories on her forehead set
In double twine descend,
And then around her footsteps met
Like clouds of incense blend.*

The translator has had some little difficulty in accommodating the harmony to the tense, and has not been quite successful, but the character of the poem is well preserved. A slight quotation from the original will show his style. He thus begins :—

Llio Eurallt lliw Arian,
Llewch Mellet, ar y Lluwch mân :
Mai ar y phenn seren serch
Lliw rhuddaur Llio Rhydderch.

Note the happy simile of golden hair blending with the father's name, Rhydderch. The fertility of word coinage with our bard was remarkable, and his similes varied and elegant. In one line he contrasts her hair with oranges,

Fal aur, neu afail oreats.

He thus ends :—

* *Arch. Camb.* ii., 301.

Mae'r gwallt, mwya a'r y gaid
Am ei gwarr, fal mwg euraid
Ni âd dy gwyn mewn tw' gwallt
Farw Llio, frialleuwallt.

His strong Roman Catholic sentiments are forcibly shown in his *Cywydd* to Mary :—

Mair em ddiwair mam Dduw Ion, mawr enw wyd i'r morwynion.
Mary the gem of chastity, mother of the Lord God, thou art a
great name to the damsels.

Five of his poems are preserved in *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru* :—

Cywydd Marwnad Rhys o'r Tywyn.
Awdl Foliant i'r un Gwr.
Awdl Farwnad Tomas, Arglwydd Tywyn.
Cywydd i Wallt Llio.
Cywydd i Ddafydd ab Rhydderch ab Ieuan Llwyd.

In the book of Havod Uchtryd a poem appears headed an Ode to King Henry VII. The authorship is uncertain, but it is thought likely by Iolo Morganwg, *vide MS.*, 693, to have been Davydd Nanmor, son of Rhys, who was son of Davydd Nanmor of Gwynedd. The chief characteristic of the poem is loyalty to the Tudor, for whom the poet prays the blessing of five ages, and immunity from various evils, amongst which rheumatism is specified one of our oldest of ailments.

His son Rhys, who figured in the same century, did not attain the same distinction ; but even of him a fragment of interest is preserved. Poets generally had a prophetic reputation, and he was one of a small cluster who "foresaw" the building of Menai Bridge, and the linking of Anglesey by a more effectual band than the primitive ferry which called forth Trevor's wit. In his poetic dream he fancied he saw a bridge arising :—

Ac yna
Coed crai ar Venai a vydd.

Robin Leiav, another of the fifteenth century poets, went still farther in respect of Menai, and exclaimed :—

I'll pass into Anglesey at low water
Notwithstanding the Menai.

Following these we have Rhys Penardd, Tudor Penllyn, Sir Phylip o Emlyn, clergyman and poet, Prydydd Breuan, *Rhisiart ap Rhys, and Rhisiart ab Iorwerth. From the dearth of MS. remains of most of these we should be inclined to rank them more as impromptu bards than otherwise, poets who elicited applause by their efforts at the moment, but whose productions are as hopelessly lost as the zephyrs of their spring, or the perfume of their summer roses.

Ieuan Llawdden would appear to have been a bard of note, judging from the testimony of his contemporaries, but we find no record of his works or evidence as to their specific character otherwise than a "Kowydd to Meredydd ap Ivan Brongyntyn," MSS. No. 13, quoted in *Gwydir Family*, page 37, and the odes addressed to him. Iorwerth Vynglwyd wrote his elegy, a curious production, which Iolo Morganwg cites as proof of the antiquity of the Coelbren. This we reproduce:—

ELEGY ON LLAWDDEN THE BARD.

Alas for Llawdden this present year,
O sad event for genius, and woe to our bards!
The chief oak of poetry is felled,
And the strength of Bardism of all Christendom.
Fallen is the constructor of song, of eloquent tongue,
The forming of the golden verse, who henceforth understands it,
Fallen is the chief of song, of poetic expression,
Vigorous was it whilst he gave it animation.
A bard was he—no dreamer,
Rapid in his verse, and powerful was he,
A Tydain Tad Awen, wise and good,
A Taliesin of the race of Asia.
He restored the real intent

* Note pronunciation—the English *ch* is pronounced as *s*, the North Walian style prevailing. So in the "Welshified" words for chimneys—*simniau* (*vide* Lewis Glyn Cothi), and cherries—*cieiriosen*. Rhisiart, like Gwilym Tew, is chiefly notable for a poem to Mary of Penrhys, a fair specimen of Mariolatry. In it he refers to the healing well at Penrhys (near Pentre Rhondda) "which cures all complaints, driving the headache away from one, healing carbuncle in others, etc."—*Ivide Arch. Camb.*, 1880.

And true spirit of our country's verse.
 A conspicuous friend of song and oration,
 The man who bore the axe.
 Eminent was he found with his sagacious mind,
 The man who excelled in composition,
 Who was to be seen as the winner of two chairs.
 The gold chair of Carmarthen, of undisparaged learning,
 Did the lover of knowledge possess.
 Another chair became him,
 And he received the dignity of Gwynedd,
 And the gold axe of Glamorgan where wines are found.

Wine was obtained freely from the Continent by North and South Wales, but there are strong proofs that in the South of Wales the grape was extensively cultivated at the period, so also in Gloucestershire and Somersetshire up to the last century.

Our bard continues :—

Did he of the superior mind obtain.
 Behold a bard abounding in learning,
 Great was Llawdden amongst us.
 He arranged the Roll, whilst thus distinguished
 By true proof, he was our chief bard.
 The Roll of Styles and Metres, that belong
 To the apt language work of the poet,
 The Roll of Genealogies which was too obscure
 In its arrangement before he set it in order.
 The Roll of the Statute—not mute was the applause
 Which he altogether gained by that,
 The successful Roll of Science
 And of general exercise of knowledge.
 Who so gracefully sings to the blithesome woods
 With their gay and blooming aspect ?
 Who sings of love to the slender maiden,
 And so skilfully composes eulogy to the hero ?
 Who upon wood has any such scientific song,
 Who equal to him in the *Coelganig* ?
 Who can hew a song so smooth
 For conveying eulogy as this gentle person ?
 An axe he possessed, through his own understanding,*

* Here, evidently, the bard uses axe in a metaphorical sense for the intellect.

One that wrought beneficially in his hand,
And its marks (vigorous was its progress),
Upon the composition of verse are they found.
He would gently and wisely hew
With his skilful hand his elegant song;
Upon the wood clear tokens would he place
With this (axe) in straightforward progress.
He would place in his verse something of wise talent
That might exist, in the mark of his axe,
And he would hew with this the alliterations
Like an eminent Chief Bard.
Everywhere there is evidently seen
Its own identical mark in our country.
In every song, its object was
To give certainty, and to excel.
Warranted to every living man
Are the purtenances of his science.
In every alliteration, I assert,
Shall be found the truth and the system;
In every metre correct is the judgment,
The true blending of accurate versification.
As to the construction of the metres,
There are scarcely more than two
Like him acquainted with it in its thorough improvement.
He renewed the style of its hewing,
He knew the number of the achievements of the Chief Bards,
All the Rolls of the Science of the Bards,
Every office and every system,
And the entire occupation of a master of song.
A master was he of ancient genius, deeply learned,
Inspired was he in his learning;
He would instruct a disciple
In his full undertaking, and well would he do it.
A Grammar did he present to men;
An energetic talent did God bestow upon it.
To present a true and wise improvement
In the work of poetry was his intent;
To give the true meaning and construction
To language and its metre, the golden work of praise,
And the smooth Roll with order and arrangement
And much learning at Caermarthen.

To present a Roll against the mottled disorderliness
Of vagrant minstrels was a great accomplishment,
Faultless ordinances are they
Of Rhys ap Tewdwr, a worthy man of old,
And the Roll of Arthur, the well esteemed,
And likewise good and valiant.
My preceptor he was, who gained the applause
For the attainment of youthful knowledge
And for the sciences ; a happy man
Who understands all the practice of the versifier.
Woe painful and acute ! Alas ! the mournful hour
To the man who esteemed him—the son of
*Gruffydd ap Nicholas, with his race
And family, who so greatly bewail him.
In our generation who shall be found to regulate
The Courts of the Eisteddfod ?
After Llawdden's departure, blind are the bards
To-day because he no longer lives.
The one who gave them complete instruction
In the works of literature with perfect genius.
He is in the grave ; woe to us this day,
And his like is not seen alive.
Llawdden, with his sage countenance,
Has assumed the aspect of the ignorant !
Gone to the churchyard is the chief counsellor,
A hundred whom he has left greatly lament him.
Alas ! in the vale of Llychwr,
In the grave does he lie,
In yonder cold habitation of the tomb,
The sepulchre of his kindred at Llandeilaw,
And his soul went direct
To heaven in peace, to the plenteous feast,
And there, still a bard, with his everlasting song,
Worshipping God without disguise,
Whilst I here, fixt like the marble statue,
Bewail my preceptor in a sea of tears.†
Time dulled not the anguish of our bard for his tutor, as we

* The Patron of the Great Eisteddfod of 1451.

† *Iolo MSS.*, p. 657. *Iolo*, quoting John Bradford's Book, states that Richard Brydydd was preceptor to Iorwerth.

find that at a distant day he visited the grave of Llawdden in the churchyard of Llandilo Talybont, and composed a verse there as follows (Llawdden was for some years vicar of Machynlleth):—*

Llawdden with his bright inspiration has ceased,
Who henceforth shall instruct us,
Beneath the ground is his abode,
Obscured is our language—dark night is come.

Llawdden has been quoted as referring to the existence of hymns in the Middle Ages to the Virgin Mary. This our bard has in view in his text.

Iorwerth was bard to Margam Abbey, and a friend of Rice ab John, of Aberpergwm. In a poem addressed by Iorwerth to the Duke of York, this friendship is forcibly shown. The burden of it is that he anticipates his own arrest, and the confiscation of his lands; he draws a graphic picture of the existing sad state of affairs, and winds up with a fervent vindication of Rice ab John's loyalty.

He was author also of "Cywydd St. Ffraid, or the Legend of St. Bride," printed in Williams' *History of Aberconway*, 8vo., 1835.

Hywel ab Reinallt is principally handed down for one Cywydd amongst the *Brogyntyn MSS.*, but so illegible as not to be made out thoroughly. This is "Kowydd i Jevan ab Meredith Cesailgyfarch" (Howell ab Reignallt a'i cant), and bears reference to the noted Hywel of the Battle-axe, who, assailing the French King in battle, struck off the horse's head with a blow and took the King prisoner.

"Place," cries the bard, "on the table my sewer, (bearing the axe which came from the presence of the king with blood on its edge,) the two dishes which I have chosen. The drink must be blood and water!"

The original runs thus:—

"Segir fy seiger wyall doeth honu garr bron y brenin. Gwedyr

* *Camb. Biog.*, p. 203.

maes gwaed ar y min; i dwysaig a'i dewiswr, a'i diod oedd waed a dwr."—*Hist. Gwydir Family*, p. 80.*

Ieuan Llwyd Brydydd figured towards the close of the century, as also did Thos. Celli (query origin of the Keltic Kelly). One of Celli's principal works was a poem in commemoration of the twenty thousand saints buried in Bardsey. This was written in 1480, and exhibits a strong devotional frame of mind. A translation appears in *Cambrian Register* iii., p. 204.

Another distinguished man of the century was Davydd ap Edmund, who won the chair prize at the famous Eisteddfod of Carmarthen, held under the patronage of Gruffydd ab Nicholas, who had obtained a commission from Edward IV. for that purpose 1451. Gruffydd, founder of the Dynevor family, and eulogised by Lewis Glyn Cothi, was able to bring one thousand men into the field. He fell at Mortimer's Cross. Davydd, minister of peace, continued his poetic labours to the end. His chief distinction consisted in having assisted at the eisteddfod in the compilation of the twenty-four canons of poetry, the original having become lost. The arrangement had the support of the North Walian bards, but the South Walian's objected, claiming that they had the lost canons, and the dispute remains still unsettled to North Walian's only.

Davydd ab Hywel ab Ivan Vychan, Davydd ab Ivan Llwyd, and Davydd ab Meredydd ab Ednyfed all left a few compositions in MS. A notable man was Davydd Llwyd ab Llewelyn ab Gruffydd Vychan. He has left numerous poems in MS., mostly predictory. So great was his repute that the Earl of Richmond consulted him when journeying from Milford to Bosworth Field. Davydd was in great dread at this, for he was not so confident of his prophetic powers as his neighbours were, and the story goes that he was relieved from his quandary by his wife, who advised him to predict the success of the Earl:—

"If he does succeed," she said, "well; if not he will never come back to upbraid you." This has given birth to an old Welsh proverb: "A wife's advice unasked for is always auspicious."

* See Appendix A.

Richmond took the advice and borrowed Davydd's grey mare, which he never returned !

Amongst our bard's poems there is a lament in a fervid strain for the loss of his friend Sir Gruffydd Vychan, also a description of Raglan as seen when on a visit to William, first Earl of Pembroke.

It may be urged against Davydd ap Edmund, and the charge holds good also against many of his contemporaries, that the perfection of his *Cynghanedd*-alliteration was a matter of greater solicitude than the sense imparted. "Toys," exclaimed an old bard of our own time, who was vainly endeavouring to get at the kernel, "toys, pretty to look at and nothing more. Anyone acquainted with *Cynghanedd* could make a mile of similar odes."

We give the three first verses of his ode to Rys o Fon, as it appears in *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru*, and add a literal translation :—

Clawr Gwynedd, glas Gledd, glos glan-glwys wewyr
 Glod Eryr Gloyw ei Darian
 Gwrdd yw Rhys Garw ddur Hosan
 Gwrês mynych lês, Mon Achlan.

The covering of Gwynedd, bright sword, clean breech,
 pure anguish,
 Praised eagle-bright shield
 Ardent Rys with rough steel hose
 Off useful warmth beautiful Mon.

Achlân wr uchel iawn yw
 I Rys y glod Eurwisg Lew
 Loyw fryd ail Ifor ydyw
 Aur sal im', a roes o'i Law.

Beautiful man of high stature,
 Praised Rys, golden-dressed Lion
 Of clear mind, second to Ivor,
 Precious gold his hand gave me.

Llaw wir, Ion heudir, yw 'n hydab,—ofgordd
 Ymbob ffordd botffordd Bab :
 O'i rwydd-don, a roe rydd-dab
 I'w ro'i yn fudd, er yn fab.

True bard Deity, sowing land—retinue
In every way Potway Pope
From his free ground he gave freely,
Given to the good since a boy.

Ieuan Deulwyn is recorded as a famous bard, and is known to have presided at the Glamorgan Gorsedd of 1480. And another contemporary president was Sir Eneon ab Owain. Another bard comes under notice named Goronwy ab Belyn, but of these there are no "remains." Llewelyn ab Owain, 1480, left some works in MS., so also did Llewelyn ab Rhys. Ieuan Brechfa flourished about the same period, but he was in addition historian and herald. There is a short summary of Welsh history by him in the second volume *Myv. Arch.*, *vide Cambrian Biography*. Another historian bard of equal status was Ieuan, the son of Hywel Swrdwal, who, in addition to various poems, wrote a "faire" book in Welsh on the three Principalities of Wales from the time of Cadwalader to that of Henry VI.

Ieuan ab Huw Cae Llwyd, Ieuan ab Llewelyn Vychan, and Ieuan ap Tudyr Penllyn left a few poems in MS., and in the same minor list figure Ieuan Brydydd Hir, Ieuan Dvyi, Ieuan Ddu ab Davydd ab Owain. The last-named, who resided at Aberdare, was famed in his day as a patron of bards.

Gruffydd ab Ieuan ab Llewelyn Vychan flourished in the latter part of the century, and in the earlier part of the next. Many of his poems are in MS., and it would appear from several that a change in religious belief was pending, and a purer form, free from image worship and saintly miracle, having personal goodness as a necessity, was growing apace. Monkish luxury and despotism, and the witty sallies of the bards, had quietly undermined the hold once had upon the people, and it was perceptible to the far-sighted that a radical change was at hand, one that a Tudor was to inaugurate. Gruffydd tells us that he had renounced the errors of Roman Catholicism, a hardy deed then to make public, though imitators were yearly becoming numerous, and the Pope still was honoured. In the same period a brother bard as openly shows his orthodoxy—Robin Ddu, of Von. In one of the poems of the latter

he states that he was returning from a pilgrimage to Pope Nicholas V., in a ship with a cargo of wine for his native county of Anglesey.

The concluding list of the bards of the century would not be complete without naming Rhys O Garo, clergyman and poet; Robert Leiav, and Robert Ddu, of Deheubarth, all of whom left MS. poems. The last-named has one rather ambitious effort, "Kowydd Moliant i Sion Amrhedydd." This poem, in praise to John Meredith, will be found in the *History of the Gwydir Family*, but not translated. It forms No. 19 of the *Brogyntyn MSS.* John Meredith, cousin to Owen Tudor, went with a hundred gentlemen of North Wales to visit the said Owen, and on his return journey being beset by enemies, made his followers an oration to the effect that it should never be reported in a future time that this was the place where one hundred gentlemen of North Wales fled, but that it should carry the memory that there a hundred North Wales gentlemen were slain. Then, putting the sons of his friends in the rear, and his own in the van, he led them to the combat and defeated the enemy, a valorous deed worthy of Robin Ddu's praise.

The Prose Writings of Wales, so far as our researches have now extended, do not present us with any marked variation from the preceding. The learned historian had given continuations of "Histories," in which there still lingered traces of ancient fable; the successor of the Myddfai Physicians had treated more fully of the wonderful virtues of the simples by the wayside, of the power of the moon at various periods, and other planetary influence, and the excellent regimen obtained by pure air, pure water, and frugal habits. Then, too, we had additions of triadic composition indicative of a higher culture than is generally supposed to have existed, and an important addition to that legendary and romantic literature which we claim to have originated in Wales.

The *Morte D'Arthur*, by Sir Thomas Malore,* is stated to have been written by him out of Welsh into Latin and French in the ninth year of Edward IV.; this would be 1487. Leland, *vide*

* This in Welsh would be Maelawr or Maelor.

Biog. Brit., says he was a Welshman, which supports the claim that the romance was originally in the Welsh language. Warton indeed says that he believed most of it was taken from the great French romance of *Lancelot*, but that of Mapes was prior to this, and the result of the most minute enquiry is to support the view of an early Welsh source being that of the French metrical romances of the Middle Ages.

This opinion comports with the genius of Welsh Literature, which is lyrical more than prosaic. In earliest years the describer of battle threw it into the form of an *Iliad*, and not into a minute narration, and as the eras passed that genius became still more exemplified in the creation of romance. Wales, revelling in the North in all the wild savagery of Nature, beset with coasts where the storm acted its tremendous interludes, and in the South rich in glens and prolific vales, was the very land for a birthplace of the gay knight and fair ladye, of wrong redressed, and purity upheld. And, hence, as the purest sentiments of earth awoke in the track of civilisation, and strayed over the world, so arose in their train the Romances of Arthur and his knights, wherewith the *Greal* was not unfrequently blended, and the literature of many lands became more or less tinted and enriched. They found their way into Arabia, and who shall say to what extent the *Arabian Nights* are not indebted. Cervantes, "who smiled Spain's chivalry away," felt their inspiration. Dante, whose glowing picture of the *Inferno* seemed a creation thoroughly negative to all the gay tints of chivalry, shows that they were not unknown to him; and France and Portugal, as well as Spain, received these inspiring influences of the West.*

And what shall be said of the literature nearer home. The immortal bard had not yet wandered by the Avon or communed with the muses under the lofty trees of Warwick, nor in the world of men, to him the study paramount, won his subtle knowledge of human nature, and his profound philosophy. Milton, with sightless eyes, shrouded from the attractions of earth so that he

* See Rev. T. Price (*Recollections of Carnhuanawc*) on the influences of Welsh tradition.

might revel on the glories of heaven, or winged angel and beatific host, was unborn, and the Spenserian stanza unwrit; but the mind creations of preceding centuries, and of the one we have reviewed, were their fount, and here and there, in Merlin, and Cymbeline, and Lear; in haunted dells; in the combat of angel and archangel—armoured and armed as were the knights, and in Fairie Queens, the fact is told.

True, the *Morte D'Arthur* was not devoid of blemish. Good quaint old Roger Ascham condemned it, as its chief pleasure was in "open man's slaughter and bold bawdrie." Yet further on he admits that "Ten *Morte Arthurs* doe not the tenth part so much harme as one of these bookes made in Italie and translated into England."* This, as Warton observes, savours more of the Puritan than of a man of his enlightened mind and broad understanding, and we may honestly abide instead by the estimate of its latest editor, Sir Edward Strachey, who says "over the whole he (Malore) has thrown the glamour of a poetic mind, giving life and beauty to the coarse clods of earth and transmuting by his art the legends he yet faithfully preserves."†

LITERARY ANNALS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE Tudor century which began, or nearly so, with Henry VII., and ended almost as closely with Elizabeth, witnessed a greater fusion of race than had taken place since the time of the first Edward, and however slightly he favoured the Welsh—as several enactments testify—the tendency of his Government was broadly to increase the privileges of the people, and thus indirectly do away with feudality, and bring the sections of the kingdom more in amity together. By dissevering towns from the sway of the castles under which they had grown, and exacting

* *Schoolmaster.*

† *Morte D'Arthur*, edited by Sir E. Strachey.

deference only to law and king; by promoting trade and commerce, and thus introducing a greater spirit of independence, Henry VII. paved the way for an advance of civilisation, decrease of superstition, and lessened obedience to the Pope.

Over the great breadth of a hundred years the historian passes lightly with us. So far as Wales is concerned we hear of disbanded troops committing mischief here and there, of a few lawless acts; and this is all, and that while English history teems with incident from the eventful apostacy of Henry VIII. to the fires of Smithfield, throughout Mary's brief and fiery reign to the Elizabethan age and the sad romance of Mary Queen of Scots, granddaughter to our first Tudor. Let us see whether our literature will not fill the void with its suggestions and its inferences, and yield us more and different materials to the escapades of a few relics of Yorkist and Lancastrian bands. And this not alone, that in addition to its teeming with social history, it showed that the intellectual wave which spread over Europe in this century left not untouched the hillsides and the valleys of Wales; and that if we had no Shakspeare, Bacon, or Spenser, the mental progress of the country was well maintained.

In the last epoch, so far as Britain was concerned, the bard and monk of Wales stood forth the sole representative, with a few exceptions—Chaucer and John Gower—of mental effort amongst us, the mass of Saxon England being steeped in serfdom and ignorance. Hence, when physical unrest slowly subsided, and the mind came into action, culminating highly in the reign of Elizabeth, nowhere in the kingdom were there more gratifying signs of literary activity than in Wales. We had not only the same succession of poets, but evidences of greater literary stamina, and substantial proofs afforded that the expression of mind was not intended to be confined to devout canticle or dreaming love song, but was to direct and accompany man in art, in science, in trade; not a lullaby, in fact, but the prompter, as well as the radiance of civilisation.

One of the earliest who comes under our notice is Lewis Morganwg, who was historian as well as bard. He was President

of the Glamorgan Gorsedd in 1520,* and held high repute as author of the *History of the Three Provinces of Wales*.† He is better known, however, by his *Cywydd to St. Illtyd*, one of the gleanings of Iolo, copied by him from the book of Thomas ap Ievan, of Tre Bryn.

The *Cywydd* is as follows :—

The holy chief of the meek and faithful saints,
 Illtyd of the blood of Armorica,
 A knight of lineal descent was he
 From Bikanys, son of Kenais, a powerful man in Britain,
 A baron of knighthood.
 A Briton was his mother, the chaste daughter
 Of a King of Great Britain.
 The chieftain acquired true learning and science,
 No man ever acquired greater.
 He was familiar as a man of might
 With the hauberk and the use of arms.
 A warrior of God, battering the steel.
 A knight of the great battle—fighting Arthur.
 From his own country he crossed the sea
 To become a saint in this island.
 To visit the warriors
 And the three festivals of Arthur and his host,
 And the King of the warlike land of Morgan,
 He became a man of power in a fair land.
 When in a hunting excursion
 He beheld the state of men sinking in the earth.
 He and his household took their departure
 And came to his kinsman Cattwg,
 He then renounced like a hermit
 The whole world and its life,
 And dedicated to the son of the Virgin
 His whole endeavour to amend his life.
 He by a splendid miracle refused
 The sumptuous banquet of the King.
 In the valley of a brook an angel protected him,

* Lewis's skill in composition was notable, *vide* illustration by Dr. John David Rhys in his *Grammar*.

† Jones' *Welsh Bards*, p. 87.

From his gentle sleep he sent him
 To the place which was desired
 Unto the brook of the venerable Hodnant,
 Where was built the church we see there.
 A holy beautiful place is his whole church,
 Dubricius there conferred a benediction
 Upon his head with his hands.
 There did he lead a life
 Of rigid regularity, whilst he remained in the world,
 A pious supPLICATOR
 Of the God of Heaven for the future.
 One meal with the penance of faith
 Bareheaded would he daily make,
 And each night naked would he remain
 For a whole hour in a cold spring.
 Perform miracles upon the legs of the lame,
 By the briny sea did the virtuous Illtyd.
 By incessant labour cultivating his land,
 An ocean covered the whole corn land ;
 The sea did he so manfully
 With his staff compel to retreat,
 That the tide would not ascend the Dawon
 Where the faithful Illtyd placed his staff.
 The stag before the cry of pursuit
 Sought his protection in the time of need,
 A companion of the horse and bearer of turf,
 A carrier of stones was the huge stag.
 Illtyd was courteous to the King.
 The water readily produced his wine,
 The salt was in profusion,
 And the fish became bread.*

Iolo here abruptly breaks off with the statement that the poem continues in the same strain throughout, following the legendary life of St. Illtyd.

Another poem by the same bard was in praise of Lleision, Abbot of Glyn Nedd, and in the *Cambrian Journal*, where it appears, "Casnodyn" ingeniously infers that a charter was given to the Abbey, placing it on a footing with Oxford :—

* Iolo MSS.

Unifersi Nedd Llyna fawrson—Lloegr
 Llugyrn Ffraine a'r Werddon.
 Ysgol hygyrch Ysgolheigion
 I bob seiens be bai Seion,
 Ag organau i'r gwyr gwynnion
 A mawr foliant Amrafaelion,
 Rhithmetic, music, Grymusion—[Sophystr]
 Rhetric syfyl a chanon.

This, with Black Ieuan's eulogy to the Abbot of Neath, shows that the great religious establishments were as much seminaries of learning as cells of devotion. Black Ieuan refers to Grammar and the Arts to Sophistry and Civil Law—here the list is again extended.

We have seen what Valle Crucis was like in its palmy days ; here is a glowing description of Neath by our bard which well deserves quotation :—

Like the sky of the Vale of Ebron is the covering of the monastery ; weighty is the lead that roofs this abode, the dark blue canopy of the dwellings of the godly. Every colour is seen in the crystal windows, every fair and high wrought form beams forth through them like the rays of the sun, portals of radiant guardians. . . . Here are seen the graceful robes of prelates ; here may be found gold and jewels, the tribute of the wealthy. Here also is the gold adorned chair, the nave, the gilded tabernacle work, the pinnacle worthy of the three fountains. Distinctly may be seen on the glass imperial arms ; a ceiling resplendent with kingly bearings, and on the surrounding borders the shields of princes, the arms of Neath of a hundred ages ; there is the white freestone and the arms of the best men under the crown of Harry ; and the church walls of grey marble. The vast and lofty roof is like the sparkling heavens on high ; above are seen archangel forms ; the floor beneath is for the people of the earth, all the tribe of Babel ; for them it is wrought of variegated stone. The bells, the benedictions, and the peaceful songs of praise proclaim the frequent thanksgivings of the white monks.

This may be regarded as over-coloured, but there is abundant evidence at hand in support of the poet's description. Leland, who visited the place in 1540, calls it :—

An abbey of white monks, and
The fairest abbey in all Wales.



Lely, or Lalys as he was called, the builder, was a man of undoubted ability. He came from the Holy Land with Granville, and built the abbey, which was first of the Franciscan, and afterwards of the Cistercian order. Irishmen figured too in the building of castles and residences, being obtained specially for the purpose, and foreigners skilled in art work figured in the train of most of our Norman nobles, *Berkrolles, to wit, who brought a man from Italy to do the carved work at St. Donat's.

As bearing on our old monasteries we may be permitted to digress. A valuable illustration showing the character of the religious instruction imparted in them in the fifteenth century has been brought to light through the zeal of the editor of the *Cymmrodor*. This is a transcript and translation from the *Cotton MS., Titus, D. xxii.*, in the British Museum. The extract is in Welsh, and is thirty-six pages in extent, and Mr. Powell suggests that the writer may have been one of the patriotic monks of the great Abbey of Ystrad Flur. The MS. purports to be a description of the Day of Judgment, and indicates throughout all that strength of belief, intolerance as to freedom of opinion in Church matters, and gloomy superstitions of Mediaeval times.

The friar who took Davydd ab Gwilym to task could not have been a more rigid censor than our monk.

After a thorough orthodox introduction the writer refers to the coming of Antichrist, who will be empowered to show forth illusory miracles and thus blind and mislead. But those who resist him, though pierced with swords and left dishonoured in the fields and streets, will yet be taken up by the angels to heaven and crowned. Then after a certain duration of time, occupied by the ministrations of the prophets Enoch and Elijah, the fifteen evil

* St. Donat's, vide *Arch. Camb.*

days which shall precede the destruction of the world will begin, but previous to this the people of the world will turn to one God, and one faith, and over the isles of the earth one shepherd and one fold.

The description of the beginning of the end is a graphic one, not unmixed with that quaint conceit which characterises the literary as well as art work of the Middle Ages. For instance, on the fourth day the writer states the fishes, and all the creatures of the nature of the sea, will appear far and wide on the surface of the waters, uttering cries and astonishing squeaking voices, so that those who shall be listening to them shall fear greatly, and the import of those voices will not be known to any but the true God?

The final picture, after sentence has been pronounced, is a horrible one, the cries of the lost, the haling them to the place of torments, and then to be hurled into the depth of hell!

This curious and interesting extract is enriched with a series of notes indicative of great scholarship and research.

To Lewis Morganwg we are indebted for a poetic reference to a monastery little known, that of Penrhys, Rhondda:—

TO THE VIRGIN MARY OF PENRHYS.

“The maiden, the Virgin Mary, with the crown; in Penrhys is this Virgin. I will sing her praise as though inspired from heaven, like Melitos of old. Goodly was the praise. Praise to God and a thousand to bear it: praise to the greatly privileged Virgin, a daughter, the daughter of a king's son. A daughter, this is the daughter of her own son. Great Mary, holy Mary, Virgin Mother. Mary, the Virgin Mary is the best mother. Mother of Heaven!
 A mother, that is, the mother of God, and she a maid. The nurse who cherished the Virgin's son in her bosom; a maiden who bore God as her son. The Son, the Father, the Spirit from his throne. The Virgin's Son, Son of the most excellent Mary. A burden from heaven was a son of her flesh. This is a burden for old sin. What though Eve bit the apple; for those who perished by the fraud hath Mary made atonement.

There was no promise of life for them had not God become a Son of Man. Seth saw the chosen Word, that a son should be born of the flesh of Mary. A maiden bore in her faultless arms Jesus (who is) over all the tribe of Israel. The One God chose her to bear a Son to him. . . . She bore a man (doomed) to suffer in order to give us the nine degrees of Heaven. Mary devoted herself to prayer. Herself a Virgin, she would not wed; and this was her cry from her maidenhood. But, behold! God, who was pleased to be born, chose, by means of a rod, what husband? Joseph the aged. He was the husband of Mary (what greater grace was there?) and her guardian when she was a maid. And it came to pass, after the annunciation by Gabriel, that she had a Son, and she yet a maid; a joyful Son, a full burden; the lamb of God on high is in her arms. Here is his image, where the crying is. Verily, here is her image come from heaven. An angel would never . . . make with his hands the image of Mary. When (this) honour was obtained, so folks said, a miracle was wrought of yore in the woods. She, gentle maid, would not be taken from her shrine of oak. . . . On the brow of the hill the miracles of the great Mary will be precious. Go, take your sick, and call, and cast your afflictions upon this maid. We shall receive a great gift from Mary this day; the Virgin Mary would bring the dead to life. The simple have received baptism. Let the blind believe he would see daylight. Let cripples come to the choir in a goodly band. They would recover their feet so that they could run. Be they deaf, they shall hear. . . . Thou wilt find seamen who are driven afar, cry to Mary. Mary will bring them from sea to land. In all tribulation and in death, Mary lent her aid to deliver us. I am full of joy. I will go up to entreat and to praise Mary and her son. In my right hand is an image of wax; in my left hand a Psalter. All my prayer and all my cry from afar was to Mary. Fear comes not after I come there. I am (now) in fear for my soul, in fear of seeing mine enemy at the head of the balance for the soul of man; in great fear of going down below, in fear of the judgment of God on high. I will entreat him by his five wounds.

Let Mary make supplication, she who can demand all things. O Mary, for one word for my soul! Mary! Precious word for my need!"

In the time of Owain Glyndwr an eisteddfod was held at the monastery, and Gwilym Tew, amongst others, recited the praises of the Virgin image, "An image of golden hue." Latimer called attention to it also, *vide Ellis's Letters*,* and wished to have a "jolly blaze." "She (the Virgin) hath been the Devyl's instrument"—so runs his request to get it to Smithfield.

We give another of L. Morganwg's compositions respecting the monastery as a contrast to Latimer:

"There are nine heavens in one island, this grace is at Penrhys. Here are men who are drawn over land and sea by thy miracle, oh, Mary! Hither didst thou come, bestowing great blessings to this place, from heaven to earth. Thine image, which they see every day, was received of yore alive from heaven. Great is the number in writing, great is the number of thy miracles, holy Mary. . . . Is there, in one word, a place for me, Jesus? Yes, there is Mary, the daughter of Joachim. Thou fair maiden, free from harm in the judgment; Mary, thou daughter of holy Anna, grant thy protection! When the world had gone to destruction, when heaven was lost through the offence in one respect of an apple, O God, the true father, no one would go to heaven unless God had become the son of man. God entered thy womb; good was the bearing of Him, Mary, thou precious virgin. Thou didst nourish with thy breast, thou Holy one, the King of Heaven; the nine heavens are thy portion. Mary, holy Mary, thine is the Virgin burden, and thou hast thy gracious Son in both thine arms. It was foretold since the days of Adam and Seth, that from the land of Israel and from Nazareth a son of gentle blood would be born to thee, holy Mary, and thou a virgin. The mother of Jesus, the mother of the ages; verily Mary was a virgin. Where art thou? Oh, Mary, many a man would be restored from death to life in thy

* *Ellis's Letters*, 3, series iii., 207. *Arch Camb.*, 1880. Translation by Llywarch Reynolds from unpublished MSS.

bosom. If the cry of the humble blind come to thee the blind shall see the light of day. Should he whose lot is fully come, he will receive grace upon his believing. Should a deaf man come, in addition to another, he will hear a cry from the wound of that other. Were a sick man to visit it upon crutches, he would not thus be brought from the church of Mary. Thine is the image to heal sickness; thou dost heal aches and pains. Great is my burden (of longing), Mary, for health; greater than the greatest burden in the world. I am a man overtaken by sickness, and who has borne pain like pure fire. Great is my pain, oh, Mary, of mine island. It were a great thing if I were freed from it, oh, Mary of Penrhys. The bard who in health sings to Mary, blessed is he. Whate'er his virtue, no one knows in what hour he will go to the grave. With song and with wax will I go racing to visit thy dignity and thy place. Oh, Mary! to thy grace for a while have I commended one knight. A long life and grace may Jesus grant to Sir Edward, a second Sir Guy, the Guardian."

Some illustrations of his in the original may be of interest. In his elegy to Rhys ab Sion o Lyn Nedd, the notable ancestor of the Aberpergwm family, whom Lewis Glyn Cothi also extols, he says:—

Ne' i'r dyn a roed enyd
A fu'n ben tra fu'n y byd.

Heaven is now bestowed for some time
To the man who ruled us when alive.

To Henry VIII. he addressed the following:—

Y Tarw o'r Mwnt, eryr Mon,
Wyt ti'r Karw a'r tair coron.

The Bull from Mwnt, the Eagle of Mona,
Art thou the Hart of the three crowns.

In his address to a maid he introduces a striking simile:—

Dyn wyf ym mhurdan ofydd
Ai'n nes i dân nos a dydd.

I am in an ovate's purgatory
Daily getting nearer to the fire.

Morus ab Hywel was a contemporary of Lewis Morganwg, the second of the name having figured in the previous century as a bard. We have also record of Morus ab Ieuan, Morus Davydd, Morus ab Llyw, Morus Gethin, and Morus Berwyn, all of whom left a few compositions in MSS. In the same cursory manner we must pass over Llywelyn ab Hwlcyn, Llewelyn ab Hywel, and Llywelyn ab Madog. They figured as poets in their several localities, and some slight mementoes of them are extant in MSS. Ieuan ab Rhydderch ab Llewelyn is also recorded as a poet. He figured from 1510 to 1540. Ieuan Hywel ab Llywelyn Vychan, Ieuan ab Hwlcyn, Ieuan ab Gruffydd Leiav, were of the bardic band of this century, but only in the last-named case are there any records. Ieuan Bedo Gwyn and Ieuan Delyniol, 1540, left a few MSS., and so also Sir Hywel Ddu, clergyman and poet, 1540; but we have only the name of Morgan Talai, bard, 1540; Davydd ap Phillip Rhys o Venni; Davydd Alaw, Anglesey; Davydd Benwyn, poet, 1550, flourished as bards; the last-named was President of the Glamorgan Gorsedd in 1580.* In William Lleyn we have a poet far above mediocrity. This is shown by his most prominent composition, an ode to a lady in the twenty-four measures of Welsh poetry. This, while showing the bard's technical or mechanical skill, exhibits him also as one of the most fervent of the amatory bards of the period. The transition of measures, it will be seen, does not detract from the fervency of the lover, but adds a piquant novelty. He was noted for two rather divergent characteristics—sublimity and sprightliness of wit, and was one of the most conspicuous pupils of G. Hiraethog. One of his englynion was to Huw ab Risiart, who was buried at Bardsey in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The narrative style of our author may be gleaned from a portion of this:—

'Mongst saints and heroes long you will remain,
 Within the bosom of the raging main,
 On Bardsey's isle, resounding with the wave,
 With holy Abbot you have made your grave.

Camb. Reg. iii., p. 197.

* A Cywydd of his is extant, begging the loan of a horse from Rich. Thos. Gruffydd Goch, Neath Valley. In this he calls the patron the Single Lion of the Silvery Court.

It is, however, by his composition in the twenty-four measures that he is better known, and, we may add, more highly appreciated, and as this is inaccessible except to a few we give it *in extenso* :—

I.

Within my breast a wounded heart I feel, sore pierced by the shafts of throbbing grief! On its account I shall have memory racked with longing; feeble is my frame and love has been the cause!

II.

But, yet, whatever it has to the utmost done, with grief-worn cheek, thy song I will indite; thy fame so great, I will declare celebrious through all tongues, and thy oration I will gild.

III.

A fair oration thou canst like; from all the bounds art thou beloved. Tumultuous pains have seized thy swain who loves thee, that thou art so unrelenting!

IV.

What, ever unrelenting? Dreadful source of ill! One word utter from thy breast, sweet and slender gentle one! And hear one fair word,—Oh, all-wise, God!—Thou maid of language pure, the weak doth love thee!

V.

Though weak, the grove of pleasant trees I would repair to,—at thy hand is this,—Ah! God revered! though sick, yet would I crave an assignation,—slender fair, thou art the joy of men!

VI.

Of ruddy blush, melodious voice; the hue of the wave bright and fair.

VII.

Most gentle luminary, nymph most kind in snowy linen, sister to Non art thou.

VIII.

Thy colour as the chalk, and thy majestic form, like the boiling

stream has grown. Dear, splendid maid, why dost thou not see!
Thou hast been the woe of poets.

IX.

They wonder everywhere when told thy aspiring mind, how
proud thou wert, reserving for a prince thy love.

X.

Because thou art a ready happiness complete in thy complexion,
beauteous as the eight streams of the ocean.

XI.

Thy complexion's golden dawn is death to us! The day that
is past I called thee from among the chosen ones; an image from
thy youth which swains do gaze upon; an image of bliss below,
on Ebron's banks.

XII.

For all the measured civilities; yet, by pale decay and fainting
gone to the affliction of ages are those who were in love with
thee! Superior to comparison I have placed thee; I live devoted
to thy praise; yes, yonder I marked thee through my sighs!

XIII.

Thou gavest bitter pain and grief to me! I gave thee ardent
songs. Give, truly give, a word that is sincere; give, give a
refuge to the votaries of the muse!

XIV.

What of oppression and buffetings are there but we have felt!—
Let every vocal being sing accordingly thy fame, which gives
perfection, which pervades gifts, completes all tenderness and gives
stability to virgin sweetness.

XV.

By making frequent use of the ambiguous turn, she turns her
uttered word as best her suits among those in arms.—A gem
commanding praise where they sojourn, a Tegau fair as chalk art
thou; thy eyes are bright; like Tegau Eurvron, perfect where
forty love; the golden warmth of six score amorous youths.

XVI.

Discreet and faithful nymph of tender words of truth, well thought of are thy answers; whiter than the driven snow art thou, with eyebrows fine; thy fame is spread amongst diviners; near will be thy fame to all inquiries; to parts more distant gone is likewise thy fame.—A wife amiable one is she, and matchless.—The remonstrances of thee stir angry grief!

XVII.

The plan is thine, and strongly hast thou built all throbbing cares; thou hast discovered, thou hast caught the way of enticers: Glancing, aiming so the eyebrow full of pleasure, sensibly and wholly fancies seat.—Let every minstrel chaunt, by love of studied song, the root and golden branch of noble blood.—

XVIII.

In every language, from the toiling labours of the wisest men, on every plain who love to greet thee, dawn of men.

XIX.

That thou so handsome art; the bard must pine, and he must groan his ardent sighs; so wretched thus to be, sure, I was born beneath the planet of afflicted men!

XX.

Where thou art daily seen, as bright as mountain snow, behold then there the virtue of a host of virgins! Pleasure of the green, lo! there the voice of perfect love; a place to greet the source of blithe serenity!

XXI.

Befits it that the youth should die by thy complexion, and a wound without all grace, and torpor of the breast! Is it the due of an afflicted life! Doth hate, or blushing of the cheek arrest the happy pledge?

XXII.

Relieving words—a fruitful wedded one,—sincere and gentle awful pledges! Mild and soothing ones; the best; the truest; dawn of my affection, innocent love.

XXIII.

With aspect pure and fair like the white stream of Aeron; justly claiming superiority, like Tegau with the golden breast; with hair like shining wax and gifts pre-eminent; a greeting send in words direct, thou splendid dawn, without harsh things.—“The best physician is the means.”—Oppressed with every pang of woe I live, not having thee, thou ardent comet making pale the cheeks.

XXIV.

Most truly I have pined with lively flame of love, which furrowed deeply in my torpid breast, till I was sick through direful wailing.—Now repenting, I am innocent—thus getting to conceal the wound the shaft had made, thou still mayest then be seen, fresh ray of generous ones;—with inward struggling, painful warring, fierce the fever to conceal a heart in love!

It will be observed that in deviating from the expression of love, Lleyrn does not, like his predecessors, lapse into reverential moods, but becomes philosophical. He is, in fact, an illustration of that increasing power of reflection which gave us in this century a higher class of literature than mere love poems, invocation to Saints, or eulogy of Welsh bards.

Davydd Llwyd Eppynt, who flourished on the hills, so renowned in a later day by “Brutus,” attained some distinction as a poet, 1540; Davydd ap Belyn, poet, was chiefly famed for his epigrams, and a brother epigrammatist, Davydd ap Evan, flourished near the same period. Davydd ab Davydd Llwyd and Guttyn Cyriog, poets of the same era, left a few MS. poems. Tudor Aled, a Franciscan, not a Black Friar, as stated by some authorities, and amongst them Williams’s *Eminent Welshmen*, left numerous poems; one of these, settling the question of his order, begins

Brawd i Saint Francis.

Amongst his poems there is an account of the miracles of St. Winifred, as well as the legendary history of that saint. A Cywydd of his to “address a maid,” “Kywydd i anerch merch,” will give an idea of his style in amatory composition.

"Thou gentle amiable maid," he exclaims, "luxurious, frolicsome, and very wise."

Y ferch foneddig Ddigawn
Voethus gellweirus gall iawn.

Tudor was a fervent eulogist of the Salisburys of Lleweni, of Sir Rhys ab Thomas, and of Rhys Fawr ab Meredydd, who was entrusted with the standard of England at Bosworth after the death of Sir Wm. Brandon. Robert Williams, M.A., collected thirty-seven of his poems and inserted titles and first lines in the *Cambrian Journal*, 1858, p. 237. They are principally in praise or lament of heroic patrons. Our poet was a follower of the celebrated Sir Rhys ab Thomas, of Dynevor, to whom he was much attached, and in praise of whom he wrote several poems, all more or less eulogistic. Tudor was a nephew and pupil of Davydd ab Edmund, on whose death he wrote an elegy which, with several of his poems, is published in *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru*.

Goronw Voel, or the bald, is not stated to have left any MS. production.

A prominent pupil of Tudur Aled was Gruffydd Hiraethog, who, like his master, was the successful tutor of many bards. He was an eminent poet, and was prolific, if not versatile, as shown by the titles and first lines of sixty-four of his poems given on the cover of the *Greal*. He also bore the repute of being author of a *History of Britain and other Countries*. Gruffydd was one of the bards of Moeliwrch House.

In going his rounds to Moeliwrch our bard says:—

Tynnu'r wyf, tan araf-hynt
Treiglo lle bu'r Guto gynt—
Pawb yno—pob awenydd
Yno cân bawb, canu bydd!
Yno gwau cerdd, nid gwiw cêl
Tewach na'r Guto i Hywel
Llew iawn yn cadw llawenydd
Llan Silan, Morus Wynn Sydd.

Camb. Brit. i., 345.

Another poet-historian was Sion Brwynog, of Anglesey, who

wrote a History of the Principality of Wales, but it was never published. Of Lewis Brwynog, also a poet, only the name remains. Cadwalader, a contemporary, left several poems in MS. Huw Arwystl, Huw ab Gwilym or Hugh Goch, Hugh Davi, Huw Noydd, figured as bards; and Hywel ab Davydd ab Llywelyn ab Madoc, Hywel ap Davydd Llwyd, Hywel ap Einion, Hywel ab Llewelyn ab Meredydd, figure in the same modest category without any published illustrations of their powers.

Of Hywel ab Syr Matthew, who flourished up to the seventeenth century, we have indirect evidence of some value. He wrote a *History of Great Britain*, and his books were seen by Cain, who pronounced them "fair, valuable, and intelligent." Thos. Gwynedd; Sir Sion Towyn, poet and clergyman, 1550; Rhys Tren; Lewis Trevnant, Hugh Tregarn, Thos. Llwyd Ieuan; Lly. Thomas and Wm. Hywel Thomas, only names are given as bards, and in the same list fall Huw Talai Siams ab Harri (the first time we get James) and Siancyn (Jenkin) ab Einion, 1540.

Few times were more eventful than that of Twm ab Ieuan ab Rhys. First a monk of Margam, he was expelled for Lollardism, married a nun, and devoted himself to farm labour. He then appears to have been imprisoned by Sir Matthew Cradock in Kenfig Castle, but was eventually released and the management of a plot of land was given to him. Some details of an eccentric life, with extracts composed in his time, probably by himself, appear in *Iolo MSS.*, from which we quote the following:—

And after he retained his liberty, he did little more than walk about the country as a beggar, thrashing corn sometimes, and making godly songs, and prophesying many things, on account of which he was called "Twm of the fair lies." (Twm Gelwydd Teg.) He began to prophesy before he was imprisoned by Sir George Herbert, and it is said the reason was, that after the birth of the son and heir of Sir George, a feast was held, and great rejoicing, at the christening of the child, and they shod the horses with silver, and many other costly things did they likewise. Twm, the son of Ivan, the son of Rhys, seeing this, said: "Ha, here is parade and great pride about the baptism of a child born to be

hung by the string of his forehead-band." He was seized, and put in prison in Cynfig Castle; and the child was placed in the care of a nurse, who was ordered to watch him narrowly and carefully, night and day; this went on some time, when it was reported in the house that the nurse had the itch. Sir George and his lady sent for her to the hall to them, that they might see whether it was true or not, and when they saw that there was no itch upon her, they went with her back to the chamber where the child was, and the first thing they saw was the child in his cradle, having twisted his hands under the string of his forehead-band, and entangled them in it in such a manner that he got choked, and died from that cause, or, as it might be said with truth, he hung himself in the string of his forehead-band. Then they sent in haste to liberate Twm, the son of Ivan, the son of Rhys, and to give him money. Another time he was thrashing in a barn, and a young lad went by and addressed him as follows: "Well, Twm Gelwydd Teg, what news have you to-day?" "There is news for thee!" said he. "Thou shalt die three deaths before this night." "Ha, ha," said the youth, "nobody can die more than one death," and he went off laughing. In the course of the day the lad went to the top of a great tree, on the brink of a river, to take a kite's nest, and in thrusting his hand into the nest he was wounded by an adder, brought by the kite to her young ones, as she was accustomed to do. This causing him to lose his hold, he fell down on a great branch and broke his neck, and from there into the river, and thus he met with three deaths. To be wounded by an adder, to break his neck, and to drown.

Twm, the son of Ivan, the son of Rhys, was a good and a godly man, it is said, and a good poet, and many songs of his composition are still extant in the country, and it is said he printed some of them; but there are few, if any, now living who ever saw them. It is said he saw written in a little manuscript book these words:—

"Seek after God with all thy might, and with all thy mind, and with all thy understanding, and love him with all thy affection, and with all thy will, and with all thy heart.

Love thy neighbour as thou would'st love thyself, and suffer for him as thou would'st suffer for thy God, and for thy dearest friend and for thyself.

Love everything that is good, and becoming, and true, and just, as thou wouldest thy God and thyself.

Cleave to them until thou art as much one with them as God is, and by doing so thou shalt be as separate from every evil, and wickedness, and from all that is unseemly, and unbecoming, and unrighteous, and unjust, and from envy, fraud and delusion as God himself is.

Fear not any punishment, or pain, or any want, or distress, nor any suffering, even death, and be not hindered by them.

Covet nothing of the worldly goods thou seest and hearest of, or understandest; but desire the good things of God, and the Grace of His holy Spirit, and leave thy God to provide for thee.

And in possessing these virtues thou shalt have a right understanding of everything in this world, and of right understanding a right knowledge, and of right knowledge the comprehension of all that was, and is, and shall be; and from that knowledge, inspiration of God, and the power of prophecy, and then shalt thou understand and show all that is to come in the world till the day of doom, for the perception of God shall be in thee."

After reading this, he gave himself up to be a very godly man, and uttered many prophesies, and would not possess any property in the world, excepting what was voluntarily bestowed for the work he did, which was chiefly thrashing corn.

Thomas is stated to have attained the great age of one hundred and thirty. One historic fact of some importance is gleaned from his life, and this is that Lollardism was not held in favour by the people. The evangelising influence which was to transform Roman Catholic Wales was to be of no foreign growth; though unquestionably the few disciples Wickliffe had in Wales helped to prepare the way.

It will be well to note amongst the intellectual divergencies of

the period our men of mind leaving the poetic rut for that of religious controversy, ever after a marked feature of the literature of Wales.

Edward Powel, D.D., was one of the earliest of the great stream of religious controversialists. He wrote against Luther, 4to, 1523, and published also a tract on the dissolution of marriage between King Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine. Another controversialist of the century was Edmund Prys, divine and poet. He was regarded as one of the most illustrious poets of his time. Many of his compositions are left in MS. One of his opponents, named Wm. Cynwal, died, like Rhys Meugan, from the artillery of a host of poems, which the untiring divine assailed him with. But Prys endeavoured to make amends, and wrote a pathetic elegy on his rival's death. A copy of elegant Latin verses by the same hand is published in Dr. J. Davies's Grammar.* An equally industrious writer of the same name, but not so disputatious, was Sir John Price, D.D. He was an eminent antiquary, and was the first to publish a translation of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and Ten Commandments, 1555. His *Historia Brit. Defensio*, in answer to Polydore Virgil, was not published until twenty years after his death, by his son, Sir Richard Price, the author of a description of Wales, augmented by H. Llwyd, and prefixed to the history of Wales which Dr. Powel edited and published, 1584. He also wrote a treatise in Latin on the Eucharist, and assisted his friend Leland in his *Assertio Arthuri*. Cambria may claim, with a fair degree of probability, one of the earliest English poets, Gower. R. Williams (*Eminent Welshmen*) states that on the title page of *Confessio Amantis*, printed 1532, he is referred to as a Welshman, and most probably of the same family as Henry Gower, LL.D., Bishop of St. David's. Wales, however, has sufficient men of mark of unquestioned native origin, without claiming those of doubtful parentage, and we simply quote *Eminent Welshmen* to show that the question has been raised.

John Griffith, 1550, monk, of Hales Owen, in Worcestershire,

* The most valuable of Prys's productions are his version of the Psalms in Welsh verse, appended to several of the editions of the Welsh Bibles; much used in the services of the Welsh Churches, even to this date.

published *Conciones Aestuates* and *Conciones Brumales*, besides some other works. Of Gruffydd ab Hywel ab Tudyr, 1560, Gruffydd ab Ieuan, and Llywelyn Llwyd, the same date, we only learn that the last left some MS. poetry.

Gruffydd ab Tudyr ab Hywel, 1540, left some MS. poetry, and also Gruffydd ab Rhydderch Goch, 1560. In Rhys Cain we have one of the earliest of poet painters. He figured in 1580, and it is said that a picture of the Crucifixion by him gave great offence. By one, a Calvinist, he was charged with being an idolater. Many of his poems are preserved in MS. See *Greal*, p. 365. One of his poems is an elegy on Middleton, the Governor of Denbigh Castle, and Jane, his wife, and in this Cain adroitly brings in the number of their children.

Mae cedyrn am eu codi
Ac o ryw hon, a'i gwr hi
Naw mab rhoed, ym mhob rhediad
A saith loer—urddas wyth wlâd.

“Nine sons and seven moons constituted a fair household, and many attained eminence, a dignity for eight countries.”

In Sir Davydd Owain, 1540 to 1570, we have another of the clergymen poets, but no remains are extant. Owain (Gwynedd), 1550, was bard to Lewis Owain, Vice-Chancellor and Baron of the Exchequer for North Wales. This dignitary was murdered, and Owain wrote his elegy amongst other poems. Sir Sion Owain, clergyman and poet, 1560 to 1590, and Sion Thomas Owain, 1600, both figured as bards, and left a few productions in MS.

John Owen, 1584, held rank as an epigrammatist, but we note his productions in the next century. Sir Rowland Williams, clergyman and poet, figured in 1590. William Thomas, Oxonian, defended Henry VIII. in a dialogue addressed to Pietro Aretino, the famous Tuscan poet. He was author of the *History of Italy*, 4to, Lond., 1554, *Principal Rules of the Italian Grammar*, and *Dictionary*, 4to, Lond., 1550—1567. Other works are extant, and amongst them is *Le Peregryn*, now in the Bodleian. He was executed at Tyburn for conspiracy.

* *Camb. Brit. i.*, p. 378.

Thomas Williams also occupied a high literary position in this era. He was a learned lexicographer and physician. One of his productions was a book of pedigrees, 1578, but his chief work was a lexicon—*Latino Brit.*, or a *Latin and Welsh Dictionary* now in Hengwrt collection, three quarto volumes MS., much corrected and edited by Dr. Davies, of Mallwyd. In the same collection is his *Llyfr Prophwydoliaethau Cymraeg a Saesneg a Lladin*. He was the author also of a comprehensive herbal.

Thomas Vychan, of Castell Bychan, poet, figured from 1520 to 1560. Gruffydd Williams, D.D., Bishop of Ossory, 1557, is chiefly notable for his *Vindicae Regum* and *Jura Magestatis*. He also wrote a work called the *First Delights of the Saints*.

Nicholas Robinson, Bishop of Bangor, 1566, collected a large quantity of historic materials which remain in folio MS. in Hengwrt Library. He also wrote a "Life of Gruffydd ab Cynan" from the original Welsh into Latin, but it was never published.

An interesting letter of the Bishop is preserved in the State Paper Office, Dom. Elizth. 44, § 27. It is addressed to Cecil, afterwards my Lord Burleigh.

Referring to the three shires, Carnarvon, Anglesey, and Merioneth, he said:—The people live in much obedience, fredome, and quiet, so that toward their prince they are like to continue faithful subjects and amongst themselves peaceable neighbours.

In respect of the religious culture, however, he somewhat qualifies this:—Ignorance continewth many in the dreggs of superstition, which did growe chefly on the blindness of the clergie, joined with the greediness of getting in so bare a country, and also upon the closing up of God's worde from them in an unknown tongue, etc.

Further on he comments upon indecent vigils and watches observed, much pilgrimage goyng, many candels sett up to the honour of saintes, some reliques yet carried about, and all the countries full of bedes and knotts, besides diverse other monuments of wilfull serving of God.

The whole letter supplies an interesting view of the religious

condition prior to the advent of Penry, Love, Pritchard, and Vavasour Powell.

Sir Roger, clergyman and poet, flourished from 1560 to 1600, but none of his works are extant. David Rowland, tutor to the son of the Earl of Lennox, endeavoured to show that there was a royal road to learning, and published a work entitled *Comfortable Aid for Scholars*, 8vo, Lond., 1818. He also wrote from the Spanish the *Pleasant History of Lazarelle de Torines*, 8vo, Lond., 1586.

An author of a different stamp was Morgan Phillips, who figured from 1540 to 1571. He was called Morgan the Sophister, from his special characteristic in argument. Morgan wrote several works of note in his day. One was *Disputatio de Eucharistæ Sacramento in unio*, Oxon, 1549; he took part in the defence of the "Honour of Mary Queen of Scots," in a treatise, *The Regimen of Women Conformable to the Law of God and Nature*, 1571. The century seems to have teemed with men of laborious and varied learning. One in particular was David Powell, D.D., a divine and antiquary. He was chaplain to Sir Henry Sidney, Lord of the Marches, 1584. One of his achievements was to complete an unfinished copy of Caradoc's History, which he had.* He next wrote "Annotationes" in letter *Camb. Giralds.*, 12mo, 1585, with additions; History of Britain, Lond., 8vo. (an epitome of Geoffrey of Monmouth). He also assisted Dr. Morgan with his Bible, and was engaged in compiling a Welsh Dictionary, but did not live to complete it. Another lexicographer was Henry Perry, a learned philologist, and the author of an able work on the Welsh Grammar, published 1595. He also compiled a Welsh Dictionary, but it was never published.

Thomas David ab Hy. Rhys flourished about 1500, but none of his poetic compositions are extant.

A work of especial interest from its modern associations must

* This bears the following title:—The Historie of Cambria now called Wales: A part of the most famous Yland of Brytaine, written in the Brytish language above two hundred years past; translated into English by H. Lhoyd, gentleman; corrected, augmented, and continued out of Records and best approved authors, by David Powel, Doctor in Divinitie.

be noted—the *Athrawiaeth Gristionogol* of Morris Clynoc or Clynog, first rector of the English College at Rome. This was first printed in Italian—which accounts for the use of the v instead of the w, the Italian having no w—and was edited by Dr. Griffith Roberts, 1567. This is, as it purports, a short catechism of religious doctrine, bearing strong indications of a fervent mind. In 1879 Prince Lucien Bonaparte called attention to the work, one copy only being extant, and this was in his possession. Thanks to him and to the Cymmrodorion Society this has now been issued in *fac simile*. The copy issued by the society from the solitary remainder is exact in all particulars, even to the typographical errors, and adds another to the many obligations Welsh scholars are under to this worthy and time-honoured institution. In his introduction Griffith Roberts congratulates Clynog on the excellent manner he has formed, rejoices at the gleaning of so many flowers and points of doctrine, and knowing that there are many children of excellent ability in Wales, he has caused it to be printed. . . . Further on he extols the book most highly: "It was impossible to be comprised in fewer words, and arranged more lucidly, and to have so many points more appropriately presented, or of so deep a signification, so that the children and the women may understand them happily throughout Wales, if they continue in every church attending service, hearing the Mass: at home amidst the family, to divert the time, and in every assembly to comfort the people to read these or the like sentences, and put away old idle tales and lying flattering poems!"

The inference as to the social condition of the time deserves to be noted, as it is quite confirmative of the accounts we have prior to Nonconformist effort, and the later one of Vicar Prichard. *Vide* preface, by Roger Smith, *Athrawydd*, Cymmrodorion issue.

The century, too, produced an author who entered into more abstruse methods than had been enunciated by the Myddfai physicians. This was Albane Hyll, who had the reputation of being a learned doctor, and who wrote several treatises, one of them being on Galen.

One of the earliest of legal publications since the Union appears, too, in this century, an abridgement of the Statutes of England. This was by Wm. Owen, a learned lawyer, published in 1528, but a previous edition is said to have been issued in 1449.*

Dr. Gruffith Roberts, who had edited, as we have stated, the *Catechism of Religious Doctrine* by Clynoc, also wrote the *Drych Cristionogol, or Christian Mirror*, issued by his friend Dr. Rogers Smith, at Rouen, with an introduction; but it is as one of the earliest grammarians that Roberts is principally known. This grammar was first published in Milan, 8vo, 1567, and was followed by his *Etymologia*, one hundred and twelve pages, and a third part, seventy-two pages. Though small and insignificant in comparison with the learned manuals of a later day, this and kindred works are deserving of notice and hearty commendation. Later, men had the advantages of the track pursued by their predecessors, which, if not followed, yet was useful in part for imitation or otherwise.

Rhys Wyn ab Cadwalader, poet, left a few MS. compositions, as also did Robert ab Davydd Llwyd, 1550, but we have no MS. remains of Robert ab Gruffydd, Robert ab Ithel, and only a few of Robert Dyvi.

In Robert Recorde (Tenby), *obit.* 1558, we have one of the early philosophers. He is reputed to have been the first original writer in Arithmetic in English, the first on Geometry, on Algebra, on Astronomy, and the first to adopt the Copernican theory. He was the inventor of a method for extracting the square root, and in addition to several works on Geometry, Algebra, etc., wrote a treatise on the Eucharist, on Anatomy, and the Image of a True Commonwealth.

On the authority of *Camb. Reg.* ii., p. 209, he compiled:—

The Ground of Artes.

* The Whetstone of Wit.

The Castell of Knowledge.

The Pathway.

The Urinall of Phisick.

* Williams' *Eminent Welshmen*. *Camb. Reg.* ii., p. 209, says "This was so small a book as the price thereof was but 12d."

He died in the reign of Mary.

Only a few records exist of Rhisiart ab Hywel, 1540 to 1590; Rhisiart Gele, R. Vynglwyd, R. ap Sion, 1560; Rhys ab Davydd Llwyd, 1550 to 1590; Rhys ap Ednyfed, 1560 to 1600; Rhys ap Einion, 1540 to 1580; Rhys ab Gwilym Thomas, 1550, and Rhys ab Hywel Llen, 1540. Huw Llivon, 1570 to 1600, figured as a poet, but no compositions are extant.

Hugh Lloyd, D.C.L., 1588, was noted for his profound knowledge of Latin; he was a good grammarian, and the author of several works.

John Lloyd, D.D., 1598, published *Interpretatio Latina cum Schotius in Flav. Josephum, de Mace. sen-de nationis inferio*, 8vo, Oxon, 1590. He was the first to publish *Bart. de Papæ Princip. Græca et Latine*, Oxon, 1592.

Gruffydd Llwyd ab Ioan, 1530, poet, left some MS. compositions.

In Humphrey Llwyd, Denbigh, we have another able and prolific writer, whose learning was shown in ordinary as well as eccentric guise. He published an Almanac and Calendar, "containing the day, hour, minute of change of moon for ever." He translated the Judgment of Urines; wrote *Comment. Descrip. Britt. Fragmentum*, and *Lle. Mona Druidum Insula Antiquati suæ restituta*, to which was added *de Armamentario Romano*. The two latter are appended to Sir John Price's *Historiæ Britt. Defensio*, London, 1572, 12mo. An English translation of this was published 1573, by Twyne, under the title of *Breviary of Britain*, London, 8vo, and by Moses Williams, in 1728, an edition of the three original works with annotations.

Our author's principal work was a *History of Wales*, chiefly a translation of Caradoc's, of Llancarvan; *Brut y Tywysogion*, with notes from Mathew Paris, published in 1584 by D. Howell, who added to and enriched it. He also translated *Treasure of Health*, and causes and signs of every disease, with the Aphorisms of Hippocrates. This was first published in London, in 8vo, 1585.

Morus (the original form of Morris, and Maurice) Llwyd ab William left some poetic composition in MS., 1560.

One of the conspicuous men of the century was unquestionably Dr. John David Rhys. As we survey the century and sweep the mental horizon, few luminaries of greater magnitude meet our gaze. And even now, after the lapse of so many years, his reputation remains high and unassailed as one of the most patient and acute minds of his era. Great as a linguist, he brought his knowledge of languages to bear in the elucidation of a truly national theme, and throughout exhibited an earnest philosophic spirit free from the insularities which have characterised so many, even at a later age than his own.

He was eminent as a grammarian and constructive poet, and is stated, on the authority of Wood (*Ath. Oxon.*), to have written a translation of *Aristotle's Metaphysics*. Wood refers to this as being in Jesus College, but this is not proven. But it is certain that the learned doctor contemplated such a work, with a view to establish the capacity of the Welsh language for expressing the most subtle operations of the mind.

In his elaborate Latin treatise on the Grammar of the Welsh Language this capacity is always kept steadily in view, and abundant illustrations are given in addition of its flexibility and euphonious character, showing the resemblance existing between the favourite measures of the Ancient British bards and certain Italian stanzas.

Many will admit the power of the language for metaphysical enquiry, and as readily agree to its special charm as an emotional agent, but to the generality of English readers its affinity to the soft and expressive language of Italy is not so readily seen. Still the statement is easily proven to any unbiassed mind. One of the most striking illustrations is the well-known epigram constructed of vowels alone:—

EPIGRAM ON A SPIDER.

Oi wiw wy i wen e â—ai weuau
 Oi wyau e weua ;
 'E wywa ei wê aua,'
 A'i weuau yw ieuau ja.

thus :—

From his own eggs the busy worm
Attempts his hasty web to form,
Like rings in ice they seem to view
Beauteous like those, and brittle too.

Jones's Relics.

The primitive simplicity and euphonious character of the language are also well shown in the following :—

E a o ei le. He goes out of his place.

A ei di i'r ty. Wilt thou go to the house.

Ai da i ti a fo da i mi. Is it good for thee that may be good for me ?

For its beauty, perhaps, no finer example can be given than the Lord's Prayer, translated from the original Greek; and for its power in expressing loftiest thought the *Coll Gwynfa—Paradise Lost*—translated by Pugh, may well be instanced.

Here is a passage, one-half of which is formed of elementary sounds :—

Py waeth pa le os yr
Un fath wyf fi ac iawn fy mod ac oll
Ond llai nag efe taranau a wnaent mwy.

What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater.

Paradise Lost, B. i., 1, 258.

The concluding passage in the Welsh translation of *Paradise Lost* in plaintive beauty is equal to anything we know.

The late editor of *Cymmrodor*, in a most appreciative article on Rhys, mentions several dialectian expressions as Italian-like :

Sutt yr wyt ti Deio
Ble mae Gutto
Sutt mae Nelli yn Tycio.

and shows conclusively that the affinity is not only in appearance, but has historic groundwork, being inherited from the tribe of the Langobard (Kelts), who issued from the German Forests and

depopulated a considerable portion of Italy during the decline of the Roman Empire. This tribe gave its name to Lombardy.

Rhys, who was educated at the University of Sienna, became so thoroughly versed in the Italian language that he was made professor of it, and published a work in Italian, *Rules for the Obtaining of the Latin Tongue*; but his chief work, written in the autumn of an active and honourable career, under the shadow of the Breconshire Beacons, was the remarkable treatise to which we have referred: his *Camb. Cymr. Linguae Instit. et Rudimenta*. This was in folio, and was printed at the expense of Sir E. Stradling. Only twelve hundred and fifty copies were published, and the work is now very rare.

This work has special interest from the illustrations given in it from the compositions of the old bards. The author quotes freely from the *Consolations of Elphin*, and other works ascribed to Taliesin, and from Cynddelw, Teilo, Sion y Kent, Gutto'r Glyn, and others. He is never at a loss for examples, and exhibits in himself marked poetic ability, enabling him to coin a verse and then show the constructive rules. His linguistic power is exhibited in the ease and variety of his comments. Now he confines his text to Welsh, then diverges into Latin and Italian, and in one or two instances quaintly merges into English, as *vide Institutiones*, 181, "and so goeth forward, all the Awdl contayning many verses done and composed by Taliesin."

His Introduction teems with matters of interest, and throws so much light upon the literature of his time, that we give a translation:—

To the noblemen, gentlemen, bards, lovers of the Welsh language, and others of my beloved countrymen of the nation of the Cymry (Cimbri), and to all others who may read this work, greeting, and wishing them all health and prosperity:

There is scarcely one language in all Europe and its islands, as far as I have been able to discover, which has not from time to time been cultivated and improved by the scholars and inhabitants of those countries, except the ancient Welsh, our own mother-

tongue, which now of late has received some little cultivation and improvement from some few learned and good men of the present age, and that principally for the purpose of translating the Bible into our own language. For if we look about us, and examine what has been the conduct of other nations, such as the Greeks and Romans, we shall find that there is scarcely any learning or knowledge, any art or science, which has been discovered by man, that has not appeared in their books and been published to the world; so that all Europe is full of their learned works, and the authors thereof not only celebrated, but immortalised through all ages. And next to these, if we survey the other nations of Europe in general, such as the Italians, the Spaniards, the French, the Germans, the English, the Scotch, and many others which might be mentioned, all of whom have paid particular attention to their native languages; and their learned men have so far cultivated and improved them, that there is scarcely one of them that does not contain all the learning, information and knowledge, and all the arts and sciences, for which the two nations before-mentioned are so celebrated. And the books published by these learned men, in their different languages, will not only continue to do them credit for their assiduity and acquirements, but will also remain as everlasting monuments of the improved taste of those different nations and their advanced state of civilisation. But as for us Welshmen, we may observe that many of our countrymen have become so vain, so proud, so conceited, so affected, and so negligent of everything that is patriotic, and so ignorant of their own language, and so attached to everything that is foreign and exotic, and, consequently, so different from most other nations, that if they have been but for a short time out of their own country, they pretend to have nearly forgotten their own native language; and, if they condescend to make an attempt to speak it, they do in so conceited and affected a manner, that their former acquaintance are astonished to hear them, and feel quite ashamed of them; and at the same time that they affect to despise their own native language, they take a pride in attempting to speak English, French, and Italian, or some other foreign tongue, when at the

same time they are but imperfectly acquainted with those foreign languages, and by no means capable of conversing in them either fluently, elegantly, or grammatically. But these vain, shallow upstarts may be justly considered as a degenerate race and the outcasts of society; and those persons who are desirous to abolish and utterly to extinguish the Welsh language, and to substitute the English in its place, are deserving of no better treatment, nor can they be considered as worthy of any regard, or be held in any higher estimation: for this, in truth, can never be accomplished without utterly destroying the Welsh nation, and establishing English colonies in the Cambrian districts; and it is impossible to avoid comparing such a degenerate race to a number of cuckolds, who would knowingly and wittingly quit their own dwellings, and company of their lawful wives, and suffer some abandoned wretches to contaminate their beds. Persons of this description will be ready enough (no doubt) to find fault with my work, and blame me for undertaking what they will be inclined to consider a useful publication, notwithstanding it is intended for the benefit of my countrymen, to do honour to Wales, and to improve and perpetuate the language; and no better method can be devised for preserving it than that of composing and publishing a good, useful, and correct grammar, for thus the Hebrew, the Greek, the Arabic, the Chaldee, etc., were preserved from being corrupted and utterly destroyed. And I may venture to assert (not by way of boasting, but in self-defence), that none of those vain pretenders, who are ashamed of their country, and well may their country be ashamed of them, notwithstanding they may be very ready to find fault with this work, can neither correct the errors, rectify what is wrong, nor supply what may be deficient; neither can they compose or write anything themselves, were they put to the proof, equal to the most deficient or objectionable parts of this publication. And these would-be critics and pretended scholars, and the mere abortions of their native land, may be justly compared to a surly, ill-natured cur, who will neither gnaw the bone himself, nor suffer any other dog to have it. But I would advise these people, and others of a similar disposition, not

to trouble their heads about this book, but, in God's name, let it alone, and take no more notice of it, and say no more about it, than if it had never been written, nor the work undertaken, for the benefit of such captious individuals, but for the use of those good and learned and great men, who are well skilled in their native language, and may be disposed from time to time to correct in a kind and friendly manner those mistakes which they may be able to discover in it. And may they so polish and improve our old venerable language, that it may by their patronage, exertions, and endeavours be brought again to its pristine glory, celebrity, elegance, and expressiveness. This was my sole object and intention, my beloved countrymen, in undertaking this tedious and difficult work, and not from any pride or vanity, or any high opinion of my own abilities, nor with any view of profit, applause and renown; and, be it known to you, that I have been for many years patiently waiting and expecting to see whether some other person, better qualified and more capable than myself, would undertake such an useful and necessary work; such an undertaking, or to do such an act of kindness for his countrymen, and perceiving at the same time that our language, on that account, was likely to be neglected, or perish for want of proper cultivation and attention, and that its enemies, in all probability, would soon have an opportunity of triumphing at its fall, I was at last in a manner compelled to do what I could for my nation and country, in order to draw the attention of the learned to the many beauties of our old mother-tongue; and the many curious remains still concealed in numerous Welsh MSS. now fast hastening to decay in the chests and libraries of those who do not seem disposed to publish, or to permit others to peruse and examine them. Such were my views in performing what little I had done; and, as it is very difficult, and almost impossible, to bring a work of this kind to a state of perfection the first time it has been attempted, so I hope my countrymen will excuse the deficiencies and imperfections they may discover in it, and take the will for the deed; and I trust that, in time, some other person, better qualified, may finish what I have begun, and may supply what may be

found deficient, and correct and amend whatever may be found wrong in this publication: for it is a well-known maxim that no work, and no art or science, can be brought at once to a state of perfection; and when it is considered what difficulties and disadvantages I had to contend with in composing one of the first Welsh grammars, the reader must not be surpris'd if he should discover many imperfections in it; and it is impossible not to remark that great blame is attached to the Welsh bards, and other persons well skilled in the Welsh language, for having so long neglected it, and suffered it to decay, and to fall into disuse, and thus almost to die a natural death; for these are the persons to whom we naturally look for its cultivation and improvement: and I cannot help observing that many of these gentlemen, who had valuable books and MSS. in their possession, were anxious on every opportunity of displaying their superior knowledge, and took particular care to conceal the source from whence they derived their information; and thus from a selfish disposition, and over-tenaciousness of these valuable treasures, many excellent books and MSS. were destroyed, having fallen, after the deaths of their possessors, into the hands of those who did not understand them, and, consequently, knew not the value of them.

One of the warmest tributes to the work is given by James Howell in one of his letters. Speaking of the Welsh or Cambrian tongue, he adds: "Of which language there is as exact and methodical a Grammar, with as regular precepts, rules, and institutions, both for prose and verse, compiled by Doctor J. David Rice, as I have read in any language whatsoever."*

As one of the earliest works on Grammar, next to Edeyrn Davod Aur, 1270,† and William Salesbury's old British Grammar, 1567, this of our author has great claims upon the attention of the Philologist, and a labour of love awaits the Cymmrodorion Society in rescuing it from as certain an oblivion as once threatened a work of lesser interest—the *Athrawiaeth Gristionogol*.

* *Fam. Letters*, ed. 1705.

† This has been reprinted by the Welsh MSS. Society.

Wm. Middleton, poet and grammarian, elder brother to the well-known Sir Hugh, was not only a practical seaman, but also a literary man of high attainments. He published *Barddoniaeth, the Art of Welsh Poetry*, 4to, 1593, the first part only published; and also wrote an elegant version of the Psalms in the higher kind of Welsh metres. This was published in the next century, 1603, 4to, edited by T. Salesbury, and later by the Rev. W. Davies, 1827. He was the author of several poems in MS., and added an appendix to J. D. Rhys' Grammar, under the bardic name of Gwilym.

Gruffydd Nannau, 1520 to 1560; Owain ab Davydd, 1540 to 1570; Owain ab Gwilym, Sir, 1530 to 1560; and Owain ab Ieuan, 1570 to 1600, figured as poets, and left a few fragmentary compositions. In the middle of the century appeared upon the scene one of the most remarkable of the many eminent men of Wales in the person of Richard Davies, D.D. He held various important livings under Edward VI.; but when Queen Mary came into power he had to fly to Genoa. There he not only mastered the French language, but obtained a cure. At Mary's death he was restored, and, with other preferments, he was made Bishop of St. Asaph, 1560, and translated to St. David's, 1561. He was one of the most eminent scholars of his time, and materially aided in supplying the Scriptures to his native country.

He was assisted by Salesbury in translating the New Testament into Welsh, and also in publishing the Liturgy. He and Salesbury were getting forward, also, with the Old Testament, when a difference arose about a word, and the Cambrian spirit being excited neither would give way.

Lewis Daron, Twm Tegid, 1580; Ieuan Gruffydd, Ievan Gwynionydd, Ievan Gyvanedd, Ievan Ilar, Ievan Llavar, and Rhys Gwynionydd, left on record the fact of their being poets, but we have no illustrations of their capacity. Ieuan Tew Ieuanc, an eminent poet of Kidwelly, 1590, left a few MS. compositions, but we have only names and dates of Ieuan Veudwy and Ievan Vychan, 1570.

Sir Ivan o Garno, divine and poet, 1580, left some MSS., as also did Gruffydd Cyvriog. D. Jones, Vicar of Llanvair, figured as a poet, and a considerable collector of MSS. A translation by him of one of the alleged poems of Taliesin is given in Jones' *Bardic Museum*, published 1795, by Williams, Lond.; but most of his collection was left in MS.

We have only names and dates of Guttyn ab Ivan; Harri ab Rhys (who left a few MSS.); Guttyn Cethin, Harri Ddu, poet and divine;* Guttyn Cyriog; Guttyn Morganwg (one of the same name figured in the preceding century), and Gwilym Gwyn.

Richard Gwent, D.C.L., is highly extolled for his virtues and learning, by Leland (Wood's *Ath. Oxon*), and of Robert Gwinn, a secular priest, the same authority testifies to his having written several works, chiefly religious, in Welsh. He also translated the well-known *Parson's Resolution* into Welsh, *vide* Llyfrydd. Another notable Roman Catholic also was John Gwynneth, author of a *Declaration of a State Law*, 4to, one, in addition, on the Sacrament and others. Wood's *Ath. Oxon*.

The Itinerary of Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, through Wales, by Giraldus de Barri, forms part of the literature of the twelfth century, but we may be expected to refer slightly to it in this section, as it was in 1585 that it first saw the light, and then in a small unpretending volume, having been printed by one Edmund Bollifant, in London. A very different work to the ornate achievement of Camden in his folio of 1602, *Anglica, Hibernica, Normanica, Cambrica*, published at Frankfort; or Warton's edition of *De Illandabilibus Walliæ*, published in his *Anglia Sacra*, or the best of all, that of Sir Richard Hoare's, 1806.

In the literature of the twelfth century, Giraldus takes a more conspicuous place than has been assigned to him, no one treating of that period having given any but a cursory notice. Doubtless this will be corrected by a future essayist on the literature of the

* A name familiar to every lover of our Cymric melodies. *Vide Cynmrodor*, vol. i., part ii.

Fifteenth Century, the edition of Hoare's being a compound of Giraldus, Leland, and himself. Giraldus, in his unadorned simplicity, is very notable. We have quaint description, marvellous legends, and devotional comments blended; but more interesting than all, and fairly acceptable, are the social pictures of his times. This must be taken as parenthetical, as Giraldus properly is not in our "gallery."

John Jones, of Llanvyrnach, was a learned Benedictine monk of the century, and a friend of Archbishop Laud. His only published works are two Latin treatises on Divinity, one a concordance, the other "Showing the harmony and consistency of Scripture," Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* He was a laborious worker, and, like many of his contemporaries, toiled incessantly without seeing the fruits of his labour. His ablest work, an exposition of the Bible, in six volumes, was left in MS.

Henry Salesbury, one of the eminent members of a gifted family whose names are inseparably associated with Welsh literature, was of marked versatile ability. He was an able physician, and skilled in antiquities. In 1593 he published a Welsh Grammar, and also composed, but never published, a Welsh and Latin Dictionary. But it is William Salesbury who takes higher ground by his memorable translations. The first work published by Salesbury is a species of almanack, 4to, Lond., 1546. This is the first book ever printed in the Welsh language. He was prominently before the world for half a century, as his last work, an *Exemplar of Rhetoric*, was not issued until 1595, and then edited by Perry.

Wood, *Ath. Oxon.*, quotes his works as follows:—

"A Dictionary in *English* and *Welsh*, much necessary to all such Welshmen as will speedily learn the English tongue."

"A little treatise of the English pronounciation of the letters. From this Dictionary and treatise," adds Wood, "Dr. John Davies obtained many materials when he was making his *Dictionarium Britannico-Latinum*."

A plain and familiar introduction, teaching how to pronounce

the letters in the *British* tongue, now commonly called Welsh, Lond., 1567.

(*Exemplifier of Eloquence*. This is cited by Llyfryddiaeth as one of his works, but not named by Wood.)

Battery of the Popes Bottereux, commonly called "The High Altar," 1550.

In addition to these Salesbury is noteworthy as a translator of the New Testament,* and issued also a copy of the laws of Hywel Dda. This oversight of Wood is pointed out in an able article on William Salesbury and his dictionary by the late Rev. R. Jones, of Rotherhithe, a scholar, unhappily not spared to complete the important productions he had either begun or sketched out. Goronwy Owen is complete, but we still await the completion of Iolo Goch, and other national legacies of the great dead.

We have referred to the old bards as having given, incidentally, interesting insight to the manners and customs of the past. Salesbury's Dictionary is not less valuable, as pointed out by Mr. Jones, in yielding matter of importance apart from the mere technical knowledge conveyed. "Salesbury's work," remarks our authority, "is valuable in giving words, English and Welsh, in their primitive form. In so doing he enables us to detect their true etymology." "Beside" does not give the clear indication of its meaning which byside does, nor is "because" as self interpreting as "bycause." "How clear again," he adds, "the signification of 'royalme' as compared with realm, 'onely' with only, etc."

Swrddwal, in his Oxford poem, gives excellent "study" for the student of English in his day, and with this and Salesbury's work there is little difficulty in recalling to our ears the English of Henry VIII., now retained in part by the English of Pembroke-shire. Mr. Jones, who is reviewing Gwallter Mechain, quotes an illustration which strikes us as just, though differing from the derivation of Johnson, Webster, and others. This is "Good-

* He appears to have published a translation in 1550. This is entitled "Epistles and Gospels for the whole year," 4to. His Testament is dated 1567, printed by H. Toy, at the sign of the Helmet, London.

bye," which these authorities state means a good going, or a good passage. Salesbury tells us that the parting salutation, "God be with you," was in his time clipped into "God biwio," and the transition of this into "Good-bye" in the course of time is a natural one.

Similar and as interesting clippings will occur to our philological readers amongst that scarcely tilled mine of early English, the English of Gower and Pembrokeshire. Take for example Blady (broad *a*), an expression in common use, as adding emphasis to a remark, such as "Yes; bladdy." This, we submit, is a corruption of "By our lady," and thus a relic of Roman Catholic days, possibly, too, it is the origin of the senseless expletive of the navvy.*

The English portion of our author's dictionary has met with well-merited praise from authorities such as Ellis (*Early English Pronunciation*), and the Welsh portion, as well, from Gwallter Mechain, D. Silvan Evans, and the Rev. Robert Jones.

His great lingual powers—he was fully conversant with ten languages—made him an expert in the affinity and etymology of words, and a flood of light has been thrown by him, assisting materially the labour of later and more advanced explorers. Salesbury gives the original and unpolished forms, and some acute scholars have been led by the negative evidence of an absence of interpretation to infer that of their true etymology he was unacquainted. This is not so certain.

We take another of Mr. Jones's illustrations: "Diddyfnu," means to wean, and how few know the components. But in the form given by Salesbury it is self-interpreting, di-ddafn-y is seen at once to be to deny a drop, or to deprive of a drop. So again with "athrylith," which Richards gives as intuition, or genius. Salesbury writes it athrawlythyr, "the lesson of the master."

Salesbury's Dictionary, another important achievement of the Cymmrodorion Society, is now a treasured part of many a library,

* By *r' lady* will occur to Shakspearian readers. Falstaff and others use it. *Tempo* Henry IV.

but his Testament is one of the scarce relics that few possess. In his dictionary we have the poet and scholar full of quaintness and humour—note his reference to Wynwyn (onion), “the herb women put to their eyes when their husbands die;” but his Testament, relieved from old world orthography, and improved by Bishop Morgan, presents him before us as a man capable of appreciating to the full the life of the Great Exemplar, and of rendering the sublime and immortal utterances in a manner appreciable to the humblest intellect.

Gwallter Mechain quotes the following as illustrative of the great beauty of Salesbury's rendering :—

A ei ddillad oedd mor gannaid ar goleuni
 Nicha wybren olau yn eu gwascodi,
 Yn addurnaw monwent i y cyflawnion,
 Gan ddamunaw gwawrio o'r dydd
 Y mae ein gobaith yn ffyrf am danoch,
 Llydany eu cadwadogion a wnant.”

Gwaith y Parch. W. Davies, A.C.

This important undertaking was, with little exception, done by himself alone, Bishop Morgan aiding in the Epistles that follow those to the Thessalonians, Salesbury doing the Second Epistle to Timothy and the Epistle to Philemon, and Thos. Huet the Book of Revelations. Dr. Davies prefixed to it an address to the Welsh, in which he condemns the moral condition of the people. Of his *Rhetoric* we can give no finer estimate than that awarded by Mr. Jones—“An excellent treatise, and for the times in which it was written might well be characterised by a loftier epithet.”* It was, as we have stated, edited after his death by Perry, and republished in the *Greal* in 1807.

We have given the place of honour to Salesbury in translating the Testament, and, as yet, only incidentally referred to Bishop Morgan, his coadjutor. W. Morgan, D.D., who was Bishop of Llandaff in 1595, was the translator of the entire Bible into

* *Vide Cymmrodor*, vol. i., part ii., to which, for its just critical spirit and quotations we admit considerable indebtedness, and now tender in respect and memory of an old friend,

Welsh, the memorable black letter folio of 1588, in which Morgan had the aid of Gabriel Goodman and others.

The first translation of the English Bible, known as the Bishop's Bible, took place in 1568, and from that time until the Welsh edition was also translated from the original, the zeal of the Church in getting translations of the Testament, the Prayer Book, and notable sermons, calculated to strengthen religious convictions, was shown in a marked manner, and though editions were scant and the mass found their way into the hands of clergymen, the laity in some degree were impressed, and the field still more prepared for the evangelising efforts of the next century.

Gabriel Goodman, whom we have noticed slightly, was one of these workers. He was a native of Denbighshire, and during the whole of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or nearly so, was Dean of Westminster. The First Epistle to the Corinthians in the English Bible was his work, in addition to rendering good service to Bishop Morgan in his Welsh translation. *Vide Fuller's Worthies*.*

We must note also J. Williams, D.D., who flourished about the same time. He was the author of *De Christi Instit.*, 4to, 1597, and published Roger Bacon's work, *De Retardandis Senectutis accidentibus sensibus confirmandis*, 8vo, London, 1590.

Another theological author who figured at the close of the century was Lewis Thomas, B.A. He published a lecture on certain portions of Scripture, and Seven Sermons, together with several short treatises.

Meredith Hanmer, vicar of Islington from 1583 to 1590, was a notable contributor to ecclesiastical literature, as well as occupying a high position as an antiquary. Few men held higher repute also in civil and ecclesiastical history. This his works prove. He published, 1576, several tracts against the Jesuits, also the *Ancient Ecclesiastical Histories of the first hundred years after Christ*, originally written by Eusebius Socrates and Evagrius, folio, reprinted in 1585, to which was added a chronography. The fifth edition of this appeared in 1660. In addition, he translated

* Goodman also materially assisted Camden in his *Britannia*.

the *Lives of the Prophets and Apostles* by Dorotheus, Bishop of Tyre; the *Ephermus of the Saints of Ireland*, and the *Chronicle of Ireland*, in two parts (the third part was not published until 1633, Dublin folio). One of his last works was a sermon on the Baptism of a Turk, preached in the Collegiate Church of St. Katherine, 1586, folio.*

Sion Tudur figured also as a translator of some of the Psalms into Welsh, but it is as a poet of satiric and humoristic propensities that he is better known. (Several of his poems appear in the *Greul*).

An instance of these characteristics of his is given in *Camb.-Briton* i., p. 271, where four englynion of his appear. The object of them is to ridicule a miserly gentleman who had built a stately mansion with nine chimneys, and one only that was used. This is the burden; and derisively he is told to set straw ablaze and have smoke for once:—

Di bleser yw dy halasau —corniawg
Carnedd fo dy furiau;
Ai un tan coeg heuan cau
Sy am naw o sinneiau.

Cyrm hirion gwynion di gynnes gegin,
Cyrm gwagedd a rhodres;
Cyrm bost heb rost, ac heb wres;
Carwn dori cyrm diwres.

Ffei o gyrm cedyrn cauadwaith—heb ros
Ac heb wres na'i obaith;
Ffagla wellt-was ffugiawl waith
Gnâf gwan a gwna fwg unwaith.

Gwnaeth grin was Blas a bulu—in edryon
Ai wydraw oi ddeutu
Ni rydd geiniog darwg du
A gwenwyn gauddo ganu.

Tudur was domestic bard to the Conway family and a skilful herald, but it was in satirising the vices of the age that he chiefly distinguished himself. See *History Gwydir Family*, p. 32.

* Fuller's *Worthies*.

A contemporary of Sion was Thos. Prys, of Plas Iolyn, who was famed for his skill in laconic alternation, such as is in the "Cywydd i oganu eiddig." Though a satirist and humorist, he, like Sion Tudur, could, however, express the feelings of regret in sympathetic manner, as shown in his elegy to Richard Middleton. The original appears in *Camb.-Briton* i., p. 271, but as the construction is a singular one, very happily carried out, we give a translation:—

Long shall I dispense my lamentations.

He was a man,	She was gentle,
He was a hero,	She was merry,
He was brave,	She was fair.

Marvellous has been this union.

He was wise,	She was good,
He was generous,	She was abundant,
Him to Heaven,	She went there!

=

"Hwn i nef hon yno aeth!"

We note at this time a feeling antagonistic to the Jesuits growing up in Wales, and finding expression in that sarcastic and censorious style which the writers of the age and succeeding knew so well how to administer. We have noticed Hanmer as one of these anti-Jesuits; another, and a person of note, was Thomas Morgan, receiver of Revenues in France for Mary Queen of Scots. He was author of a work, *Castigating the Jesuits*.

Siankin ab Ivan, poet, left no MS. remains, but a few are preserved of Morgan Elvael, Morgan ab Huw Lewis, Morgan ap Hywel ab Tudyr, and Morgan ap Rhys, 1580.

Sion Clywedog and Watkin Clywedog left some few MS. poems, and we have a record of a few by Owain ab Llewelyn, 1570. *Eminent Welshmen*. Only names and dates remain of Tudor ap Cynverth, Huw Tregarn, Hywel Gethin, Iancyn ab Eineon; Iancyn was also known as Iancyn Vynglwyd; Ievan ab Llewelyn, Ievan ab Madog, Ievan ap Rhys Morus, Siancyn Hywel, Siancyn Morgan, Sion ab Hugh Conway, Sion ab Hywel, Sion ab Hywel Gwyn, Sion ab Meredydd, Sion ab Rhobert, Sion ap Rhys, and Sion

Caerau Hen were of the lesser order of poets at this time, and only in a few cases are there any relics. Bedo Havesp left a few fragmentary poems about 1590. *Vide* Jones's *Welsh Bards*. Cadwalader Cesail left several, forming part of the old Welsh Sunday School Collection in London, now in the British Museum. Their character will be gleaned from the following description extracted from *Camb. Reg.*, vol. 1, 10 Englynion.

1 to Cwrw; 2, dwyvawl; 3, same title; 4, gonachwyr; 5, i Verch; 6, cua post cua coeg vost; 7, i Helwyr; 8, i Bibyddin; 9, i Gi Ievan Tew; 10, i Ievan Tew.

In addition to these there are:—

Marwnad (Elegy) to Eliz. Buckley.

Marwnad (Elegy) to Syr Sion Wynne.

And a Duchan (Ode) to Grythor.

Guttyn Cethin, second of the name, 1580, and Ellis Cynwrig, same date, left no remains. Wm. Cynwal was of considerable repute. It was he who was stated to have fallen a victim to the virulence of Archdeacon Prys's controversial powers.

Sir Edward Carne, of the *Glamorgan Normans*, was himself strongly imbued with Welsh sympathies, and a literary worker of no secondary character. He wrote several letters relative to the divorce of Anna Bullen, by Henry VIII., which are in *Burnet's Records*, vol. 1, and several letters of State to Queen Mary, now in *Burnet's History of the Reformation*.* He flourished in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth.

Hugh Conwy and Lewis Conwy figured as poets in the century, and both left a few MS. poems.

Leonard Cox figured as one of the learned writers of his age. He published commentaries on Lilly's *Constructions of the Eight Parts of Speech*, and also translated from Greek into Latin, *Marcus Eremita de lege et Spiritu*; and from Latin into English, Erasmus's Paraphrase of St. Paul's Epistle to Titus, and of Miscellaneous Latin Poems.

* Fuller's *Worthies*.

To John Wynne we owe the *History of the Gwydir Family*, the only work we have which gives any account of the state of society in North Wales in the fifteenth and sixteenth century. This has been ably edited in recent times by Askew Roberts. Sir John begins his history with the pedigree from Gruffyth Conan, Prince of Wales, who died 1137, and as he traces out the descent, member after member of the house of Gwydir is brought forward into notice, without any dramatic skill, but with incidental references to exploit or disaster which are of interest as throwing light upon the usages of the time. The period under notice is the fifteenth and earlier part of the sixteenth centuries, and this work of Sir John—of whom tradition said that he was the discloser of the Guy Faux plot—collated with the *Brogyntyn, Wynnstay and Peniarth MSS.*, by a descendant, the late W. E. Wynne, is the result.

The part taken by North Walian gentry in the York and Lancastrian feuds is forcibly shown, and very graphic the detail of strife, personal and family, given when the armies were disbanded. Sir John, p. 51, says:—

“Soe bloody and irefull were quarels in those dayes, and the revenge of the sword at such libertie, as almost nothing was punished by law whatsoever happened.”

Then we hear of one “Griffith ap John Gronow, who had been captain of lamisiers, shot with an arrow,” and Howell, the slayer, “faigne to leave the country to avoyd the furie of the revengment of blood,” p. 50.

And again, after describing the murder of a parson and the flight of his murderers, the writer quaintly adds: “It was the manner in those dayes that the murtherer onely, and he who gave the death wound, should flye, which was called in Welsh a Llaw-rudd, which is a red hand, because he had blouded his hand; the accessories and abettors to the murtherers were never hearkened after,” p. 61.

Wynne relates an instance where a wife defended the house by

throwing hot metheglin upon the raiders, p. 65. But we turn from these annals to more peaceful labours.

Lewis Long, otherwise Lewis Gig Eidion, a humorous poet, flourished about 1580, and several MS. compositions are left. Thos. Lewis, 1590, left a few MSS., one an elegy on Sion Gruffydd, printed in the *Greal*, p. 400.

Llew Morus Hugh Lleyrn, which appears to have been the primitive form of Owen, and Robert Lleyrn, left some MS. poetry. Thos. Leyshon,—one of the kindred probably of Ivor Bach of Glamorgan, from Eineon,—physician as well as poet, was famed in Oxford for his Latinity, and in Bath for his medical skill. One of his chief literary productions was a poem describing the site and beauty of St. Donat's Castle, in Glamorgan. This was translated by Dr. Rhys into Welsh, and is styled by him *Venustum poema*. He further states of the author: *vir cum rei medicæ tum poetices meritissimus*. Wood, *Ath. Ox.*, says that he was the author of many fragmentary poems which were never collected.

The latter part of the century brings under our notice one of those patient workers to whom we owe our notable manuscript collections, such as the *Hengwrt*.^{*} He began his labour in 1590, and for forty years transcribed manuscripts, all of which are in the *Hengwrt*, in fifty large volumes. He does not appear to have possessed the ability for writing himself; but was simply the weaver using the web of others and fashioning it into pleasing and enduring form. This was John Jones, of Gelly Lyvdy; see the end of *Hengwrt* list.

A noticeable man of the eccentric school was Thomas Jones, the hero of *Twm Shon Catti*. His bardic name was Tomas Sion Catti, or Kati. His Marwnad to Llewelyn Du indicates classical knowledge of more than ordinary character. Of the fervency of his love couplets the following, from an old MS., will suffice:—

'Tis difficult for me to know this day—difficult how to live.

Nid hawdd im wybod heddyw—yn anodd ba fodd i fyw.

^{*} Now at Llwydiarth.

He was well versed in genealogies and heraldry,* but these acquirements are secondary to those vagaries which Llewelyn Prichard in our own day made so memorable. Lewis ab Ednyfed and Lewis ab Hywel left a few MS. remains, and we must note a contemporary, Lewis ab Ivan, divine and poet, who attained some degree of eminence.

Morus Kyffin, one of the most eminent members of the Kyffin family, or Cyffin, as he is called by some authorities, was one of the ablest writers of the century, but it is as an elegant translator he is better known. His first work, in 1587, was *Dadseiniad Meibion y Daran*. In 1584 he published his translation of Bishop Jewell's *Apologia Ecclesiae Anglicanae*, and as late as 1819 this retained the high estimate awarded it by O. W. Pughe in the *Cambrian Biography*. In that year, at the Carmarthen Eisteddfod, Iolo Morganwg was asked what Welsh publication he considered as the standard of the language, and answered without hesitation, "Morus Kyffin's translation of Bishop Jewell's *Apology*."† Kyffin was distinguished from his youth as a linguist, and translated Terence's *Andria* into English when very young. He began, but never completed, a translation of the Psalms into Welsh verse for the use of churches. As a versifier and epigrammatist he was notable, and the following englyn, welcoming the cuckoo in spring, may give a fair idea of this ability:—

Croesaw Gôg odidog dy adail—coed,
Croesaw ceidwad glasddail,
Croesaw pencerdd bron werdd-ddail,
Croesaw Duw—cares y dail.

Here the transition is well shown—from Nature to the Deity. He begins by welcoming the cuckoo; the leafage, and the bright tinted wood before you; he concludes by welcoming God, kinsman, or linked to all.

Charles Edwards, author of *Hanes y Ffydd* (History of Christianity), published 1676, brought out a new edition of Kyffin's *Apology* at Oxford in 1671.

* There are Cywyddau in MSS. in N. Dyfed's possession. † *Cam. Brit.*, p. 385.

While the poetic, religious, and scientific literature of Wales was thus abundantly represented during this century, we must not overlook a marked departure of the historian from the channel hitherto pursued. The historian had been content with reproductions of the histories of the three Principalities of Wales, all more or less transcripts, repeating much of the quaint legendary lore which Geoffrey of Monmouth has made familiar; but in George Owen we had one who confined his narration to Pembrokeshire, and faithfully discoursed of its history, its castles, its natural riches, and its great men. Camden was much indebted to him, and Fenton still more so. In fact he laid down that pattern for county historians to follow which more or less guided Theophilus Jones for Breconshire, Meyrick for Cardiganshire, and Coke and Williams for Monmouthshire, at a later day. Owen's characteristic was primitive versatility. He gossips of fish and animals, of fairs and markets, of legend and history. Pliny evidently had been well studied by him, and, with a marked leaning to pursuits which would have won him the regard of Walton, and of Gilbert White of Selborne, he yet soared above disquisition of familiar objects of woods and streams to the men of note whom Pembrokeshire has given to the world, and to the laws by which the country has been governed. The work is an excellent field for the antiquary, and will be found fairly reproduced in the second volume of the *Cambrian Register*.

Davydd Llynvi, poet, 1600; Llewellyn ab Gruffydd, 1550; Llewelyn Sion o Langewydd, 1600, left MS. remains. The last was distinguished by having been selected to collect the system of Bardism as given in Gorsedd Morganwg, where he presided in 1580.

Thos. Llewelyn, of Rhegoes, figured as a poet up to 1580, and left a few poems. In Hugh Machno we have another of Archdeacon Prys's poetic controversialists. He has left a few MSS.

Sion Mawddwy, 1560 to 1590, poet, was present at the Glamorgan Gorsedd, 1580. An interesting letter of his appears in *Greal*, p. 207.

The following from Nathan Dyved's MSS. will convey an idea of Sion's style. Llyn. Sion is twitted on having acted as crier:—

I ddannod i Lewelyn Sion iddo fod yn Griwr,
Y Gwr oedd barch i'r Gerdd bêr
Ag i'r awen yn Grier.

Thus Englished by Nathan:—

The man who respected refined genius
Has been to the muse a crier.

To which Llyn. Sion rejoined:—

Dyn wyf yn gweled y nod
Da difeth wedi dyfod.

I am a man that sees the mark
That has appeared without fail, etc.



David Meirig, President of the same Gorsedd, 1560, has also a letter in the *Greal*, p. 208. Lewis Menai, 1550 to 1580, and Meredydd ab Davydd Vychan, 1550, left poetic remains. Dr. John Meryc, in this century, a learned prelate: Wood, *Ath. Ac.*, states that he left behind certain letters, but only one is known, and this is written to Camden on the antiquities of the Isle of Man.

Baker, 1575, wrote numerous works on divinity, nine large folio volumes in the Convent of Cambray. He was well skilled in British antiquities, and wrote six volumes MS. history, now lost. Hugh Bangor, poet, 1560 to 1600; no remains.

Barlowe, Pembrokeshire, was (according to *Camb. Biog.*) the first who wrote on the nature and the properties of the loadstone. His work was called the *Magnetical Advertisement*, and drew forth strictures from Dr. Ridley, but these were again answered by Barlowe.

In Richard Parry, Bishop of St. Asaph, we have an author of a revised translation of the Bible not published until 1620, folio.

Gruffydd Peilyn, 1570 to 1600, and Hugh Pevoc, 1550 to 1580, left a few MS. remains. William Penllyn, 1550 to 1590, left a collection of Welsh music, some, states Burnley, as old as 1100. David Pennant, poet, in this century, is only recorded by name. So also Sir Aw. Pennant, 1580.

Gruffydd Powell, Principal of Jesus College, 1594, published an analysis of the work of Aristotle, 8vo, Oxon. Another of his publications, 1664, was called *Analysis Libri Arist. de Sophisticis Elenchis*. Lewis Evans, 1550, an early Vicar of Bray, translated in Antwerp, from Latin into English, *Certain Tables set forth by Will., Bp. of Rurimund in Gelderland*, "wherein is detected and made manifest the doting, dangerous doctrine and heinous heresies of the rash rabblement of the Heretics," 1565. When reconciled to the Church of England he published *The Castle of Christianity detecting the long erring Estate, as well of the Roman Church as of the Bishop of Rome*, 8vo, Lond., 1568.

This was quite as strong in favour of Protestantism as the other had been against. He afterwards published *Hateful Hypocrisies and Rebellion of Romish Prelates*, Lond., 12mo, and made considerable addition to a new edition of Withal's *Short Dictionary for Young Beginners*.*

Edward ab Rhalf, 1594; Elis ab Ioan, 1600; of these only the names are given. Elis ab Elis, 1580, has one Cywydd in *Gwladgarwr* iv., 18. This is also called "Cywydd i'r Arian." He also left many MS. poems.

Contributions to war literature occasionally made their appearance as a variation from attacks on heretics and bitter theological strife. Sir Roger Williams figured conspicuously in this line. He was the author of two military works of some note: *Actions in the Low Countries*, printed in London, first in the time of Queen Elizabeth; also in 1595, a *Brief Discourse of War*.†

Davydd Llwyd o Hendblas figured as poet; so too, also, the following, but of their compositions we have no remains, or but a few in manuscript: Dinga Moel ab Llewelyn Chwith; Gruffydd Henry; Huw Dwn; and Gruffydd Havren.

In the poetic world also flourished, and more prominently,

* *Eminent Welshmen*. Wood's *Ath. Oc.*

† His high reputation is evidenced by the fact that he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Simwnt Vychan. He was one of the four chief bards, and took a leading part in 1568 at the great Eisteddfod of Caerwys. He was reputed author of a grammar, still in MS., and several poems, in addition, of his have not seen the light.

We have referred to several of the Dwns who figured as poets, but more notable than these was Lewis, who had the distinction of being a herald as well as a poet. His *Heraldic Visitation of Wales*, extending from 1580 to 1614, remained in MS. until 1846, when it was published in two 4to volumes, by the Welsh MS. Society, under the superintendence of Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, and issued from the Llandovery press.

Dwn did for Wales, in fuller detail, and with greater antiquarian spirit, what Burke, Debrett, and others have done for the kingdom generally. His aim was to give the descent, genealogically, of the chief families of Wales, and this he has achieved, exhibiting true heraldic, and national sympathies.

Though unpublished in his day, it is most probable that those who followed later in the same track profited by his labours; Enderbie, for instance, in his *Cambria Triumphans*, written in the second half of the next century. An interesting feature of the waning century was the literary achievements of the L'Esterlings, or Stradlings. From the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, who was Norman on his father's side, until the period at which we have arrived, instances had not been rare of men of mark coming to the front, in mental and national effort, who derived from the maternal side all the native sympathies, and from the Norman sire the bent, as it may have been, of priestly rule or territorial dominion. We may instance Stradling, Mansel, Rumsey, Bradford, and many others who figured in this and the succeeding century, and who materially enriched the literature of Wales. L'Esterling, who came to Glamorgan with Fitzhamon, obtained as his share Llanwerydd (St. Donat's). The seventh in descent married Gwenllian, daughter of Berkrolles, of St. Tathan's (St. Athan now called), and Sir Harry, a descendant, married a daughter of Sir Wm. ap Thomas Herbert, who made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and was a man of culture and piety. *Vide Arch.*

Cambrensis. Sir Harry left a son named Thomas, who married Janet, daughter of Matthew of Radyr. She, surviving, married the famous Sir Rhys ap Thomas of Dinevawr, and the issue thenceforth become closely identified with Wales.*

Sir Edward Stradling was a man of literary taste, a patron of Welsh literature, and an author. Anthony A. Wood (*Athenæ. Oc.*) cites his great learning, his singular knowledge in the British language, and antiquities, and his industry in collecting several MSS. of great antiquity and learning. He was the author of a Welsh Grammar, chiefly in Latin, and wrote an elaborate work on the "Conquest of Glamorgan," which was published in Dr. Powel's *History of Wales*, 1584.

But of greater service than his Grammar, or the "Winning of Glamorgan," was his princely aid to Dr. Rhys in bringing out his great work (dedicated to Sir Edward), *Cambro. Bryt. Cym. Ling. Inst. et Rudimenta*.

In the *Stradling Correspondence*, by Traherne, a kinsman of Sir Edward, we have an interesting relic, the memorandum respecting the aid and the method adopted for the diffusion of knowledge at that time:—

"Item, whereas there were printed at my expense, 1250 British Grammars. I do give 50 of them to my friend Dr. Davys (Rhys), the author of them the rest to such gentlemen as he (Sir John Stradling) shall think fit for the advancement of the British tongue."

"Rys Mireke" flourished at the close of the century as an important contributor to antiquarian literature. He published a book of Glamorganshire antiquities. The original Meyric's *Morgannæ Archaiog.* is in MS. in Queen's College, Oxford.

In the British Museum we must also note MSS. of this period, *Hart. Coll.*, Nos. 368 and 6,103, both relative to Glamorgan,

* The Dynevor MSS. collection was divided on the death of the late lord into two divisions, and one of these has been sent into Ireland.

tempo Elizabeth, a period of interest, as it was the advent of Sussex adventurers into Glamorgan and the starting of iron works.

The last we note, and that in connection with a distinctive literature that had no poetic, antiquarian, scientific, or historic leaning, but one essentially its own, is John Penry. Viewed from a literary standpoint he was an able pamphleteer and an enthusiast; from the Church view, a heretic, but from the Dissenting point the martyred pioneer of Nonconformity.

The Church party regarded him with great disfavour as the supposed author of the famous Marprelate tracts; but it is now demonstrated clearly that he was not, and, indeed, that he was opposed to their spirit, *vide* Waddington's *Life of Penry*; Rees's *Nonconformity in Wales*; *Llyfryddiaeth y Cymry*, p. 52.

Wood, *Ath. Oc.*, under "Penry," refers to a few of these tracts, and the equally severe retorts they called forth—Martin, severe on "proud priest, antichristian pope, tyrannous prelate, or Godless catercaps," and the other side administering a "Sound Box on the ear for the idiot Martin," and the like, all totally distinct from the Christian tone which pervaded Penry's writings. His letter to Lord Burleigh, written seven days before his execution, is a good example of his unadorned literary style:—

"I am a poor young man, born and bred in the mountains of Wales. I am the first since the last springing up of the Gospel in this latter age that laboured to have the blessed seed thereof sown in these barren mountains. I have often rejoiced before my God, as He knoweth, that I had the favour to be born and to live under her Majesty for the promoting of this work. In the earnest desire I had to see the Gospel in my native country, and the contrary corruptions removed, I might well, as I confess in my public writings, with Hegetorides the Thracian, forget mine own danger; but my loyalty to my Prince did I never forget. And being now to end my days before I am come to the one half of my years in the likely course of nature, I leave the success of my labours unto such of my countrymen as the Lord is to raise after

me for the accomplishing of that work, which in the calling of my country unto the knowledge of Christ's blessed Gospel I began."

The simplicity, not unaccompanied with a certain dignity, and the quiet heroism of this letter must strike all, no matter what their sectarian bias be. Penry to us becomes disentangled from the fret of controversy and war of doctrine, and stands out almost alone an unsophisticated helper in the progress, mental as well as religious, of Wales. Poet, historian, antiquary, divine, no matter what their several idiosyncrasies, they were all fellow-workers to this end.

His publications were *On the Spiritual Destitution of Wales*, 1587; in 1588, another on the same subject, and in the same year a third, entitled *An Exhortation unto the Governors and People of Her Majesty's country of Wales to labour earnestly to have the preaching of the Gospel planted amongst them*.*

About the same time there was published "A Treatise, containing the Equity of an Humble Supplication in the behalf of the country of Wales, that some order may be taken for the preaching of the Gospel, etc." This is ascribed to Penry by *Llyfryddiaeth y Cymry*, p. 41.

Romance literature was faintly represented at the same period by *The Misfortunes of Arthur, Uther Pendragon's Son*, written by Thos. Hughes, and we must not omit an important contribution in *The Worthyness of Wales*, by Thomas Churchyard, 1587. In his title the author adds "Wherein are more than one thousand things rehearsed, set out in prose and verse, and enterlarded with many wonders, etc."

The work is of considerable interest and may be accepted as thoroughly trustworthy. What more complimentary tribute to Wales can we have than in the following:—

They will not strive to royst, and take the way
Of any man that travailles through their lande.
A greater thing of Wales now I will say:

* Rees's *Nonconformity in Wales*.

Ye may come there, beare purse of gold in hand,
 Or mightie bagges of silver stuffed throwe,
 And no man dare touch your treasure now,
 Which shows some grace doth rule, and guyde them there,
 That doth to God and man such conscience beare.

Worthyness of Wales, ed. 1587.

The poet, however, is apt to look at existing conditions through a hue rather roseate, and, perhaps, his picture was a little too favourable. The truer state would be gleaned by subtracting somewhat from the warmth of this, and also from the gloomy statements of the Puritans.*

The Prose Literature of the century, it will be seen, thoroughly justifies the estimate given at our introduction. The century gave us one of the most prominent of our Eisteddfodau; historians came more conspicuously into note; the grave and erudite Powell and Price giving the material that has been utilised and manipulated by every historian since. Next, Wales had the satisfaction of producing a son who was the first to write on the subjects of Arithmetic, of Algebra, and Astronomy; of another early venturer into the paths of natural science by his treatise on the loadstone; another on law, and still another learned and minute in the formation of a Grammar. The Bible, too, now became the nation's legacy; the moral influences were strengthened; the printing press bore fruit—it was no longer the harp and the song of one, and the devout aspiration of the other. The mental capacity of the *literati* was broadened out, and the mists of error and superstition showed signs of lessening; and not this only, the fusion of race we have noted as becoming more perceptible was also represented in our literature, and questions of science, of state, of religion, and of war, as full of interest to the kingdom at large as to the Principality, formed subjects of literary treatment by Welshmen. This special feature, still more conspicuous in the remaining periods of which we treat, may be regarded as the precursor of that co-operation in English journalism which characterised so many literary Welshmen in aftertime, and was vigorously shown in connection with the

* *Vide also Civil Wars in Wales*, vol. i., p. 21.

early periodicals, such as the *Spectator* of Addison, to which John Hughes, author of *The Siege of Damascus*, contributed, and the later one—the *Despatch*, wherein figured Williams, the original “Publicola” of trenchant pen.

LITERARY ANNALS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE have been few periods of greater interest in the History of Welsh Literature than the one now coming under review. The Augustan age of England, memorable for Walter Raleigh, for Spenser and Shakespeare, for Francis Bacon and Hooker, succeeded by Milton and Newton, and a host of lesser, but distinguished men, was in the Principality made famous by the advent of the immortal Vicar of Llandoverly, by George Herbert, the poet, and Lord Herbert, the philosopher, by Hen Safin, most acute of moralists, and by the memorable author of *Familiar Letters*, and *Dodona's Grove*. It was a period to us of marked literary activity, but one also in which the student of human nature and of progress saw blended all the old characteristics of the people. The bard who had sung and fought, sang and fought no more; lordly aggression was at an end, and the doom of the Castles on the Marches sealed. Vaster fields of contest than the valleys of old were now presented. The world was the arena, the struggle between Good and Evil the battle, and in rapt contemplation the poet composed his divine hymns, his sacred poems. Then again the restless mind which had not been weaned into routine and profession revelled in the unrest of controversial faction. Fierce the assault of some, dogged the resistance, and then as acrimonious the rejoinder of others. Still other factions, as the years rolled on. For a time the land had rest, as in the old Israelitish days; but with England's troubles busy actors came again into the Welsh valleys, and snatches of songs in praise of the Stuart were heard in the pauses of labour. Soon trooper and cavalier carved fresh

history with sword and pike, and in the civil wars the manhood of Wales fought almost as arduously as in Norman times. The remembrance of old renown, of lost liberty, seemed to awaken again, and those who shrank from the battle-field fought as sturdily with the pen, some as Royalists, others as Puritans. And out of this heated atmosphere of strife, in odd nooks and corners, from whence monastic gloom had only lately disappeared, the divine luxuriated in classic lore, and the antiquary toiled away at the loved task of compiling huge volumes full of learned research. The growing identity of feeling, too, was becoming more and more marked. There was no longer any necessity for roaming to Milan, to Gothenburg, and to Paris. In out of the way old spots in London, at places adorned with quaint signs, Welsh pamphlets and Welsh books saw the light, and side by side with the English pamphleteer the Welsh tractarian flourished, and the dovetailing of nationalities was aided by the brotherhood of literature.

One of the earliest works published in this century was the metrical version of the Psalms of Capt. Middleton, edited by "Mr. Thomas Salusburye." An interesting letter by the editor to Sir John Wynne, of Gwydir, appears in *Cam. Brit. i.*, p. 255, sending him a copy, and stating that the author had finished fifty of the Psalms ere he died "this time seven years." Salusburye was author of the *History of Joseph* in English verse, thirteen chapters, 4to, Lond., pub. 1635.* We have also in the dawning of the century a proof that there were still a few of the old lordly mansions where the traditions of hospitality and bardic appanage were retained. Hugh Ceiriog, who flourished up to 1620, is recorded as a domestic bard at Moeliyrch, where Guto y Glyn once sang the praise of his patron. Morus Wynn now rules at the paternal mansion, and of its hospitality and the multiplicity of its visitors our poet says :—

Ty mawl a gwin—tŷ aml gyrch.
Tair mil at dyrrau Moeliyrch.

* The family connection between the Salusburys and Middletons is given in *Llyfryddiaeth*, p. 75.

Three thousand to partake of Wynn's hospitality may be regarded as a little of the license taken by poets.

Another early poet was Thomas Powell, who terms himself a Cambrian in his title page to *The Passionate Poet*; with a description of the Thracian Ismarus, London, 1601. In 1603 he published *A Welch Payte to Spare Provender, or a Looking beake upon the time*.

We note a few of the bards: Eineon ab Gruffydd, Richard Cynwal, and Sion Cynwrnig, and of the last a few MSS. remain. At the beginning of the century, too, we have record of Elizabeth, another of the small band of literary women, but all we know is that she was daughter of Gruffydd ab Ivan. Davydd ab Nicholas, a poet, but not the distinguished bard of Aberpergwm, who flourished later, figured at this time, but left no remains.

John Owen, a celebrated epigrammatist, came prominently into note at an early period. He published in 1606 a small octavo edition of epigrams, and in the same year a 12mo edition. These were translated into English verse 1619, Spanish 1674, and into French 1709—a strong proof of their excellence. An author of a totally diverse character was Lewis Owen, who was chiefly distinguished by his literary zeal against the Jesuits. Most of his writings were published in Sandy's *Europæ Spec.*, 1629. In 1615 Edward Evans, an eminent divine of Denbighshire, published his *Verba Dierum*, or the "Day's report of God's Glory," four sermons or lectures on nineteenth Psalm, 2 vols. Oxford, 4to. At the same time John Davies, of Jesus College, is handed down as a remarkable scholar, especially versed in the French language. He was occupied nearly the whole of his life in translating works from French into English, the range of subjects being a wide one, including history, medicine, and philosophy. Wood, *Ath. Oc.*, cites no less than thirty-six distinct works by him. The accuracy of Wood has often been remarked, but it is not generally known that he was aided by an eminent Welsh scholar, Humphrey Humphreys, D.D., sometime Bishop of Bangor, and afterwards of Hereford. Of David ab Ivan

Humphreys, a poet, all that is known is that he figured from 1620, probably one of the still numerous Awenydd. Huw ab Rhisiart, 1600, Harri Hywel, 1620, Hir Hywel, and Thomas David Hywel, of the same date, belonged to the same class.

Richard Heylin won a lasting reputation by his ability and zeal. He published the first 8vo edition of the Bible at nearly his own expense, 1634, and also the *Practice of Piety*, a Welsh translation, and a Welsh Dictionary.

Father John Salisbury, supposed to be a member of the Rug branch of the Salisburys of Bachymbyd, and Lleweni, was author of several small works on religious subjects, and translated a "Full and copious Exposition of the Christian Doctrine, by Cardinal Bellarmine," (1618). "Done into Welsh from the Italian for the spiritual benefit of the Cymry." *Vide Cymmrodor*, vol. iv., pt. 1, where an interesting account of the author is given by Mr. Lloyd.

The same able authority has also thrown a good deal of light in the same number on the life and works of another Welsh Catholic, Roger Smith, to whom we have previously referred in connection with a preface to *Athrawiaeth Gristnogawl*. Roger Smith's principal work was a translation into Welsh of a Latin work by Peter Canisius, entitled *Compendium of Religious Doctrine, and Catholic Disquisition on the 12 Articles of the Faith that is called the Creed, Lord's Prayer, &c.*

This was one of the last Welsh works printed in Paris, and the author, in his preface, referring to this, amusingly apologises. "Wonder not, charitable reader," he exclaims, "that many errors have escaped in the printing of this book, for the printer understood neither the language, nor the letters, nor the characters. He was also so stubborn and obstinate, nay so pigheaded, after the nature of his country, that he would endure neither rebuke nor correction of his faults."

Roger Smith must have chuckled in getting the French compositor to set up a censure upon himself.

In 1615 *Theater du Mond*—"The Theatre or Rule of the

World"—was published by Smith at Paris.* Smith edited the first part of *Drych Gristnogawl*, by Dr. G. Roberts.

The Golden Grove, which Dyer in after days was to bring into conspicuous notice, was in this century adroitly blended with more prosaic themes by W. Vaughan, M.A., who wrote "The Golden Grove Moralised in three books, a work very necessary for all such as would know how to govern themselves, their houses, or their country."

Hugh Robinson, D.D., comes next under notice as an able divine and linguist. He was also esteemed for historic ability, but his chief productions were of a scholastic character: *précis*, treatises, a Grammar, and a Synopsis of Ancient History, printed at Oxford in 1616.

John Evans, M.A., reputed an astrologer and magician, was a contributor to eccentric literature. He published several almanacs and prognostications, one of which, for the year 1613, printed in London, 8vo, was dedicated, with a Latin epistle, to the Bishop of Worcester, and has several good Latin verses at the end on the twelve signs. Another, for 1625, had this advertisement at the end: "At my house, the Four Ashes, in the parish of Enfield, within the Co. of Stafford, are taught these arts: to read and understand the English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; to know in a very short time also to write the running Secretary, set Secretary, Roman, Italian, and Court hands, also Arithmetic, and other Mathematic Sciences." That he was a man of note is evident from the fact that Lily, the celebrated astrologer, was his pupil.

Another of the eccentric school of literature was Walter Rumsey, popularly known as the picklock of the law. He wrote a work called *Organum Salutis*, to which he added *Divers new Experiments of the Virtue of Tobacco and Coffee*.

In this century John Speed added considerably to the scant collection previously existing of maps and descriptive accounts of the various Welsh counties; Carmarthen, Brecon, Radnor, were published early. The issue began in 1610.

* Mr. Lloyd in *Cymmrodor*, vol. iv., pt. 1, p. 61.

James Howell, born 1594,* was one of the memorable men of the century. He was the author of *Dodona's Grove*. Wood (*Ath. Oc.*) enumerates between fifty and sixty of his compositions, and amongst them his *Familiar Letters—Epistolæ Hoeliana*. Under Charles II. he was made chief historiographer, but that was in the evening of life, for like the bardic class, ancient and modern, he had a full share of life's adversities, and wrote most of his works in the Fleet Prison. His *Familiar Letters* are amongst the earliest examples we have of epistolary literature. He had travelled considerably, had seen much of the world's vicissitudes, and these letters abound with illustrations of his quickness of observation, his strength of intellect, and his humour.

It has been urged that Welshmen are destitute of humour, and that the national characteristics lead more to the contemplative and the sombre. This is not true, only as regards a section of the religious world, and this, time is sensibly correcting. Prior to the days of Methodism the Welsh were a mirthful, active-minded, and volatile people. These are the impressions gained from *Cæsar's Comm.*, from Giraldus, and the bards, and the "Interludes." James Howell's letters confirm this view. They abound with philosophic reflection and quiet humour. In one to Dr. Mansell he says: "Our bodies may be said to be daily repaired by new sustenance, which begets new blood, and consequently new spirits, new humours, and I may say new flesh; the old, by continued deperdition and insensible perspirations, evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh; so that I make a question whether by reason of these perpetual reparations and accretions, the body of man may be said to be the same numerical body in his old age that he had in his manhood, or the same in his manhood that he had in his youth—. I make a doubt whether I had the same identical individually numerical body when I carried a calf-leather satchel to school, in Hereford, as when I wore a lambskin hood in Oxford; or whether I have the same mass of blood in my

* His brother Thomas became Bishop of Bristol. He left no works, but Fuller bears testimony to the excellence of his sermons.

veins and the same flesh now in Venice, which I carried about me three years since up and down London streets, having in lieu of beer and ale drunk wine all the while and fed upon different viands."

He carries this whimsical conceit on to the end of his letter, but adroitly ends "that whatsoever happen in this microcosm, in this little world, this small body, and bulk of mind, you may be confident that nothing shall alter my affections, especially towards you."

Writing of the Pope, in another letter, he says: "That as long as the Pope can finger a pen he can want no pence." Of the Jews, "wonderful dextrous in commerce, though most of them be only brokers and Lombardeers, and they are held to be here, as the cynic held women to be—*malum necessarium*."

His letter to Capt. Thomas contains a remarkable anecdote—and few have told one better—of the weaning of a gambler. "An Italian having lost all his money at cards swore in the most execrable fashion and went to sleep. His companions, determined to cure him of the baneful habit of cursing, put the candles out, and continued to play, and then fell into such wrangling and spoke so loud that he awaked; he hearing them play on still fell a rubbing his eyes, and his conscience presently prompted him that he was struck blind, and that God's judgment had deservedly fallen down upon him for his blasphemies, and so he fell to sigh and weep pitifully. A ghostly father was then sent for, who undertook to do some acts of penance for him if he would vow never to play again or blaspheme, which he did, and so the candles were lighted again which he thought were burning all the time, so he became a perfect convert." And all this is to point a moral, namely, to correct the Captain's bad habit of swearing. "Not slight oaths," says the writer, "but deep, far fetched ones, using them as flowers of rhetoric." His letter to Cliffe, on wines, is written in his best style; but one of the most characteristic, and of interest to Wales, we have discovered in a now long-forgotten miscellany, the *Visitor*, published at Swansea in the early part of this century.

This, with the extract from an old book of the seventeenth century, is unique:—

“ Sir,

“ To inaugurate a good and jovial New Year unto you, I
 “ send you a morning’s draught (viz.: a bottle of Methe-
 “ glin). Neither Sir John Barley corn (n)or Bacchus had
 “ anything to do with it, but it is the pure juice of the bee,
 “ the laborious bee, and King of Insects; the Druyds and old
 “ British Bards were wont to take a carowse hereof before
 “ they entered into their speculations, and if you do so when
 “ your fancy labours with anything, it will do you (no)
 “ hurt, and I know your fancy to be very good.

“ But this drink always carries a kind of state with
 “ it, for it must be attended with a brown tost, nor will it
 “ admit but of one good draught, and that in the morning,
 “ if more it will keep a humming in the head, and so speak
 “ much of the house it comes from, I mean the hive, as I
 “ gave a caution elsewhere; and because the bottle might
 “ make more haste, have made it go upon these (Poetick)
 “ feet:

*J. H. T. C. Salutem, et annum Platonicum
 Non vitis sed Apis succum tibi mitto bibendum
 Quem legimus Bardos olim potasse Britannos.
 Qualibet in bacca Vitis Megera latescit,
 Qualibet in gutta Melis Aglaia nict.*

The juice of bees, not Bacchus, here behold,
 Which British Bards were wont to quaff of old,
 The berries of the grape with furies swell,
 But in the Honeycomb the graces dwell.

“ This alludes to a saying which the Turks have, that
 “ there lurks a devil in every berry of the vine. So I
 “ wish you as cordially as to me an auspicious and joyful
 “ New Year, because you know I am,

“ Your truly affectionate Servitor,

J. H.”

The following curious passage, relative to this famous drink, may be found in page 126 of "*The History of the Principality of Wales*, by R. B——, London, printed for Nath. Crouch, at the Bell, in the Poultry, near Cheapside, 1695."

"They have likewise Metheglin, first invented by Matthew Glin, their countryman; it is compounded of Milk and Honey, and is very wholesome. Pollio Romulus, being an hundred years of age, told Julius Cæsar, 'That he had preserved the vigour of his mind and body by taking Metheglin inwardly, and using oyl outwardly.' It is like Mead, but much stronger: Queen Elizabeth, who, by the Tudors, was of Welsh descent, much loved this, her native liquor."

By this last sentence it appears that Mead and Metheglin, though now generally confounded, were originally different preparations.

Dr. Davies, of Mallwyd, comes next under notice as one of the chief literary spirits of the period under consideration. John Davies, of Jesus College, Oxford, D.D., materially assisted Bishop Parry in the revisal of the Welsh Bible, but his first work of importance was his Grammar, *Antiq. Linguae Brit. a suis Cymræcæ vel Cambricæ ab allis Wallicæ rudimenta*, 12 mo., 1621. In proof of its excellence a second edition was published at Oxford in 1809. It is confessedly an admirable work on the rudiments of language. In 1632 he published his Dictionary, *Antiquæ Linguae Brit. Dictionarium Duplex*, first part Welsh and Latin; second, Latin and Welsh. The latter was the work of Dr. Thomas Williams, of Trevriw, a conspicuous Roman Catholic of his day. Dr. Davies was well versed in the history and antiquity of his own nation, and in the Greek and Hebrew a most exact critic. He published translations of the Articles into Welsh, and in 1632 the well-known and admired *Christian Resolutions* of Parsons. In his translation the Doctor admits that it is not an original work, but conceals the author's name (*vide* W. Lloyd, in *Cymmrodor*, vol. iv., part 1). It would appear that the original Roman Catholic work was Protestantised by one Edmund Buny, much to the annoyance of Father Parsons, and it was from this corrupt copy that Dr. Davies published his. There have been three

subsequent editions printed—see Wood, *Ath. Oc.* In his elucidation of the whole matter Mr. Lloyd has rendered signal service to literature. Dr. Davies was author of a collection of Welsh proverbs and poems, now preserved in the Bodleian. In a MS. collection of Mr. Bosanquet, Monmouth, are several eulogies addressed to him by the poets of his time,—almost, if not the earliest instance of the bards chanting the praises of other persons than saints, heroes, or generous patrons.

The Manuscript Collections of Wales call for special notice. To a great extent they are still undeciphered relics of past history; social life, or religious thought, memorials of labours carried out in many cases in monastic isolation, and only brought forth into the light by slow and expensive processes. The Welsh MSS. Society and the Cymmrodorion have done much, and if the next half-century yield as many successes as the past, the literary wealth of the nation will be considerably increased. The *Iolo MSS.* offered to and refused by the British Museum are now in part at Llanover, and in Yorkshire;* the Dynevor collection has been divided between two members of the family, but the great collection of the country, the Hengwrt, still remain intact. The credit of this collection is due in a great measure to Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt. He left remarkable proofs of his extensive antiquarian knowledge and indomitable industry, for he was not simply a collector, the gleaner of others labours, but a man of varied wisdom. He wrote Notes or Commentaries on *The Book of Basingwerth*; on *Nennius*; on *The Triads*, with an English translation; on Caradoc of Llancarvan's *Brut*, or *Chronicles*, with a collation of ten several copies on vellum; on Leland's *New Year's Gift*; on Burton's *Antonius*; on Dr. Powell's *History of Wales*; on Usher's *Primordia*; Ball's *Catalogus Scriptorum*; *Annals of Wales*, from Vortigern downwards, translated from the original into English, with notes; a short account of the family of Corsygedol; a *Topography of Merionethshire*, and *A Tour to St. David's*. The only work published in his lifetime was *British*

* The Llanover Collection numbers seventy-six volumes.

Antiquities Revived, 4to, Oxon. A second edition was published at Bala, as late as 1834.

We give a list of the valuable MSS. of Hengwrt:—

1. Dare's Phrygius, and the Brut y Brenhinoedd, in the Welsh language, written in a very fair and venerable character, each page having two columns, in folio. Parchment, an inch-and-a-half thick.

3. The History of Peredur ab Evrawg, and a fragment of The History of Charlemagne and Roland, written columnwise, in folio. Parchment, an inch-and-a-half thick.

4. The first part of the Llyvyr Gwyn Rhydderch (the White Book of Roderick), containing two series of the tales of Mabinogion. An old book, written columnwise, in quarto. Parchment, an inch-and-a-half thick.

5. The second part of the Llyvyr Gwyn Rhydderch, containing in the first two pages an account of the Countries of the East and Greece, and of the Planets; in the two next, the Gospel according to Nicodemus; in the next four, the Mass for Good Friday, and the manner in which Elen found the Cross; in the next two, the History of Pilate; in the next, twenty Englynion on the wonders before the Day of Judgment; in the next, the Prophecies of Sibli Ddoeth; in the next eight, the Life of the Virgin; in the next four, the story of St. Catherine; in the next four, the story of St. Margaret; in the next, an account of the manner in which Mary Magdalene and others came to Marseilles (many leaves are here lost); History of Mary's return from Egypt; Miracles of various Saints, and stories of Adam and Eve and their children, till the time of Noah, in four leaves; in the next nine, an account of Christ and Pilate, and of the Jews; the Letter of Pilate to Claudius concerning Christ; stories concerning Tiberius's leprosy; the next five, a Treatise, with the title as follows: "Gerard Archesgob Sans, Benet Esgob, ac ereill, etc.; a ysgrifenasant y gwrthiau hyn, i bawb ar y fai osodedig yn archesgob Caint"; the next five, Athanasius's Creed, and a complimentary letter from Gruffydd y Bwla, the Translator to Eva, daughter of Maredudd;

the Gospel of St. John, with a commentary (a number of leaves are here lost); the next two, the story of Owain Varchog ac Ystyphan Vrenin going to Purgatory; from the forty-ninth to the hundredth, the history of Charlemagne; the next thirty-four, the story of Bown, of Hampton;* the next fifteen, the story of Peredur ab Evrawg; the next three, of Maxen Wledig; the next thirty, the beginning of the story of Llevelys; stories of Arthur's warriors (a number of leaves wanting at the end). Parchment, quarto, three inches thick.

6. The Laws of Hywel Dda and the Old British Laws. Parchment, large quarto.

7. The Laws of Dyvynwal Maelgwyn, Hywel Dda and Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, written columnwise. Bound in London for Mr. Robert Vaughan. Parchment, quarto.

8. A volume containing: 1, One leaf-and-a-half of Old Laws; 2, Chronology in Latin, beginning "Anno ante Christum 1230"; 3, The Vision of Paul; 4, Brud y Saeson wedi Cadwaladyr Vendigaidd; 5, Oes Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau sef sail cyvriv yr amser. Parchment, quarto.

9. A very old volume, almost obliterated, of the Old British Laws, and some historical notices. Parchment, quarto.

11. Y Llyvr Du o Gaerfyrddin (The Black Book of Carmarthen), containing on fifty-four leaves:—1, Ymddiddan rhwng Merddin a Thaliesin; 2, Awdyl; 3, Awdyl, by Cuhelyn; 4, Awdyl, printed page 182 of the *Welsh Archæology*; 5, Awdyl, ditto, page 184; 6, Awdyl, ditto, page 184; 7, Tri Anreith March Ynys Prydain; 8, Awdyl, ditto, page 575; 9, Awdyl, ditto, page 575; 10, Awdyl, ditto, page 576; 11, Awdyl, ditto, page 577; 12, Awdyl, ditto, page 576; 13, Awdyl, ditto, page 578; 14, Awdyl; 15, Avallenau Merddin; 16, Hoianau Merddin; 17, Cygogion Elaeth ae Cant; 19, Geraint filius Erbin, by Llywarch Hên; 20, Awdyl, ditto, page 578; 21, Dadolwch yr Arglwydd Rhys, by Cynddelw; 22, I Yscolan, by Merddin Wyllt; 23, Awdyl, ditto, page 185; 24, Awdyl, ditto, page 580; 25, Awdyl; 26, Tribanau, ditto, page 130; 27, Ymddiddan Arthur a Chai a Glewlwyd; 28, Ymryson Gwyddneu a

* Bown travelled to the Holy Land. Gwilym Tew refers to him in his poem to Morgan of Tredegar. *Vide Arch. Camb.*, Jan., 1884.

Gwyn ap Nudd; 29, Cant Gwyddneu; 30, Ymddiddan rhwng Ugnach a Thaliesin; 31, Marwnad Madawg mab Meredudd, by Cynddelw; 32, Marwnad Madawg mab Maredudd, by Cynddelw; 33, Cant Gwyddneu; Seithenin sav di allan; 34, Enwau meibion Llywarch Hên. On parchment, octavo. This is one of the oldest MSS. extant, and dates from the twelfth century. Partly written by Cynddelw Brydydd Mawr.*

10. Old British Laws, the beginning and end lost. Parchment, quarto, one inch thick.

13. Part of the History of St. Mark, under the title—"Llyma Vabinogi Iesu Grist"; next, the Prophecy of Merddin Emrys; 3, Vision of St. Paul; 4, Story of Judas Iscariot; 5, Story of Adam; 6, Story of Peredur (the conclusion lost). Parchment, octavo, one inch thick.

15. Brud y Brenhinoedd (the conclusion wanting).

16. Brud y Tywysogion, by Caradoc, of Llangarvan (the beginning lost), written in an old hand. Parchment, quarto, one inch thick.

17. Llyvyr Taliesin (the commencement and conclusion are wanting). It begins with—1, Gan ieyd gan elestron, page 33 of the *Welsh Archaeology*; 2, Marwnad y vil veib; 3, Buarth Beirdd; 4, Adwyneu Taliesin; 5, Arymes Dydd Brawd; 6, Arymes Prydain Vawr; 7, Angar Cyfyndawd; 8, Cat Godeu; 9, Mabgyfreu Taliesin; 10, Daronwy; 11, Gwallawc ab Lleenawc; 12, Glaswawd Taliesin; 13, Cadeir Taliesin; 14, Cerdd am veib Llyr; 15, Cadeir Teyrnnon; 16, Cadeir Ceridwen; 17, Canu y Gwynt,—“Dychymyg pwy yw”; 18, Canu y Gwynt,—“Chwedl am dothyw”; 19, Canu y Medd; 20, Canu y Cwrwf; 21, Mic Dinbych; 22, Plaew yr Reiff; 23, Trawsganu Cynan Garwyn mab Brochwel; 24, Llath Moessen; 25, Canu y Meirch; 26, Y Goweisws Byd; 27, Lluryg Alexander; 28, Anryveddodau Alexander; 29, Llath Moessen; 30, Preiddeu Annwn; 31, Gwaith Gwenystrad; 32, Canu i Urien Reged; 33, I Urien; 34, I Urien; 35, Gweth Argoed Llwyvein, Canu Urien; 36, I Urien,—

* Ab Ithel, *Camb. Journal*, 1863, p. 25, gives the date 1190.

"Arddwyre Reged rysedd rieu"; 37, Dadolwch Urien; 38, Marwnad Erof; 39, Marwnad Madawg, etc.; 40, Marwnad Corroi mab Dayry; 41, Marwnad Dylan eil Ton; 42, Marwnad Owain; 43, Marwnad Aeddon; 44, Marwnad Cunedda; 45, Armes, page 71 of the *Welsh Archaeology*; 46, Marwnad Uthyr Pendragon; 47, Arymes, ditto, page 73; 48, Cywrysedd Gwynedd a Deheubarth; 49, Gwawd Gwyr Israel; 50, Gwawd Lludd Mawr; 51, Ymarwar Ludd Mawr; 52, Ymarwar Lludd Bychan; 53, Canu y Byd Mawr; 54, Canu y Byd Bychan; 55, Dryll or Darogan Cadwaladr. Written in a good hand. Parchment, octavo, one inch thick. This also is of great value.*

18. The laws of Hywel Dda, with a calendar prefixed (the conclusion wanting). Parchment, octavo, one inch thick.

19. The laws of Hywel Dda (the conclusion wanting). Vellum, octavo, one inch thick.

21. The Master and Scholar, by Archbishop Anselm, in Welsh; 2, The third book of a Holy Life, and the Pæniteas; 3, The Sinner's Confession, and questions on the Catholic Faith and the Ten Commandments, and on Confession. Vellum, octavo, two inches thick.

22. The Calendar of Guttyn Owain. Vellum, octavo, half-an-inch thick.

23. Fragment of the Laws of Hywel Dda. Octavo.

24. Medical Treatise, collected out of various authors, but principally from the Meddygon Myddvai. Octavo, an inch-and-a-half thick.

25. The Dream of Sibli Ddoeth (beginning wanting); 2, Pedigree of the Virgin; 3, Miracles of St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury; 4, Stanzas to the Host, and other articles.

26. Hywel Dda; Laws, 2 volumes.

30. Fragments of Old Laws.

31. Laws of Hywel Dda. Octavo, one inch-and-a-half thick.

34. Y Cwtta Cyfarwydd, containing Prophecies in Latin and

* *Vide* Note presumed by Ab Ithel in *Camb. Journal*, 1862, p. 95.

English; 2, Merddin's Prophecy; 3, Prophecies; 4, Pwylliad Penbryn; 5, Avallenau Merddin; 6, Peiriannau; 7, Gwasgargerdd Verddin; 8, Coronawg Vaban; 9, Cyvoesi Merddin a Gwenddydd; 10, Caniad y Gwynt; 11, Gwaith Taliesin; 13, Y Gorrddodau; 13, Darogan yr Olew bendigaidd; 14, Prophwydoliaeth Merddin Emrys; 15, Gorrddodau Taliesin; 16, Am Gantrevau Morganwg; 17, Heddwch a wnaeth Edgar, Vrenin Lloegr, rhwng Hywel Dda a Morgan Hên, Arglwydd Morganwg; 18, Enwau Cymydau a Chantrefydd Cymru i gyd; 19, Cynneddvau Meddwdod; 20, Trioedd Ynis Prydain a'i Hanryveddodau; 21, Enwau Cystedlydd (Castellydd); 22, Chronologia, scripta anno Domini 1353; 23, Chronologia Britannica; 24, De Geometriâ; 25, Breuddwyd Pawl; 26, Am y Lloer ddiwedydd—item, Theologia; 27, English verses—item, Prophwydoliaeth Sibli a Merddin; 28, Caniad y Bardd Bach, neu Rys Vardd; 29, Gwersi Prophwydol yn Lladin; 30, Vaticinium Aurelianum de Leone Britoneum—item, Prophwydoliaeth Seisnig, etc.

36. Fragment of the Gest of Charlemagne and Roland.

37. Cywyddau ac Oedlau Lewis Glyn Cothi.

38. An old copy of the Laws of Hywel Dda.

39. An old copy of the Laws of Hywel Dda, and others.

40. The primitive British Laws in old black binding. This was particularly prized by Mr. John Jones, of Gelli Llyvdy, the great antiquary, for its antiquity.

41. Volume of the Laws of Hywel Dda, in which the privileges of the men of Arvon, granted them by Rhun ap Maelgwn, on account of their accompanying him in his wars in the North, during which expedition their wives slept with their slaves, are inserted. Item, y Deyrnged (Tribute) payable to the Crown of England, and the honey and flour due from South Wales and Powys to the Kings of North Wales. Item, the Laws of Rhun ap Maelgwn and Dyvynwal.

42. Part of a collection of Trioedd Ynys Prydain (the remainder being lost) made by Mr. Robert Vaughan.

46. Gest of Charlemagne. "Gweithredoedd Siarlmaen, a

beris Reinallt, Brenin yr Ynysoedd, i Athraw o'i eiddo eu trosi o Rymawns yn Lladin, yr hyn nid ymyroedd Turpin ai draethu;" and some Cywyddau.

47. Laws of Hywel Dda (conclusion wanting).

49. Y Greal, the exploits of Arthur and his warriors; written in the sixth year of Henry I., in a beautiful hand.

50. Brud y Brenhinoedd, an old volume in rags.

51. Brud y Tywysogion; 2, Historia y Bibl; 3, Dwned Cymreig; 4, Cyvoesi Merddin a Gwenddydd; 5, Englynion i Gadwallon ap Cadvan.

52. The works of Lewis Glyn Cothi;

54. Llyvyr Divynyddiaeth ar y Pader a'r Credo; 2, Dechreu Brud y Brenhinoedd; 3, Explanation of the Prophecies of Merddin, and part of the dream of Maxen Wledig; 4, Some of the Trioedd Ynys Prydain.

55. Dares Phrygius, Brud y Brenhinoedd, Brud y Tywysogion, a Brud y Saeson.

57. Letter of Melitus, Bishop of Sardinia, to the Laodiceans; 2, Vision of St. Paul; 3, Divinity; 4, Pedigree of St. David, and part of his life; 5, Quicunque vult in Welsh; 6, Elucidarius, or the master and the scholar; 7, The letters of the King of the Indies sent to the Emperor of Constantinople; 8, Life of St. Margaret; 9, Life of St. Catherine; 10, Names and Wonders of this Island.

59. Story of Geraint ab Erbin. This is given in Guest's translation.

60. Thomæ Gulielmi Medici Lexicon Latino-Brittanicum.

65. Book of Charters and Precedents, partly of Oswestry.

66. Simwnt Vychan's Grammar and another.

66. John Leland's Commentaries and another of his Epigrams.

67. Fragments of Llyvyr Cywyddau and one on Palmistry.

73. Same.

74. Same, being a collection of works by Iolo Goch, Rhys Goch, and others.
76. Llyvyr o Gerddi Tudur Aled and others.
78. Welsh Proverbs, &c.
85. Volume of Pedigrees.
87. Extent of Denbighshire.
92. Husbandry, translated from French into English, by Grostete, Bishop of Lincoln.
94. Part of an old book of St. Alban's, with preface to Powell's History, and a History of Wales from Cadwaladr to Gruffydd ab Cynan, transcribed by Robert Vaughan.
96. Large volume of Pedigrees, collected by R. Vaughan.
98. Chronicle, containing notes out of the Ecclesiastical History of Britain, &c.
99. On Heraldry.
100. Bede's Ecclesiastical History.
103. Extent of Bromfield and Iâl.
104. Gruffydd Hiraethog's book on Pedigree and Heraldry.
107. Llyvyr mawr tecav Gruffydd Hiraethog.
109. By the same.
110. Pedigree of Sion Trevor (by Lleyrn).
- 111 to 113. Pedigrees.
115. Old English Chronicle in MS.
117. Gildas Sapiens Badonicus.
118. Petitiones de Kennington, transcribed by R. Vaughan.
119. Volume of Records; some of these are of considerable interest, one especially, the result of a commission issued by Edward I. to know by what laws the Welsh were governed.
123. Salesbury's Dictionary.
124. Pedigrees.
128. Cywyddau.

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130. Cywyddau
 133. Merlin's Prophecies and a composition by Adda Vras.
 135. Llyvyr Compot Manuel, by D. Nanmor.
 145. Works on British History in Latin, by Beverlace, Archbishop of York.
 150. Charters of Burton-on-Trent, and another.
 154. Chaucer's works in folio, written on vellum. This shows the method by which our early literature was disseminated. Copied out laboriously by some indefatigable scholar, and then lent from hand to hand the same as the *Greal*.
 155. Life of Gruffydd ab Conan.
 156. Tudur Aled's Cywyddau.
 157. Liber Landavensis, copied by Mr. Vaughan from the original copy.
 158. Ancient Collections and Miscellany.
 - 166, 167. Cywyddau.
 169. Dwned Davydd Ddu.
 170. Cywyddau.
 171. Pedigrees.
 172. Volume of Poetry.
 173. Old Laws.
 174. Ascent of the Blessed Virgin to Heaven, &c.
 175. History of Maxen, Constans, and Constantine.
 176. Poetry.
 - 177 to 182. On Medicine. Receipts, &c.
 183. Grammar.
 - 184 to 186. Poetry.
 187. Wynne's Poetry.
 188. Cynveirdd Cymreig.
 189. Fifty-four Cywyddau Ymryson rhwng Edmond Prys a Wm. Cynvel.

190. Transcript of the Gododin, by Gr. Roberts.
191. Poetry.
192. Sir Philip Sidney's version of the Psalms.
193. Poetry (Brithwaith).
194. Same as 187.
195. Heraldry.
to 200. Cywyddau and Pedigrees.
201. Transcript of the Black Book of Carmarthen.
201. Astronomy.
202. Elutherius, with Triads.
203. Genealogy.
204. Hywel's Dda's Laws, &c.
205. Cathedral Service of Sarum.
206. South Wales Genealogies.
207. Villainage Laws.
208. Grammatical Treatise.
209. Forest Charters.
210. Laws of Hywel Dda, Medical Receipts, &c.
211. Mandate of the Abbey of the Holy Ghost.
212. Grammar of Edeyrn Davawd Aur, &c.; with this there is
a curious tract on Fireworks and Cards.
213. On Law.
214. Astrology.
215. Poetry, by Sion Cain of Oswestry.
216. Genealogies by the same.
217. List of the Freeholders of Flintshire.
218. Astrology and Miscellaneous.
219. On Astronomy.
220. Franciscus Poeta Laureatus.
221. Religious Tract and Gregorian Calendar.

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222. Pedigrees, principally of the Marches.
 223. Red Book of Carew Castle.
 224. Various Articles relating to Welsh Marches.
 225. Giraldus Cambrensis. *Gesta Imper.*, Henry of Huntingdon. History of England.
 226. Morality (English verse).
 227. Life of St. Cadoc (this is incomplete).
 228. Extracts from History, Chronicle, &c.
 229. Dialogue.
 230. Religious Tracts.
 231. French songs.
 232. Poetry, by John and Rhys Cain.
 233. Coloured Shields of British Arms.
 234. Reynolds of Oswestry, Br. Pedigrees.
 235. Boswell's Work on Armoury.
 236. Coloured Shields again.
 237. Philosopher's Stone, a Dialogue.
 238. Pedigrees.
 239. Religious Essays.
 240. Beautiful Specimens of various Ornamental Alphabets, written by John Jones, of Gelli Lyvdy, 1630.
 241. Italian Publication on different Alphabets.
 242. Luckombe's History of Printing.
 243. Patterns of Gothic Windows.
 244. Morality and Medical Receipts.
 245. Topographical Account of Ancient State of Britain in English.
 - 246 to 250. Cywyddau, by D. ab Edmund, Gutto'r Glyn; Simwnt Vychan, Lewis Morganwg, Lewis Glyn Cothi; Tudur Aled, Huw Arwystli.
 251. Some of the works of Taliesin and Merlin.

253 to 255. Cywyddau by various authors.

256. Genealogy.

257. History of Britain.

258. Poetry.

259. Poetry.

260. Volume of Poetry.

261. Volume of Poetry.

262. Volume of Poetry.

263. Prophetic Verses.

265. Oianau ac Avallenau Merddin, and various Prophecies; Volume of Poetry, by Davydd Nanmor; North Wales Institute of Poetry.

268. Volume containing poetry, by Llewelyn, Prydydd y moch, Bleddyn Vardd, and some Cywyddau.

269. Liber John Lewis, containing poetry.

270. Another volume ditto.

271. Another volume ditto.

272. Brud y Brenhinoedd, transcribed by John Jones of Gelli-lyvdy.

273. Prophecies; Bardic Histories; Avallenau Merddin; Poems, by Taliesin; Poems, by y Bardd Bach or Rhys Vardd; extracts from the Cwta Cyvarwydd, transcribed by John Jones.

274. Llyvyr Sion, ab William, ab Sion, containing Cywyddau transcribed by John Jones.

275. Hanes Owain Glyndwr; Twenty-four Wonders of Wales; Names of Countries, &c.

276. Laws of Hywel Dda, transcribed by John Jones.

277. Three volumes of collections of words for a dictionary; Two volumes of collections of words for a dictionary; Three volumes of collections of words for a dictionary; Five oblong volumes of collections for dictionary; Volume of collections for dictionary; Two volumes of collections for dictionary. These were all collected, arranged, and transcribed by John Jones.

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292. Ancient poetry, transcribed by John Jones.
 293. Dares Phrygius, written by John Jones.
 294. Llyvyr Sion, ab William, ab Sion (John Jones), containing ancient poetry.
 295. Volume of Pedigrees.
 296. Grammar.
 297. Poetry.
 298. Volume of Modern Welsh Poetry.
 299. Volume of Cywyddau.
 300. Poetry.
 301. Volume of various articles, transcribed by John Jones.
 302. Volume, containing poetry, by Davydd ab Gwilym.
 303. Rules of Music and Poetry.
 304. Statute of Rhuddlan.
 305. Mutilated Welsh Chronicle.
 306. Elucidarius (Egluryn).
 307. Volume, containing Cywyddau, by Howel a Huw Davi; the latter part, written by William Salisbury, of Llansanan, contains some poetical pieces.
 308. Volume of Pedigrees.
 309. Poetry.
 310. Volume of Legendary Tales, and Lives of Saints.
 311. Copy of the Laws of Hywel Dda, beautifully written and inscribed by William Morris, Llansilin, "Llyvr Teg."
 312. Laws of Hywel Dda.
 313. Brud y Brenhinoedd, inscribed "Llyvr R. Vaughan o'r Hengwrt, yn sir Veirionydd yw hwn," teste Gulielm. Mauricio Llansiliensi.
 314. Brud y Brenhinoedd.
 315. Brud y Brenhinoedd.
 316. Geoffrey of Monmouth, in Latin.

317. Another copy.
318. *Brud y Brenhinoedd*.
319. British History from the earliest period, and a Chronicle to Elizabeth.
320. Fragment of Chronicle to the Saxon Kings.
321. Extent of Anglesey, Carnarvon, and Merionydd, written by Mr. Robert Vaughan.
322. Poetry, some of the Middle Ages, the rest *Cywyddau*, by various authors.
323. Arms of various persons described.
324. Volume of Pedigrees, given by Mr. Owen (*Rhyd y Bill*.)
326. Saints' Pedigree. *Sirtr y Waen*, signified by Gruffydd, lord of Glyndyvrwy; Alexander, constable of Chirk; and Richard Aston, constable of Owestry; Merlin's prophecy; Scholastic Divinity; Advice to young women, from the Latin of Lewis Vives; Sibli's prophecy.
327. *De rebus in Cambriâ gestis*, *Cambrice*, præcipue a *Meal-gwn*, by Mr. Robert Vaughan.
328. Old English Manuscript "The Flammbe of the Mountaigne Etthena."
329. *Ex Camdeni Britannia*, by Robert Vaughan.
330. The Destruction of *Caer Salem*; Titus Vespasian and the end of Pilate; Dialogue between Hell, Satan, Christ, the Saints. David, Esaias, Adam, Death, Devils, Habakkuk, Michael, January 18th, 1609; Story of the Blessed Oil; the Fifteen Signs before the Day of Judgment; the Sufferings of Christ from the Gospel of St. Matthew (old translation); Account how Elen found the Blessed Cross concealed by the Jews;* the Five Things that Christ did upon the Cross; Four Ways in which Men resemble Angels; the Seven Occurences to Man in Dying; the Nine Ranks of the Soul of Man; Description of the Day of Judgment; the Purgatory of Patrick; the Pains of the Purgatory of Patrick, and the Pleasures of the Earthly Paradise; Dispute between the Soul

* Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, who found the Cross of Christ.

and Body, translated from the Latin, by Iolo Goch; Description of Humility; transcribed by John Jones, 1609.

331. Can Varwnad Cydwybod, by Sion Tudur; Araith Gwgan; Araith Gruffydd, ab Ivan, ab Llewelyn Vychan; Araith Ivan Brydydd Hir; Annerch lythyrâu Sion Tudur a'r ceiliog bronvr-aith; Araith y Dryw Bach; Perpetual Almanack by Sion Tudur; the Owl and the Outlaw; Travels of Sir John Mandevyl, 1586; written by John Jones.

332. Welsh Chronicle recording events and dates from 811 to 1274 inclusive (John Jones).

333. Bucheddau Apostolion a Seintiau (John Jones, 1699.)

334. Hanes yr Ynys Hon, allan o Plinius, Ysidorus, Solinus; Gildas ab Caw, Beda, Alvryt, Gwalder o Rydychen, T yn y. Polieraticon, ac R, yn y Polieronica, &c., &c.; Destruction of Bangor Iscoed; Account of Arthur, the King of the Brython; the Princes of North Wales; the Towns of Britain; the First Assizes at Denbigh; the Plague five times in the Kingdom; Scripture Pedigrees; Adar y Llŵch Gwyn a Drudwas; Severus Sulpitius in Welsh (John Jones).

335. Kings of Britain, vocabulary Latin, Welsh and French (John Jones).

336. Alphabetical Biography (John Jones).

337. Aristotle's Advice to Alexander the Great; Natural History; the Day of Judgment; Miscellanies; Old Proverbs; Biography of Philosophers (John Jones).

338. Troilus and Cressida, a Welsh Interlude, written in 1613, finished in 1622 (John Jones).

339. Brud y Brenhinoedd, Genealogies, Triades, &c.

340. Poetry by Davydd ab Gwilym and Gruffydd Gryg; and a Grammar.

341. Primer Davydd Ddu o Hiraddug.

342. Song of the Three Children in the Fire; Song of Zachariah.

343. Translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew; Discovery of the Cross by Elen; Paul's Vision.

344. Vocabulary, by John Jones.

345. Ditto.

346. On Logic.

347. Plays on the Creation and Resurrection, in Cornish.

348. Fragment of Orders for the Administration in Wales. A beautiful copy of Craumer's Bible, printed on vellum, of the date of 1539, extensively illuminated.

349. Laws of Hywel Dda.

350. Part of Liber Landavensis; Saith Doethion Rhuvain; Ebostol y Sul; Ach Cynawg Sant; Ach Catwg Sant; Breninoedd y Prydeinaid; Llyvr Ancr Llan Dewi Brevi; Tales and Religious Treatises, seventeen in number, comprised in one hundred and forty-four pages; Buchedd Beuno; Buchedd Dewi; Cysegrlan Vuchedd; Meddygon Myddvai; Hanes Gruffydd ab Cynan, and of the Gwydir family; an answer to the North Wales men, who maintained Anarawd to be the eldest son of Rhodri; at the end commences a miscellaneous collection, written on the back of the pages as follows:—Genealogies and Historical Notices of South Wales Families; Hanes Owen ab Urien; Mabinogion; Extent of Wentwood.

351. Various papers; Meddygon Myddvai; Catalogue of Welsh Manuscripts; Poetry of the Early and Middle Ages; Letters; Ethlestan's Josephus.

352. Law Proceedings in French; Customs and Fines in South Wales and the Marches, in Latin; Gosodiad Ynys Prydain; Welsh Laws, a fragment.

353. Aristotle's Logic; Fragments and Letters, in French.

354. Ordinances of the Church, in Latin; Dares Phrygius, a fragment; British History, a fragment.

355. Genealogies; Description of Britain; History of Charlemagne; Genealogies of British Saints.

356. Englynion and Cywyddau in the beginning, the rest Medical Recipes.

357. Avallenau Merddin; Fragment of Chronicle of Wales; Achau y Saint, fragment; Kings of Britain; Scripture Genealogy; Five Royal Tribes of Wales; Achau y Saint, fragment; Gwyrthiau Mihangel; Awdyl, "E wnaeth Paxton;" Cywydd, by Davydd ab Gwilym; Another; Llyvr Theophrates; Cywydd Brud, gan H. Pennant; Scripture Genealogy and History; Medical Recipes; Ystori Gweryddon yr Almaen (the Eleven Thousand Virgins); Bull for the Regulation of the Church in Britain.

358. Araeth Gwgan; Miscellaneous collection of Moral Verses.

359. Genealogies of North Wales Families.

360. Ditto (part of the same work).

361. Genealogies of North Wales Families.

These were bequeathed to Sir Watkin W. E. Wynne by Vaughan, his kinsman.

The late W. W. E. Wynne, writing in *Arch. Camb.*, October, pays the best testimony we have seen to the indefatigable zeal and ability of Robert Vaughan. He adds: "If your correspondent were to see the MSS. of the antiquary Robert Vaughan preserved here (Peniarth), he would be convinced how difficult it would be to make a list of works, not many entire ones of his own composition, but transcripts of MSS. of great value and interest, collections of pedigrees, and a great number of notes upon different writers whose works are preserved in the Hengwrt Library here. It would be almost as difficult to make out a list of Vaughan's writings as I find it to compile a Hengwrt Catalogue, including the contents of each volume."

It will be seen that in this list given by the editor of the *Camb. Journal* in 1859, from a compilation by Aneurin Owen, many duplicates are named, and works of little or no interest included, making it all the more necessary for that winnowing and preserving process which we hope soon to see brought to bear at Peniarth.

Equal almost to Vaughan in transcribing was John Jones of Gelly Lyvdy, who spent forty years over his* national work, and the result is fifty large volumes in the Hengwrt collection. Wm. Maurice, 1680, was the great collector of the Wynnstay section, destroyed in 1858 by fire.

A contemporary of Robert Vaughan, and a literary opponent, was Thomas Carron, member of an ancient Pembrokeshire family. Carron was an eminent antiquary, and figured in the celebrated controversy as to the descent of Cadell from Rhodri Mawr. These views were stoutly refuted by Vaughan in his *British Antiquities*, revised, *tempo* James I.

The *Iolo MSS.*, numbering seventy-six volumes, were intended by Iolo for the public service, and in a letter published in the *Cambrian Journal*, he describes the course he purposed. This was not carried out, and most of his MSS. passed, after his death, into the hands of Lady Llanover. Many of these are transcripts of the series published by the Welsh MSS. Society, to which we have been indebted. They are composed of Historical Notes; Ecclesiastical Antiquities; Fables of Cattwg, and other ancient fables, tales, miscellanies, and poetry. In the *Cambrian Journal* (Tenby), when edited by Ab Ithel, several compositions appear from the hand of Iolo, extracts from the ancient MSS. of Llanover. These are: Moelmutian Triads, Traditional Annals of the Kymry (supposed, though not signed, by Ab Ithel), History of the British Bards, Periods of Oral Tradition and Chronology, quoted in *Studies of British Biography*, Early Iron Making, &c. In addition to these a careful reader of the *Cambrian Journal* when edited by Ab Ithel, will detect the source of inspiration of many articles, one conspicuously so, on the Agriculture of the Kymry. This we infer from references to Glamorgan and the book of Thomas Hopcin, one of Iolo's discoveries.

The Herberts, a distinguished family, who have figured conspicuously in the feudal annals of Wales, have also added to the

* An interesting pedigree of Jones appears in *Camb. Journal*, p. 99 (vol. i.) Another worker with Vaughan was Thomas Ellis, an able antiquary and classic scholar. He prepared one hundred and twenty-eight quarto pages of Powel's *History of Cambria*, but abandoned the undertaking. *Vide Eminent Welshmen.*

poetic, religious, historical, and philosophic literature of the country, one pre-eminently so—George Herbert. As a poet he belonged to the quaint but lofty-minded school of Donne, Quarles, and Ettrick. His sacred poems and private ejaculations, published in London, 1635, have remained to this day in high estimation. These were not printed until after his death, but the first issue, his friend and biographer, Isaak Walton, says, was 20,000.

His poem on "Virtue" is regarded as one of his best. Some of the lines are as frequently quoted as any in "Comus," or "Hamlet":—

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives,
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Martineau has a fine hymn based on this poem, in which he has preserved the beautiful ideas of Herbert, and expunged those odd conceits and fantastic imagery which somewhat marred our poet's compositions. One is not unfrequently reminded in reading his "Sunday," "The Pulley," and others, of the architectural fancies of the Middle Ages: A fine piece of carving and graceful outline will catch the eye, and be succeeded by, perhaps, the grotesque face of a satyr. So with good George Herbert; and blended with musical and melancholy thoughts, inclining the mind to holy

calm, are abrupt transitions, and unpleasant similes. His poem on "Sunday" teems with violations of good taste. And yet his life was so pure, his mind so gentle, the snatches of his genius so bright, and his memory so interwoven with that of his biographer, Izaak Walton, that no one regards him but with affection. His chief prose work was the *Priest to the Temple*, which lays down rules "for the life a country clergyman should lead." He also wrote a translation of Cornaro on "Temperance," and some Latin poems and proverbs.

More eminent in the metaphysical and historical world, we have his brother Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. His great work was his *Tractatus de Veritate prout distinguitur a Revelatione a Versimili a Possibili et a Falso*, 4to, Paris, 1624. In 1633 a large edition of this tractatus was published, and another in 1645, accompanied with the treatise: *De Religione Gentilium Errorumque apud eos caussis*. After his death, 1633, two posthumous books were published: *The Expeditio Buckinghami Ducis in Ream Insulam*, and the *Life and Reign of Henry VIII.* His Memoirs, written by himself, remained in MS. until 1764, when they were printed by Horace Walpole, and, like his other works, have been frequently re-issued. His age was one of abstruse and speculative thought. Hooker, with his *Scripture and the Law of Nature*, with his *Defence of Reason*; Lord Bacon, with his profound philosophy, seeking with his keen intellect to penetrate into the mysterious problem of causation; Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, with his enquiries into the "Will," and reflections upon "God"; Burton, with his suggestive ruminations on Melancholy; Jérémy Taylor; Thos. Browne—greatest of metaphysicians—such were the men who dignified the era of the Lord of Cherbury, and amongst whom he will always be regarded as one of the first in the boldness of his speculations, and the earliest to reduce deism to a system. Summarising his views, we would say that he endeavoured to assert the excellence and sufficiency of natural religion, and attempted to prove that the light of reason, and the innate principles implanted in the human mind, are sufficient to

discover the great doctrines of morality, to regulate our actions, and conduce not only to happiness in life, but to the full happiness of heaven. Yet, singularly enough, while ignoring the truth of revelation, and discarding from his system the Example of Pattern life that was lived by Christ, he claimed supernatural influences as attending the advent of his great book, *De Veritate*.

He had finished his book, in which he denied the truth, reasonableness, or use of revelation, and was desirous of publishing it, but as the frame of the work differed from all former writings, he hesitated whether he should suspend its publication. "Being," he says, "thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being opened towards the South, the sun shining clear and no wind stirring, I took my book *De Veritate* in my hand, and kneeling on my knees devoutly said these words, 'O thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech Thee of Thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make: I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book *De Veritate*; if it be for thy glory I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven, if not I shall suppress it.' I had no sooner spoken these words but a loud, though yet gentle, noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so cheer and comfort me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon, also, I resolved to print my book: this, however strange it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true: neither am I in any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky I ever saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came."

It will occur to the reader that the system of Lord Herbert is now amongst the obsolete mental structures of the past—Locke, Leland, and other eminent men having long exposed the fallacies so speciously formed and ably enunciated; but it is more as the historian and biographer that the Lord of Cherbury will live—the *Life of Henry VIII.* and his own memoirs. In him we have one who makes the incidents of an important era, records of

extraordinary events, his own adventures, subject matter for pleasing narrative, all told with as much innocent complacency and amusing egotism as Boswell exercised at a later day. It is true that he has been regarded as showing more leniency to Henry VIII. than was deserved; but there can be no other opinion than a favourable one as regards the excellence of his style, which is in the best manner of historical composition, and free from the quaintness and pedantry of his age.*

In Wm. Price, M.A., First Reader in Moral Philosophy, Christchurch, Oxford, we have an author of more orthodox views. He published his first oration 1624, 4to. Prys, Vicar of Clynog, 1640, and Rowland Prys, 1630, figured amongst the minor poets.

In Sir Thomas Herbert's *Travells in Wales*, published 1635, we are reminded of the old Madog ab Owain's problem to which he added his mite. He was trained in Jesus College, Oxford, travelled considerably, and lived to enjoy a position of influence under Charles II.

Herbert, it appears from various authorities, had free access to the noble library of Raglan, and may be supposed from his zeal and learning to have had better opportunities of sifting the question than any of his contemporaries. The statements of Guttyn Owain in the time of Edward IV., supplemented and continued by David Powel in the time of Queen Elizabeth, are, in fact, revived, with additions by Sir Thomas Herbert, and if manuscript authorities consulted by him were, as alleged, prior to the birth of Columbus, we have no evidence now confirmative or to rebut, the Raglan library having been destroyed in the Civil Wars.

Iolo Morganwg, in his notes to his *Lyrical Poems*, vol. ii., 64-5, refers to Herbert, and laments this fire as the act of Cromwell. He says: "The total destruction of this library has not yet been brought into the list of Oliver Cromwell's glories; it is time, how-

* See details of him: *Life*, p. 172. Coxe's *Monmouthshire*; also Chambers' *Encyclopædia*, vol. i., p. 270.

ever, it should. Long, very long! to time's remotest period, shall the curse of Welsh literature attend the detestable name of Oliver Cromwell!"

It would be out of place here to comment on the works, or the opinions of Iolo; but we may add that it has long been satisfactorily proved that the desolation of Raglan, the mutilation of many a relic of antiquity, and the destruction of many a castle were not the doings or the designs even of the Protector, but the result of that Puritanic recoil from the luxurious surroundings of the Stuarts, and the Stuart age, which is a matter of history.

In 1630, thanks to Heylin, Alderman of London, and Sir Thomas Middleton, the first popular edition of the Bible, in small quarto, was issued.*

The age was one of theological speculation and religious controversy. Adam Reuter, a learned theological writer of Denbighshire, was the author of numerous works, six of which are named by Wood (*Ath. Oxon*). His chief work was an oration delivered before his university. This was published in 1610. Owen Price, Professor of Greek at Pisa, wrote a commentary on the New Testament, 4to, 1635, and "Notes on Apuleius." Richard Lloyd was rector of Sonning, and notable for his Welsh prosody, which in his day was regarded as equal, if not superior, to that of Dr. Rhys (*vide Eminent Welshmen*). He was author of a Latin Grammar, and established some claim to poetic abilities. His wife Catherine, daughter of Owen Tudor, of Penmynydd, was a poet also, as appears from a Welsh poem written by way of advice to her son in Oriel College. William Holland left some MS. poetry descriptive of the cities of Europe, Chronicle of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and life of William Camden, Clarencieux, King at Arms. He published in 1625 *A Cypress Garland for the Sacred Forehead of the late Sovereign King James*. (*Vide Fuller's Worthies*.)

Side by side with these expressionists of the political and religious world we have a relic of the bardic class in Yr Hen

* *Llyfryddiaeth*, p. 109.

Safin, a moralist and writer of aphorism, to whom we are probably indebted for some, at least, of those wise saws that have come down the stream of time without parentage. Lewis ab Edward, 1630, left some poetic fragments. Bedo ab Hywel Bach, a contemporary, is only known by name, but Roger Lorter published, 1647, a volume of poems, and was esteemed as a good poet. Rowland Meredydd left no poetic remains, but Robert Clidro, a humorous poet, left many in MS. collections. cursory mention must be made of Gruffydd Owain, 1630, and Thomas Brwynllys, poets, 1630.

The literary world, tinged, as we shall endeavour to show, with party hate and Puritanic gloom, yet had occasional variations of truest humour. David Lloyd, D.C., Dean of St. Asaph, was better known for his humoristic sallies than for his divinity. Though the author of several works, he was more notable for his *Legend of Captain Jones*, in two parts. This is a capital burlesque, and has been widely read; though we must add that it is possibly an imitation of a Welsh poem called "Awdl Richard John Greulon." (*Vide Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy.*)

Sir Thomas Jones flourished also as divine and poet, but his poetic efforts were of a devout character. Huw Philip and Hopkin Thomas Philip, poets both, left a few MS. poems. Gruffydd Philip, also a poet, wrote an elegy on the death of his father, Sion Philip, and an ode on the marriage of Owen Wynne, in the best style of bardic eulogy. Sion, the father, held some rank as a poet, and the father of a poetic family.

John Philip, D.D., is notable as having translated the Bible and Common Prayer Book into the Manx language.

Sion Davydd was distinguished as both harper and poet. Some few specimens of his poetry may be seen in *Gwyhedydd*, vol. ii., p. 123.

Huw Lluyd, poet and soldier, has an epitaph on himself in the *Greal*. We have only names and dates of Hywel Llwyd, poet, 1640, Sion Merion and Sion Morgan, 1630.

Unlike the preceding century, the period now under discussion

produced few poets of note. We have named a few, and others yet remain to be noticed, but none reached the altitude of the old bards of the past, with three exceptions, George Herbert, the Vicar of Llandovery, and Huw Morus. The genius of these men fairly atoned for lack of number, and if George Herbert indicated more religious fervour than national sentiment, the other two were unmistakably children of the mountain land.

Let us first notice the immortal Vicar of Llandovery, the Hudibras of Wales. In his time it was notorious that the great mass of the people were ignorant. Here and there, it was true, a bardic light showed itself, and in isolated spots good and learned men devoted their lives to the laborious process of handing down their thoughts, or those of other gifted men, in quaintly written MS.; but, unquestionably, there was great ignorance amongst the people, and to the ordinary primitive habits of unrefined life was added much of the license of the camp, and the battle field. At such a time, when not one in a hundred could read, the good vicar commenced his useful work. Like a skilful philosopher, he began his humanitarian efforts by turning the best traits of the Welsh character to account, and using them to operate upon, and nullify the bad ones. The Welsh were a poetic race—they loved song. He gave them hymns, songs, piquant, elevating, simply strung many of them were, but they touched the people's heart. Men and women committed them to memory. In the pauses of labour on the mountains, or in the fields, the man hummed the refrain of the old hymn, and mothers crooned them in rocking their children to slumber. Sturdy old Royalist Vicar, his heart divided between affection for the Stuart King and his people, to him there was no contest so important as that waged by the good and bad angels of life, and less in profound interest to the success of Parliament, or King, was the everlasting welfare of his kind.

To him the Devil was no abstract idea, but a living, evil existence, that prowled about the Welsh valleys, seeking and devouring; and the Supreme and Infinite, enthroned above in Eternal Majesty, demanded implicit reverence; not a duty to be

done, not a meal to be taken without the expression of this in song and prayer. The morning to find the worshipper on his knees thanking God for the preservation of the night, and the evening bowed still in thankfulness for the mercies of the day. Save, and except, the occasional entry of Cavalier or Puritan bands, there were no other distracting influences than the coarse habits of the people. Art, science, trade, with their huge engrossments, were, as regards Wales, in their infancy, and Llandovery was pastoral, a Sunday quietude reigned, and the good vicar in the deep calm and useful acts of his life realised some degree of the foretaste of heaven. Age, it is true, found him bereft, saddened, but he faltered not.*

Few poets in his time touched the English heart more strongly than Bloomfield; and Prichard, in his idiomatic Welsh, and homely illustrations, exercised a similar influence upon his countrymen. No one had a more reverential mind or fuller solicitude for his people. He sings to them on all subjects. Here is a pen picture in the original, descriptive of the amusements on Sunday:—

Dydd i feddwi, dydd i fowliau,
Dydd i ddawnsio, dydd i loetran,
Dydd i hwrian a gwilhersu,
Yw'r dydd Sabboth gan y Cymry.

Canwyll y Cymry.

Drinking, bowling, dancing, loitering,
Gluttony and private vices—these characterised
The Sabbath of the Welsh.

In all there is admonition or advice. He warns them in his hymns about making their wills in time, how to behave in eating and drinking, what prayers to utter before religious worship, and before the Sacrament. He gives advice to the young man when he goes courting, to the soldier ere entering upon battle, to the drover how to conduct his trade. The drunkard comes in for especial notice, and the warnings held forth are given with picturesque force. To him wars, earthquakes, plagues are the

* The murder of his son elicited one of his saddest poems. The story is told in *Tales and Sketches of Wales*.

indications of God's anger, and the great plague in London is taken as a fitting text of warning to the Welsh. "The pestilence," he cries, "is hidden now in goods and merchandise in the London shops, and would soon be brought into Wales."

Defoe never drew a more striking picture than the vicar does in describing the plague. The eldest sister of Wales, as he calls England, is ruled with an iron rod. The disorder is raging:—

The plague her people has devoured
Like wild-fire down from heaven showered,
And all her towns has overrun
Like flames through heath parched by the sun.

He describes them dying quickly and in heaps, a thousand a day. Some falling against each other, and so dying as they walk through the streets. The power of medicine useless; tears unavailing; only God's mercy effective. London is like Jerusalem, sacked of yore; rank and degree are not spared. Husbands lament in each house for children or wife; wives as frequently for their husbands. Hale men look tearfully at the cart which, lately carrying manure, now bears the beloved dead. Very powerfully he describes the interference with social relations; friends no longer visit; men and women shun each other in the streets. In the same house the nearest are strangers; trade is at a stand still; merchants cannot sell enough to keep their shopmen from famine; the rich gluttons, but yesterday feeding on quails and grouse, now vainly strive for a meal even of salted fish; the ocean throngs with ships now deserted; and all this the penalty of lust, of pride, and drunkenness. The vicar then refers to the punished cities of old, and implores them ere the steel be unsheathed over Wales to amend their ways.

"Fate over Wales hangs ready at any moment to descend. She must amend and pray."

There is a charming simplicity about the good old vicar's reasoning. "Adore God," he exclaims, "above all the saints; the saints, though you may revere them, are not mediators."

The Virgin talks no English I suppose,
 Neither does Martha Irish understand;
 No Welsh, as I presume, St. Clement knows,
 How can they then our mediators stand? pp. 108-9.

As for himself :—

Let some to Catherine or St. David fly,
 To Clement, Martha, Mary, anyone.
 But for my part I never will apply
 To any—but to Christ alone.



In his song concerning the Devil and the Drunkard we have a picture as literally correct as any given by the Dutch School.

He describes the drunkards getting drunk :—

There's a flush on each cheek and they lisp as they speak,
 They falter and fail in their feet.

They proceed in their orgies :—

When they've drank each his quart, and are ready to part,
 "Come, landlady, fetch us some more,"
 He cries : "fill each pot with the best thou has got,
 We were not half jovial before.
 Come, bring us with speed a pound of the weed*
 From India, brought over the main,
 With pipes long and white, a hot poker or light,
 Nor let them be called for again.
 A rasher next bring, salt herring or ling,
 'Twill give to our liquor a taste,
 Let's drink then away, till we're jolly and gay,
 And the barrel has run out its last."

And so goes on the pandemonium, some speaking English, others Welsh, some their French, others Irish, swagger, swear, fight!—Murder follows!

Let the reader add to this picture the Devil personified, watching the debauch, prompting them to fight, adding his yells

* This reference shows that tobacco, whether imported by Sir Walter Raleigh, (Queen Elizabeth), or "by one Evans, a Welsh sailor," was not long in becoming common amongst the people.

to their cries, and gloating over the dead—and then some idea will be obtained of the vivid descriptive power of Rhys Prichard, one of the sternest, but truest of painters.

His pictures are old world ones ; his traveller is cautioned about putting his feet into the stirrup, and journeying on the mountain road ; his soldier reminded of the bow and the pike ; the bowl is referred to as that from which the thirster quaffs ; the offerer of prayer told of the rock honey and the flower of wheat he has eaten. One of his poems is respecting the calamitous year 1629.

The year 1629 was memorable as that in which the corn was made unwholesome by reason of excessive rain. As this poem conveys many social sketches we give it in full, though it must be admitted that the translator, in his efforts to secure rhyme, scarcely reproduces the poetic vigour of the vicar :—

A POEM ON THE YEAR 1629, WHEN CORN WAS UNWHOLESOME
BY REASON OF EXCESSIVE RAIN.

1. Thou Sov'reign of Mercy ! thou Sire of all pow'r !
Who feedest the hungry, withhold not our food
From us who forgiveness repentant implore ;
Tho' long in a shameful rebellion we've stood.
2. For sake of thy mercy, and might most immense,
For sake of thy Son, O abate thy fierce rage !
Give ear to each prayer, forgive each offence,
Our woes and adversities kindly assuage.
3. Against thee we've sinn'd at so shocking a rate,
And brought on ourselves this affliction severe,
With all those great griefs which our bosoms now grate :
But O, how unable the burden to bear.
4. Thy laws, so complete and so just, we have broke
A thousand times o'er, ere we stirr'd from the place ;
As if we imagin'd thy threats but a joke,
And thou hadst no eye to perceive our bad case.
5. Thy name we've blasphem'd, and we've hated thy word,
And under our feet thy sweet Gospel have trod ;
Thy Sabbaths we've broke, and thy temple, O Lord !
Deserted,—thy faith we've corrupted, my God !

6. Thy laws we've transgress'd just as if we did right,
And thought that no vengeance would fall on our pate,
Or as if we fancy'd that thou hadst not might
To plague us for sinning at such a sad rate.
7. Thou sentest thy prophets, thy will to declare,
And by gentle usage to show us the way :
But we stopp'd our ears, and their voice would not hear ;
Like th' adder that would not the charmer obey.
8. Thou sentest thy servants to summon the blind,
That they to thy court and thy feast should repair :
To come they deny'd, and, with covetous mind,
They each of them went to his farm, or to fair.
9. Our delicate stomachs e'en manna refuse,
And that blessed bread, which for ever will last ;
Yet garlick and onions and cucumbers chuse
Before them like infidels, void of all taste.*
10. The Gospel, because it gives conscience a bite,
We will not admit, but turn from it averse ;
It neither shall teach, nor reprove us aright,
Because it resists all our passions perverse.
11. The Scriptures shall not our vile natures correct,
The law their obliquities ne'er shall redress,
But ev'ry one lives as his passion direct,
Nor tries his vain follies and lusts to suppress.
12. Because on thy law we have trampled, alas !
Because from thy statutes we widely have swerv'd,
Like sheep that break into the corn from their grass,
Tho' they in the pound for their feast are half starv'd.
13. Our riot and pride, like Gomorrah's excess,
Cry out for some trouble to lower each crest,
And ne'er will be silent, 'till woeful distress,
And famine our gluttonous lusts have suppress.
14. Of ev'ry degree, be they little or great,
Men strongly endeavour to anger the Lord ;
As if from the skies each upon his own pate,
Attempted dire vengeance to pull with a cord.

* It is by these homely comparisons that the vicar won the people's attention.

15. The priests, he permits them to plunge into vice,
And headlong to leap to the yawning abyss,
Or should he endeavour to give them advice,
They at his instructions contemptuously hiss.
16. Our indolent rulers their duties neglect,*
And suffer transgressors the country to fill,
And use not the sword those dull fools to correct,
Who trample Thy laws underfoot at their will.
17. The vulgar around (like to Israel of old,
Without either monarch, or prophet, or priest)
All live vicious lives, by no sanctions controll'd,
Since they nor of law, faith or hope are possesst.
18. The guileless our bailiffs oppress without dread,
And pillage them worse e'en than thieves on the whole ;
Our usurers eat up the needy, like bread,
Or as the huge whale swallows up a small sole.
19. Our servants and hirelings do nothing but play,
Our labourers sit on the ground without heed,
Or lie at their ease on the grass all the day,
Not chusing to work, 'till compell'd to by need.
20. Our common mechanics, of ev'ry employ,
Must all leave their callings, whereat they have been ;
Nay, they that good farms, and large tenures enjoy,
Would fain do the like, and be keeping an inn.
21. Their spinning and carding our matrons give o'er
To brew, their knitting and sewing lay by ;
They sell all their wheels and their reels, and such store,
Casks, bottles, and such sort of lumber to buy.†
22. The murd'rer, the stroller, the pimp, and the knave,
The robber, the thief, and the clerk we are told,
Nay, women are suffer'd a licence to have,
Beer, ale, and tobacco to vend uncontroll'd.

* It was characteristic of all Royalist writers, the vicar and Hugh Morus not excepted, to censure strongly on every occasion the ruling authorities, but this must be taken *cum grano salis*.

† The good vicar, in his strong condemnation, simply uses the tactics of the old divines : Paint evil in darkest hue to contrast with the beauty of godliness.

23. Shou'd the De'il or his Dam, ever have a desire
A temple, near that of our Maker's, to raise,
They for a mere trifle a temple might hire,
Expressly devoted to Bacchus' praise.
24. As thou art accustom'd, Lord! lend us thy hand,
And pull down all those that our principles spoil,
Ere they eat up each other, and ruin the land,
And thy pure and spotless religion defile.
25. So nice and so dainty, our servants are grown,
That they quite as well as their masters must eat,
And many are pregnant, 'tis very well known,
Because they were fed on too delicate meat.
26. All callings amongst us make light of thy name,
They are all so selfish and covetous now;
They seek not thy glory, O Lord! to proclaim,
To whom ev'ry favour and blessing they owe.
27. Because thou perceiv'dst we all did transgress,
And lead such bad lives—thou didst try as a friend
By a gentle correction, and transient distress,
To goad us our morals and ways to amend.
28. By tender compassion and mercy, O God!
And by all fair means thou to win us didst strive:
By a series of blessings into the right road
The sheep that had wander'd thou soughtest to drive.
29. But when kindness fail'd to amend us, O Lord!
Thou threatnedst to plague us by ways most severe;
Thy arrows thou pointedst, thou whettedst thy sword,
And thy dreadful armies didst for battle prepare.
30. When ready thou warndst us, before thou didst wound,
Thy threatening preceded the terrible stroke—
Thou saidst if we turn'd, grace was still to be found;
But we even then at thy threats did but joke.
31. But when thou perceiv'dst threats not to avail,
Thy arrows flew fast our rebellion to quell—
With manifold woes thou our hearts did assail—
Nor could we evade thy keen shafts, or repel.

32. Thou thy servants didst call, and didst muster thy host,
With thy furious steeds—the red, black and white,
And driv’dst them on (as we found to our cost),
Until we, poor wretches ! were vanquished quite.
33. A hard winter’s frost and a hot summer’s sun,
With boisterous tempests that scatter’d our grain,
High tides and high floods, that our lands over-run,
And various misfortunes besides, gave us pain.
34. A dangerous fever, a famine severe,
A fatal mortality to several parts,
Thou sentest to force a repentance sincere,
And spur us entirely to give thee our hearts.
35. But when thou didst see, that all these would not do,
To turn us from sin and our manners amend,
A dearth and a plague (thy displeasure to show),
And the horrors of war thou didst afterwards send.
36. The plague with scarce credible fury mow’d down
More thousands than I can in number well name ;
Each churchyard was fill’d up, and empty’d each town
Wherever the raging infection once came.
37. A war, unsuccessful, has beggar’d our coasts,
The merciless sword has unpeopled our land- -
Our substance and wealth are consum’d, and our host
Reduc’d to a weak and dispirited band.
38. Our ships thou didst sink and our projects defeat,
The edge of our swords thou didst blunt in the field,
Thou our sages didst blind, mad’st our heroes retreat,
And to our inveterate enemies yield.
39. The plague and the sword fill’d us all with dismay,
And we did repent, for a morning or two ;
Then beg’d thee, aside those destroyers to lay,
Until thou wert pleasèd all we ask’d for, to do.
40. But when the pest and the war didst remove,
Again to our sins we did eagerly go,
Like dogs to their vomit, to forfeit thy love,
And force thee no favour or mercy to show.

41. Thy tempest and storms thou didst order abroad,
And plagu'dst us for all our excess with rain,
Till thou hast our harvests quite ruined, O God!
And damag'd the far greatest part of our grain.
42. So heavy, so thick, thou thy curses didst shed
On our corn, and our victuals of every kind,
That even the dogs would not taste the bad bread,
Which was eat every day by each labouring hind.
43. The horse and the hog both refus'd the repast,
When once it began to be mouldy, and grow;
So loathsome and bad is the grain to the taste,
That comes from each damag'd, and far-yielding mow.
44. O Lord, we the curse have most justly deserv'd
Which thou on our ricks and our stables didst send:
From death and diseases we were preserv'd,
Because thou our coasts didst not deign to defend.
45. Our scandalous waste and abuse of our food,
Will force us to eat what we give to our hogs—
Hips, haws, or the fruit of the hedge or the wood,
Or the crusts we us'd lately to fling to our dogs.
46. Was any bad taste on the meal we employ'd,
The bread we would spit from our mouths with disdain;
E'en beggars on common provisions were cloy'd,
And nothing would taste but the best of all grain.
47. We lately both ate, and we drank to excess,
And, like the Gomorrites, thy gifts did abuse;
At dinner and supper their meat none did bless,
Till they had incens'd thee beyond all excuse.
48. We swill'd till our stomachs were so much enlarg'd,
That we could scarce stir from the riotous scene,
Until on the spot we the burden discharg'd,
Than dogs, or the vilest of brutes, more unclean.
49. More guests in each alehouse on Sundays remain'd,
Who their stomachs and Devil devoutly ador'd,
Than were in our churches, when fullest, contain'd,
And met there on purpose to worship the Lord.

50. Our bellies we cram'd both with meat and with drink
Three times every day, howe'er short, at the least;
But scarce, once a week, of our God can we think,
Who filleth his servants of food of the best.
51. At church we grow tir'd in a piece of a day,
Tho' our wants are so great, and our pride is so strong;
Yet a week at a stretch in some inn we can stay,
Tho' the nights are in winter so cold and so long.
52. In the morn, ere they dine, some will smoke and will drink
As much at a time as would surfeit a score,
Then vomit the load back again, and ne'er think,
That poverty ever will knock at his door.
53. Our drunkenness calls for a dearth on the land,
A scarcity needs must ensue from such waste,
Our wilful excesses a famine demand —
Our gluttonous feasts must produce a long fast.
54. It is then but just thou shouldst plague us, O Lord!
For rejecting thy grace, with a scarceness of meat,
And thy full allowance refuse to afford,
But force us for want our own bodies to eat.
55. But, merciful God—for the sake of our Lord,
No famine dispatch, this our land to annoy—
No illness to pain us—no plague, war, or sword,
Thy servants entirely to kill and destroy.
56. Our monstrous perverseness be pleas'd to forgive,
Nor make us a warning to all human kind;
But spare us, that we may more piously live,
Recover'd from sin and renew'd in our mind.
57. Do not the transgressors, just Father! inspect,
Which murder our souls—they're so vile and so great,
But on thy Son's passion with pleasure reflect,
Who died to divert thy displeasure's fierce heat.
58. For the sake of his life, and the death that he died,
His merits, obedience, and blood that was spilt,
Direct to thy fold, thy stray'd penitents guide,
And pardon our former offences and guilt.

59. In the blood of his wounds wash our sins quite away,
And nail to his cross our misdeeds and our stains,
O cancel our bond, and thy mercy display,
For the sake of Christ's passion, and long-during pains !
60. O call us not, Lord ! for our sins to account,
Nor punish us for the vain works we have done ;
But pardon them all—howe'er great their amount,
For the sake of our Saviour, thy best belov'd Son.
61. To mend our bad lives, send the spirit above,
That we may to virtue return safe again—
Assist us to serve thee—to fear and to love —
And from any further offences restrain.
62. Withhold thou thy rod, and thy drawn bow unbend,
This famine repress, and with aspect benign,
Forgive our transgressions, our morals amend,
And make our chang'd hearts all resistance resign.
63. Lord, alter the weather, and bless every field,
Our grief turn to joy, and remove this dire dearth,
Make our stacks swell with corn, and our markets be fill'd,
And crown thou with fatness and plenty the earth.
64. Give food to each Christian, give grass to each beast,
Give thy Gospel to all that love truly thy word,
Give peace to the realm, and above all the rest,
Give honour and health to our sovereign lord !
65. One thousand, six hundred, and twenty-nine,
Was the date of the year (since our Saviour was born)
When those vast rains hap'ned, which made us repine,
And glutted our markets with damnify'd corn !*

The vicar excelled in the reflective as much as he did in the descriptive, and the naturalness and homeliness of his similes make them part of the literary heritage of the people, and like wise saying and proverb have been handed down from generation to generation. As late as fifty years ago the poems and carols of the vicar were familiar all through the country districts of Wales. As an illustration of his homely similes we give his :—

* Translated by the Vicar of Llawhaden, 1771.

SHORT IS THE LIFE OF MAN.

Man's life like any weaver's shuttle flies,
 Or like a tender floweret droops and dies,
 Or like a race, it ends without delay,
 Or like a vapour vanishes away,
 Or like a candle, it each moment wastes,
 Or like a packet under sail it hastes,
 Or like a postboy, gallops very fast,
 Or like the shadow of a cloud,—'tis past.
 Strong is our foe, but very weak the fort,
 Our death is certain, and our time is short;
 But as the hour of death's a secret still,
 Let us be ready, come he when he will.

We place the works of the vicar amongst the highest in respect of their influence for good—the religious culture and civilisation of the people. John Penry had aroused the feelings, but the vicar's hymns quickened the emotions and paved the way for the labours of Howel Harris, of Williams o'Wern, of Christmas Evans, and of John Elias, and others of the gifted band who have made the religious history of Wales so memorable.

His *Canwyll Cymry* (or Vicar's Book, as it was called, which with Baxter's *Saint's Rest* and the Bible constituted the library of the majority in Wales up to fifty years ago) was first published in 1646, the third part in 1670; second edition and part 4, 1672. Fifteen editions have been printed in all, but the best was from the Llandovery press in 1841. A poetical version in English, by the Vicar of Llawhaden, appeared 1771, 8vo.

A dignitary of higher ecclesiastical rank, and of unquestioned Church Militant character, was John Williams, D.D., who became Lord Keeper and Archbishop of York, and who, in the midst of a career unusually chequered, always promoted the best interests of his countrymen.* The Archbishop wrote several sermons, and

* *Vide* Archbishop of York to Ormond, Carte's Collection, and several Letters in second volume *Civil Wars in Wales*, by R. Phillips, wherein it is questionable whether his desire to get men and arms to further the Royalist cause is not excelled by his wish to clothe and feed the ragged recruits. The letters to him by Ormond, quoted by Roland Phillips from Carte's Collection, show how highly he was regarded by the Crown.

published a book against Laud's innovations in Church matters, 1637, 4to. His Annotations were not published until 1653. A notable worthy who stood aloof from the religious and the political world, yet whose influence in the bardic circles was very marked and long continued, was Edward Davydd, Margam, to whom Iolo Morganwg was indebted for the *Cyfrinach y Beirdd Ynys Prydain*, which he edited and published in 1829, 8vo. This learned and elaborate treatise on prosody contains the famous rules known as the laws of versification. The second part, containing the discipline of the bards, their theology, manner of forming and holding circles, method of writing, etc., on wood, as explained by Ab Iolo in his *Coelbren y Beirdd*, constitutes later literature than our limits allow, as they form the pabulum of the great Iolo controversies, in which he was engaged, and which theories, some unjustly allege, were his own inventions.

The first part of the *Cyfrinach* dates from about 1620, and is ascribed to Edward Davydd, as he was more commonly called.

Another MS. on the *Pedwar mesur ar hugain Cerdd Dafawl*, introduced into North Wales by Davydd ab Edmund, now forms part of the *Iolo MSS.* in the possession of Lady Llanover. According to Iolo it was written by Wm. Phillips, of Hendre Vechan, in Ardudwy, about 1650.*

Stephen Hughes, born 1623, was distinguished as a pious divine. Amongst several Welsh books published at his own charge was a collection of Vicar Prichard's poems, and a translation of Baxter's works. He co-operated in bringing out the Testament and the Psalms, and before he died, 1676, the Bible.

In this century also another of the Physicians of Myddvai figured, and it was from his text that Iolo translated his work in 1801, now amongst his MSS.

Sion Gethin, 1640, Sion Guttyn Vychan, 1650, Sion Hywel, 1640, and Sion (Sir) Teg, poet and elegaist, are only recorded by name.

Morgan Lloyd, a Puritan divine, wrote several works: *Gair o'r*

* *Cyfrinach*—Letters in *Camb. Journal* by Iolo, 1857, vol. iv., 305.

Gair, neu Son am Swm; Yr Ymroddiad; Gwaedd yng Nghymru, and others. His chief work was *Llyfr y tri Aderyn*, in which he conveyed his peculiar tenets in the form of a dialogue between three birds: Eagle, Raven, and the Dove.

It is a noteworthy fact that with this century the social history of England, its ebbs and flows of religious feeling equally with the uprise of factions, was always accompanied, sometimes indeed preceded and action stimulated, by the literary expression of lay or clerical Welshmen. Occasionally this took a pamphlet form, as note the number and variety of the tracts of the Commonwealth, but more frequently assumed larger proportions, folio and quarto. Lengthy titles, too, were common, and frequently the writers revelled in alliteration, suggestive of bardic proclivities. Sir James Perrot was one of the authors of voluminous titles. He wrote the first part of the "Consideration of Humane Conditions, wherein is contained the moral consideration of man's self as what, who, and what manner of man he is," 4to. He wrote also on the Prayers and Ten Commandments, and on the "Birth, Education, etc., of Sir Philip Sydney."

In noting the religious and political warfare of the time, and the literary aspect of each, we will first touch upon the religious antagonisms, as illustrated by the works published. These were of various forms, in one district Roman Catholic, in another anti-Jesuitical, and in another thoroughly Puritan. We have referred to Roger Smith and others in connection with Roman Catholic works. In John White we have one as distinctly Protestant. His principal work was the "First Century of Scandalous Malignant Priests, made and admitted into benefices by the prelates," 4to, London, 1644. He was also publisher of several speeches in Parliament, 1641. Charles Owen, a "Dissenting divine," wrote several controversies in favour of Dissent; but more eminent and conspicuous by his sufferings, was Vavasor Powel, the Puritan, born 1617. He was one of the most indefatigable of controversialists, and the author of several works, a list of which is given by Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* All are in English with one exception, and on his special theme. His life, one of prison and

of controversy, was devoted to the spiritual good of his countrymen; but the incessant persecution to which he was exposed gave a desponding character to his writings. One of his works was entitled "Christ Exalted* by the Father; God the Father glorified and Man's redemption," preached before the Lord Mayor of London, 12mo, 1649. Another work in Welsh is entitled "Canwyll Crist."

In Rowlands' *Bibliography* it is stated that the Concordance of the Bible, finished by N. P. and J. F., and recommended by John Owen, D.D., was "begun by the industrious labour of Mr. Vavasor Powell." In the same year, 1650, he issued "Christ and Moses's Excellency, or Sion and Sinai's Glory," a title sufficiently englynionic to establish the author's nationality. Most of his works, however, pass beyond the limit of the time devoted to this essay, and nearly all were acrimonious rejoinders, such as *Strena Vavasoriensis*—a hue and crie after Mr. Vavasor Powell, metropolitan of the itinerants"—which his vigorous attacks elicited.

Constantine Jessop, a controversial writer (Pembroke), published in 1644 "The Angel of the Church of Ephesus," 4to, and other works later in the century.

With Vavasor Powell we must link Cradock, Erbury, and Love, as men of kindred minds. Cradock was associated with the time when the Book of Sports was ordered to be read in churches, calling forth the earnest opposition of honest and thoughtful men, who wished to see the same manliness and sincerity shown in devotional life as exhibited in the affairs of the nation. To God had been given the praise for the destruction of the Armada, and for successes on subsequent fields of warfare, and to dishonour His house was ungrateful and unworthy. So ran their protest. Cradock published in 1646 a sermon of his, at the Crown, in Pope's Alley. Later, he appeared in connection with the Vavasor controversy, and as late as 1800 his sermons were collected and published by Charles.

Erbury was a fellow labourer with Cradock, and the author of

* Rowland's *Bibliography* (Llyfryddiaeth). Neale's *Puritans*.

several works of note in his day. At one time Socinian, at another Independent, and always opposed to the Bishops of the Church of England, his writings are simply illustrations of his principles and his antagonism. He published the *Great Mystery of Godliness*, 8vo, London, 1640, and after that date, up to his death in 1618, *Public Discussion; On Tythes; Sermons; Reign of Christ and the Saints a thousand years; His Testimony; Bishop of London and the Welsh Curate, &c.* After his death an anonymous pamphlet was issued, "A small mite in memory of the late deceased and never to be forgotten Will Erbury."*

Though not a Welshman, but of Welsh extraction (the descendant of an ancient family of Monmouthshire), we cannot pass by Wroth, who is claimed as the father and founder of Dissent in Wales.† He delivered several sermons before Parliament, since published, and many of them were regarded as most thoughtful, and eloquent productions, of great influence in their day. He was vicar of Llanvaches, Mon. Christopher Love again may fitly be linked to these worthies. He was born at Cardiff in 1618, and was one of the London ministers who signed a deed against putting Charles I. to death. He was author of several political and controversial pamphlets, and of many volumes of sermons.‡

In these eventful annals Thomas Bayly, D.D., son of the then Bishop of Bangor (1644), took a conspicuous part. He was with the Marquis of Worcester in 1646, and was chaplain and secretary at the defence of Raglan against the Parliamentary forces. His first work was called "*Certamen Religiosum*, or a conference between Charles I. and Henry, late Marquis of Worcester, concerning Religion in Ragland Castle," 8vo, Lond., 1649. This produced several rejoinders. His next work was the "Royal Charter granted unto Kings by God Himself;" followed by: "Treatise on Episcopacy," which entailed imprisonment in Newgate, where he produced *Herba Parietis*, folio. This is given in Rowlands' *Camb. Biblio.* as 1650, but

* Wood's *Ath. Oxon*, Rowlands' *Bibliography*.

† Rees's *Nonconformity in Wales*, p. 47.

‡ *Eminent Welshmen*.

the true date of publication was 1656. He escaped to Douay, and subsequently wrote "The end to Controversie between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Religions," and edited the "Life of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester," and the "Golden Apothegms of Charles, Marquis of Worcester."

Godfrey Goodman, of Ruthin, D.D., was the author of several works, one personal, in which he says that "he was plundered, spoiled, robbed, and utterly undone." His *Court of James I.* was published in two volumes as late as 1839, by Brewer.

George Griffiths, D.D., figured in the Vavasor Powell controversy, and published *A Modest Answer*, and a rejoinder called *Animadversion*. In addition to controversial works, he wrote *A plain discourse on the Lord's Supper*, and accomplished in part a translation of the Common Prayer into Welsh. Cragge, a Gwentian Rector, published in 1636 a *Baptismal Controversy*.^{*} A noteworthy exception to the controversialists may be named in Richard Davies, the Quaker, who flourished in the period under enquiry. He was author of a personal history, entitled "An Account of the Commencement, Exercises, Services, and Travels of that Ancient Servant of the Lord, Richard Davies, comprising some Information Relative to the Spreading of the Truth in North Wales." Davies was a friend of George Fox, and gives an interesting account of his interview with the King, but the most graphic and valuable portion of his memoirs is the insight given into the social life of the seventeenth century. Davies was a notable antagonist with Bishop Lloyd of Bangor, and it speaks well for the Welsh Quaker, that when Lloyd was imprisoned and deserted by all his satellites, his chief friend was his old opponent Davies. In the matter of Quakerism, which is usually thought to have sprung out of the varied elements of early Nonconformity; an ingenious effort has been made, *vide Camb. Jour.*, article "Quakers," to establish an origin from the Druids. Another exception, and one of the old student class, was Bassett Johnes,

^{*} Rowlands' *Bibliography*, p. 171.

Jesus College, 1634, who published *Lapis chymicus philosophorum examini subjectus*, &c., 8vo, Oxon, 1648. He was author also of a supplement to Lily's Grammar.

Mention also must be made of Sir Leoline Jenkins, a distinguished statesman of his age, though his letters and papers were not collected and published until 1724, and then in two volumes folio, under the title of *His Works*, by W. Wynne, Esq. To his age, apart from his statesmanship, he was of considerable benefit from his connection with Cowbridge Grammar School and its endowment. He appears to have revived the educational traditions of the district which had lingered from monastic days, and for generations afterwards his generous influence was experienced.

The name recalls one of the sturdy old phalanx who, from this date up to the early years of the nineteenth century, were remarkable for the vigour of their character, the rugged independence of their opinions, and the courage with which, in all times and seasons, they gave them vent. David Jenkins, of Hensol, stands at the head of these, and is identified with quite a distinctive literature.

The pamphleteers of the political band of whom he was a distinguished member exhibited all the old and native characteristics. They were brusque, sagacious, and not exempt from humour. There was a boldness in expression which savoured of the mountains, and a sprightliness which showed that persecution and the gloom of prison life affected them not. Judge Jenkins's works were brought out as a 12mo volume in 1648 on the *Rights of the Subject*, and the advertisement ran as follows:—

"The works of that grave and learned lawyer, Judge Jenkins, by David Jenkins, prisoner in Newgate, 1648."* He was taken prisoner at Hereford by Parliament troops. His pamphleteering vigour first showed itself in 1647, when the sturdy loyalist began with his "Remonstrances to the Lords and Commons," and couched in such unmistakable terms that the next we hear of him

* Rowlands's *Bibliography*.

is from Newgate, whence he issued his "Plea," delivered into the Earl of Manchester's (hands) and the Speaker of the House of Commons. Also "An Apology for the Army, touching the Eight Querries upon the late Declarations, also touching Sedition falsely charged upon them by David Jenkins, prisoner in the Tower of London."

An anonymous writer, signing himself H.P., identified afterwards as Henry Parker, barrister, was one of his literary antagonists, and issued a *brochure* called "Severall Poysonous and Seditious Papers of Mr. David Jenkins answered," to which Jenkins retorted with the "Cordiall of Mr. David Jenkins, on his reply to H. P., Barrester." H. P., nothing daunted, retaliated with "An Answer to the Poysonous Sedicious Paper by Mr. David Jenkins, by H. P." David Jenkins did not respond. He had greater work to do than to flagellate an individual. We next hear of him in "A Discourse touching the Inconveniences of a long continued Parliament, and the Judgment of the law of the land in that behalf, by David Jenkins, now prisoner in the Tower."

In 1648 appeared the "Trial of Judge Jenkins at the House of Commons Barre upon an Impeachment of High Treason, with heads of charges against him," 1648, and the last time he figures is in the same year, with a pamphlet which tells its own story:

"The Declaration of David Jenkins, late prisoner in the Tower of London, concerning the Parliament Army and the laws and liberties of England, 1648."

It appears that when taken before the bar of the House of Commons, he vehemently denied its authority and called the whole assembly a den of thieves. The House being provoked by this outburst, they voted him guilty of high treason, and sentenced him to be hanged, on which he undauntedly observed that he would suffer with the Bible under one arm and Magna Charta under the other. Politic counsels, however, prevailed with the House, there were great numbers of influential men throughout the country who held similar views to those of David Jenkins, and severe measures might again lead to an outbreak. Hence he escaped with a penalty of £1,000, the

confiscation of his estates, and an imprisonment which lasted until the Restoration. For twelve long years the noble old loyalist remained in prison, and then with the entry of Charles II., 1660, once more was permitted to return homeward. Time had not deadened his love for the mountains, or weakened his patriotism; but there was no longer a necessity for the stern voice which had rung forth its denunciations, and for the eloquent pen to condemn those who had assailed his King, so, tranquilly, unsunned by the gratitude of Kings—for Charles II. possessed little of that quality—the sturdy Welshman enjoyed a few years of native freedom, and in 1667 peacefully died.*

A letter from Pembrokeshire, published at the time of David Jenkins's trial, penned by a Puritan, shows that bold expression and unqualified contempt formed a great staple of the controversial literature of that period. It was one side or the other, and whichever side was advocated it was done with vigour. The writer of this Pembrokeshire letter, writing of Jenkins, says: "The man's name is David Jenkins who in times of peace lived like a heathen, and swore like a devil."

Even in the theatres the Welsh Judge was villified: "Jenkin of Wales, his Love course and Perambulations; an Early Droll, performed at the Red Bull Theatre," was evidently aimed at him, and he and others who were loyal to their cause had to endure a torrent of contumely, facetiously given in mimicry of the Welsh language. Rumour said, too, that Cromwell was bitterly opposed to him† "Crete wonders foretold by Her Crete Prophet in Wales sold to her true Prethren, with all her Blood and Heart, 1647." "The Humble Remonstrance of Rice ap Meredith ap Morgan, Shentilman of Wales, with fery brave new Ballads or songs." A long list of these might be given, dating from the last years of Charles I., and extending to the early days of the Commonwealth; an amusing list, printed in London, and affording convincing proof of the power of the *Welshman's*

* R. Williams (*Eminent Welshmen*, edition thirty-six) gives Cambridge as the place of his death, but in *Llyfrgyddiaeth* it is properly given as *Ym Mhont-y-Fôn*.

† Old Glamorgan tradition.

antagonism and the fervency of his loyalty. It was an age of unrest, mental as well as physical, as the garnered store of the civil war pamphlets abundantly show. Almost every place in Wales, of importance, had its siege, and its siege, temporary or protracted, its chronicler. Wales was flooded with mercenaries in support of "malignant" or Puritan, and the aspect of war was a novel one. The tide of conquest that swept through the valleys was in complete contrast to that of the past—the sandalled Roman; the rover Dane; the armoured Norman; the troops of Llewelyn clad in the varied spoils of battle fields; the leather jerkin side by side with a dinted breast plate; but now it was an utter metamorphosis, the plumed Cavalier and the grim Ironside, and mingling with both, crowds, in citizen clothes, lent or given, with no uniformity but in their zeal.*

From the time when Charles I. entered Shrewsbury, to the battle of St. Fagan's, and the siege of Pembroke, Wales, both North and South, was as vigorously active, either by sword or pen, as any other section of the kingdom. It is with the literary aspect, however, we have to do, and the collection for examination and criticism is a large one. Published letters from Archbishop John Williams of York, to Ormond; State Papers; King's Pamphlets; various published letters which always appeared after a siege or battle, Cardigan, H'West, St. Fagan's to wit; *Lloyd's Memoirs*; *Brereton's Memoirs*; *Perfect Diurnall*; *Carte's Collections*; *Merc Aulicus*; *Merc Civicus*; Husband's *Successes of Parliament Forces in Pembrokeshire*; *Perfect Passages and Occurrences*:—Such, with others (an excellent collection of which we have examined in the library of Joseph Joseph, Esq., Banker, Brecon), all testify to the earnestness of the conflict, and the thoroughness with which Welshmen threw themselves into the melee. One may find fault with the virulence of feeling often shown, and the roughness of expression, verging upon coarseness, indicated in the now faded pamphlet, which told of success or disaster; but there is a primitive honesty about them that redeems

* *Hart MSS.*, 2125, folio 135. "The English Irish Soldiers who came to Chester were faint, weary, and out of clothing; citizens gave them whole suits, some two, some doublets, others breeches." *Vide* Roland Phillips, *Civil War*, 104.

them from censure. In the South we had Jones, Basset, and Stradling. In the West, Laugharne and Brereton. In the North, Salesbury, Middleton, and Mytton. With the "Perfect Diurnall" it is supposed Stradling was connected. This was called "Rise in Glamorganshire and other parts of South Wales, who declare themselves for the King and Sir Thomas Fairfax, 1647;" others were: "Glamorgan, the grievances of the county, with the cause of its taking up arms," 8vo.; several pamphlets in the matter of Poyer of Pembroke, whom Cromwell strongly aspersed, and Elliot. One of these, which will give a fair illustration of the rest, is "Poyer's Vindication in answer to a Lying Pamphlet, in which are monstrous lies scattered abroad to uphold the broken reputation of a poor Solicitor for those cowardly turncoat Cavaliers in the County of Pembroke."* The "Poor Solicitor" responded with "A Just reply to a False and Scandalous paper entitled Poyer's Vindication." Cromwell comes upon the scene with: "The Declaration of Lieut. General Cromwell concerning his present design and engagement against Colonel Poyer and his adherents in South Wales." Counties express their determinations such as: "A Declaration and Resolution of the Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, and other of His Majesties well affected subjects in the counties of Flint and Denbigh at a general meeting in Wrexham, wherein they declare to oppose all forces that shall enter the counties." Nobles aid in the general ferment: "The Earl of Pembroke's Farewell to the King, with speeches by a well-affected Tanner," 1648. Blended with these we have the literature of the battle-field: "Particular Relation of another Great Fight in Wales, Poyer; A true and particular Relation of the late Victory obtained by Col. Horton and Col. Oakey against the Welsh Forces under Major-General Laugharne, expressed from Col. Oakey to a friend in London"—the advance type of the special war correspondent of to-day—"Col. Poyer's Forces in Wales totally routed by the Parliamentary forces, commanded by Col. Horton," London, 1648; "A List of the persons taken and those that were slain by Col.

* Rowlands' *Bibliography*, p. 148.

Horton"—this has reference to St. Fagan's; "A Declaration by Maj.-Gen. Laugharne and the rest of the Forces joyned him in Wales." "Letters from Col. Horton relating more fully the late Fight near Cardiff, with a perfect list of the Prisoners and Private Gentlemen taken in the said Fight," 1648.

Part of our aim has been to show that the poetic and prose literature of the periods successively noticed yield us insights into the social and moral, as well as intellectual, condition of those times, and that we get more trustworthy data than from the ordinary historic compilations. But, the pamphleteering list we have quoted so far, exhibits little of interest in that direction. The landscape is hidden by the smoke of battle; and the din of musquet, petronel, and pike 'gainst pike close from our ears the hum of industry, the song of the woods, and the music of wind and stream. Yet let us look more closely into the literature of the period, put aside "Vindications," "Relations," and "Rejoinders," with their stern invective and passionate contumely, and we get rewarded. Huw Morus meets our gaze in the young vigour of his manhood. He, too, is a Royalist; he, too, hates Cromwell as bitterly as the South Walian Cavaliers did; but Huw keeps aloof from the battle ground; keen-witted, he shrouds himself in allegory, and hides the key until the dream of Cromwell has passed, and the Uncrowned King stands no longer in the path of the Stuarts!

The Royalist feeling was strong, as we have observed, in South Wales, but it was still stronger in the North. Royalist views were commoner, and more tenaciously held amongst the people, as well as the gentry, and so far as his district was concerned this was in a great measure due to Morus. Punishment followed speedily on the track of active or publicly avowed loyalist sentiments, but his discretion gave him an immunity which a contemporary poet failed to obtain—W. Phylip, whom, as slightly over the limits prescribed, we only parenthetically notice in connection with the early years of the Commonwealth. Phylip, who had suffered for his loyalty, having written a pathetic elegy on the death of Charles I., afterwards figured as collector, and it

shows his sentiments were not only tolerated, but acceptable, when we state that in presenting an assessment he recited the following:—

Am frad i'r holl wlad wyr hyllion,—â'u trwst,
Codi treth anghyfion,
Hwy gânt dâl a gofalon,
A chas hir o achos hon,

Thus translated:—

For their treachery to the whole country—vile-looking men—
with their war,
Raising an unjust tax,
They shall receive payment and cares,
And long anger on account of this.

Then on producing the official warrant he added:—

Dyma warant sant dan ei sêl,—attolwg,
Telwch yn ddi-ochel,
Rhag i'r sant a chwant ni chêl
Ymgethri a myn'd yn Gythrel.

Of which we give a literal translation:—

Here's a Saint's warrant under his seal,—pray
Pay without flinching,
Lest the saint in the anxiety he will not conceal,
May become importunate, and a devil!

It is now held to be not only philosophic, but just, to refrain from comment on all great political conditions until time has softened the asperities, and the questions at issue are unaccompanied with the bitterness of personal bias. There never was a time needing this more than our contest between King and Parliament, and Huw shows this by the force of his allegories. The King was the Lion and the young Princes young Lions. Cromwell was the Fox *par excellence*, and the Parliament the Foxes of Red England. The Scottish army which sold the King were Moch Prydyn—the Hogs of Scotland. He held the Irish in little better estimate, they were Eirth Iwerddon—the Bears of Ireland; the loyal and peaceable subjects were Sheep; the exiled clergy Shepherds, and the Foreign Harriers.

In his *Battle of the Brutes* this allegorical method was retained. Cromwell again figured as the Fox; the Kite and the Raven were the rival parties for the government of the Commonwealth; the revenues of Church and State were represented by the Lamb, the moderate party by the Ouzel.

Few, if any, beside himself, knew who the Fox was which ravaged hillsides, and carried desolation wherever it went.

Here is how he describes the Fox watching a contest between the Raven and the Kite, and marching off with the object of contention :—

Pan geisiai'r Barcud damaid,
 A'i winedd nid oedd weiniaid,
 Fe ymaflai'r Gigfran yn ei geg,
 Nid da nid teg mo'u tynged.
 Tra'r oedd yr ymdrech rhyngthyn',
 Mi a welwn Lwynog melyn,
 O glun i glun heb ronyn braw
 Yn rhodio draw'n y rhedyn.
 Ynghysgod perth fe lechai,
 A'i lygaid fel canwyllau,
 Yn hyf gwn fod y Cenaw cam
 Yn chwerthin am eu penau.
 Ar ben ychydig amser
 Gwedi iddo gael ei bleser,
 Ni adawai i'r ddau aderyn dig
 Fe rostiai gig y brasder.
 Ond pwy yn drist ae drostyn'-
 Pe byddent meirw o newyn,
 A'i fol yn llawn mewn lloches glyd,
 Mae'n llawen fyd ar *Fadyn*.*

In rendering this into English, preserving sense and metre, the task would be almost impossible, so by way of variation from a literal translation we give a poetic one, simply preserving the ideas, even at the risk of perpetrating doggerel :—

When the Kite a morsel craved,
 And his talons were not weak ;

* *Madyn* is an ironical epithet for Fox.

The Raven with a like desire,
Seizes boldly by the cheek,
And struggling thus and wildly
See the Fox now comes in view ;
Creeping leg by leg o'er heath
To get close to the two,
And in the hedge shade lurking,
His patience well in hand,
His eyes like candles burning,
Note the laughing villain stand,
Until the morsel seizing,
While the birds in anger fight,
He'll trudge away and roast it,
Nor heed their sorry plight,
And in his cosy lair,
With belly full I ween,
Never a happier time
Has our Foxy seen.

One loses the vigour and piquancy of the original in this, but to the Welshman this apology will not be required, as we have presented both for appreciation, or not.

In giving a criticism on the works of Huw Morus, we are restricted by the prescribed limits. It is true that in 1650 he had won a name, and that he is identified with the bardic literature of that period; but Huw, who in his youth and early manhood satirised Roundheads and eulogised Royalists, lived to hear of good Queen Anne ascending the throne, and the pen, active in the cause of Charles II., was as busy in the time of James II. and of William III. Hence it is with only a section of his literary successes that we have to do. But the fragment, like the battered torso of an Elgin marble, will indicate what the full proportions were, and afford some idea of the perfection of the whole.

It was left for few loyalist Welshmen to grieve over the fatal field of Naseby, and to rejoice over that of Blenheim. The early years of the Protectorate constituted their margin, and, for the many, ample and eventful enough. To Huw they afforded an

excellent scope for his satiric humour, in which he abounded, and of which "Marwnad Gwyr Oliver;" "Cerdd i Ofyn Feiol," "Cyffes Dic y Dawns," and "Carol Gwyliau yn Amser rhwysg Oliver" are excellent illustrations. But the pen that could lash so vigorously was as happy in its pathos, as instance the Elegy on the death of Mrs. Myddleton of Plasnewydd, and whenever he touched upon religious themes the change of thought was not more conspicuous than the alteration of diction—wit, humour, fled, and we have nothing but elevated sentiments in harmony with the theme. His "Cerdd i ofyn Feiol gan William Salbri Yswain, o Rug," is the poetical solicitation for the gift of a violin from William Salesbury. His first two verses adroitly eulogise the nobleman. The flow of the measure and the humour of the poem blend exquisitely, "complaining, I be, for an old musician of Glyndyfrdwy."

"One William Robert by name," he sings, "is offering a vague kind of music; but he is one of the best to tune the strings for all metres, and in the minor key can produce the voice of a nightingale."

William had been residing in the county of Salop, "an English county," Huw observes, adding with some reflection on the generosity of his countrymen, "had he remained there gold would have adorned his fingers."

"William was never a dishonest man, and his chief failing was in being uncertain, and untrue in his love affairs. No one could wink the eye like William; no one equal him in captivating lasses. But William is getting aged; gone is the strength and fire he used to have. His both ends are getting tipsy! and badly does he keep under beer. He tumbles over every hillock, falling upon his thin violin, old, like himself, but the thin violin saved his neck."

Huw then treats the thin violin as if it were a piece of humanity, and describes William's doctoring of the bruised and battered "Music Nymph," for whom he has been soliciting a surgeon and administering drugs, but alas! though he tightens the bones, the

colour is gone, the voice awfully discordant, second only to that of a dying duck !

Huw goes on to describe the quandary in which William found himself: "Though a fine toned musician, the want of breath in her body (that of the violin) prevented his enjoying her attributes. The voice of his poor old instrument was like the grumbling of a goose in hoar frost, the howling of a fainting dog, the screeching of an old wheel, the wailing of an entranced or love sick maiden, the voice of a sow on a windy day, the sound of filing a saw, or that of a brass pan receiving raindrops, a cat singing the dirge of a captured mouse—cold and hateful its notes, fit only for hiving bees, a wife has never been heard to grumble more ruggedly !

"None will pay attention to its harsh notes and its ungracious noise except the very drunk, or very deaf. Easier for him in his parish than getting a penny by her would it be to get two for being silent, so inharmonious its splintered screechings whistle, dragging its melody with the voice of a hornet or horse fly !"

In one of his poems, which appears to have been written within the early years of the Commonwealth, he refers to the Exciseman (Ecseismon), then a new institution, the "Excise" being established in 1644, and the post office also in the reign of Charles I., and in this poem we have an equivalent to the well-known lines of Hudibras:—

"He that in fight doth run away,
May live to fight another day."

"Pan welych ryfel caled a dechreu diriaid daro,
Na fydd di cyn ynfyted a myn'd i'r *fatel* hono."

The rolling style of his humorous pieces is well shown by the following:—

Y Turner a'r Cooper, a'r Sadler a sai',
Y Gwydrwr mewn balchder, a'r Tiler pen tai,
Ni ennillant fawr arian, ond truan yw'r tro,
Heb ddur ac heb haiarn a chenad y Go'.

Y Barcer, a'r Glwfer, a'r Cwrier, a'r Crydd,
 Y Tailiwr, a'r Panwr, a'r Gwauwr mewn gwydd,
 Yr Eurych a'r Cobler, yn fongler a fo,
 Ni wnant hwy mo'r gwyrthiau, byth gartre', heb waith Go'.

Here Huw enumerates the leading tradesmen, all of whom, such is the refrain, are useless without the aid or the work of the Smith. Here practically we have the hero of the "spreading chestnut tree" glorified.

In his Marwnad on the Death of Oliver we get interesting insights into the revolutions of society, the Tinkers who became Mayors. *Mercurius Rusticus** iii., p. 30, confirms this, and we learn that Chelmsford, in Essex, was at one time, during the civil war, governed by a tinker, two cobblers, two tailors, and two pedlars!

In the same poem we are told of the rebels being well mounted and clad in scarlet cloaks, altogether superior to the loyalists in costume. The general impression is the reverse of this, the Cavalier of picture and story being "bedight" with feathers and ruffs, while the Puritans were sombrely clad. In his youthful manhood—the period of which we chiefly treat—his effusions were not free from a sprinkling of love odes, and these are characterised by a brightness and a vivacity which must have made them especially admired by those to whom addressed. In his "two pennillion to a young girl" we get a venerable antiquity for the Valentine, to which he refers as *Falendein*.

He addresses various damsels, adoring some, chiding others. We lose sight of siege and battle, tinkers in power, the hated Cromwell ruling with iron hand, the old loyalist gentry of Wales in despair, as we listen to him singing:—

My sweet star—my slender fair damsel.

And he tells her "that all his love is concentrated upon her, that it is rooted and flourishes; that it haunts him and keeps him awake."

* *Vide* Gwallter Mechain's edition, p. 207.

But Huw, fickle as ever William was, tells another that not an hour passes but he observes her; that he is sorely afflicted, "O!" he exclaims in passionate ardour, "my fair moon of the land."

And to *another* still:—

"I am very ill; what shall I do? For thee, my fair one of the tint of aurora; listen to my sighing—to live I cannot, thou fairest darling."

Huw, laboriously composing carols in his eightieth year, and immersed in divine meditations, was, in all probability, shocked to think that in his youth he could have been so fervent; but it is the instinct of the poet to love the beautiful in nature, and whether the face or sweet song of woman, or the glory of wood and stream, it is all the same with the impressionable bard.

As an illustration of his pathos few efforts are so worthy of citing as that supposed to be the lament of Sir Hugh Middleton for his wife.*

Ffarwel garedig wraig foneddig,
Bendigedig oedd dy gael;
Er colli tegwch a diddanwch,
Doniau Harddwch, mae Duw'n hael;
Duw, gwna'n fodlon fy meddylion,
I'th amcanion doethion di!
Nid yw ryfedd faint fy anhunedd
Död amynedd, Dad, i mi!
A död drugaredd, rhanwr rhinwedd,
Yn y diwedd i ni ein dau.
A maddeu i'm calon am fy ngwenfron
Wych a ffyddlon, ei choffâu!

Englished by us as follows:—

Farewell, beloved, noble wife,
Thou wert a blessing to my life.
Now beauty, comfort, both are fled,
And thou art numbered with the dead.

* *Camb. Regist.*, p. 434.

With gifts of beauty God is free,
 Will He in soothing equal be ?
 And in the scope of purpose wise,
 Soothe my sorrows, still my sighs ?
 Great my heart's sore restlessness !
 Give patience, Father, me to bless,
 And mercy give, I pray to Thee,
 • Mercy to my lost wife, and me ;
 And pardon, God, my heart, that love,
 Bids me never forget my Dove.

In connection with the Civil War we have also its historian, William Maurice, a learned translator of MSS. An interesting account of the Civil War in Wales is published from his notes in *Arch. Cambrensis*, vol. i.

In our closing survey, we note Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, eminent as a poet and philologist, and a varied contributor to literature from, and inclusive of, 1650, to the close, or nearly so, of the century. He published in 1650 "Select Hymns and Ejaculations in two Books." This was twice printed, and to the second edition is added the "Mount of Olives, a Solitary Devotion," 8vo, London. He also translated from Latin into English, "Of the Benefit we may get by our Enemies." This was a discourse originally in the Greek, by Plutarchus Chæronensis, and translated into Latin by Dr. John Rainolds ; "Of the Diseases of the Mind and the Body," written in Greek by the same, and translated by Rainolds ; "Of the Diseases of the Mind and the Body, and which is most pernicious," by Maximus Tyrius, a Platonic Philosopher, also translated by Rainolds. In all he gave to the world seven important translations with discourses, and was one of the most conspicuous examples we have of unostentatious literary labour carried on in the midst of the whirl and discordance of party strife. To this day the memory of the Silurist is retained in his own district, blended with traditions of his social goodness, and purity of life.

Still another notable Welshman, whom time has not ceased to honour, the doughty Roger Williams, who gained an unquestioned Madocian fame by founding Rhode Island. His first work, *A*

Key to the Language of New England, London, 1643, is such as a discoverer might pen for the sake of his followers, but his second is characteristic of his mental vigour, and the stout opinions held in his voluntary exile. This is "The bloody tenet of persecution for the sake of conscience, discussed in a conference between Truth and Peace, who in all tender affection present to the High Court of Parliament as the result of their discourse these amongst other passages of highest consideration."

In closing our attempt at a faithful enumeration and critical enquiry into the literature of a great period, we stand once more mentally, as we have physically, many a time, in one of the old libraries, rich in vellum and illumination, prodigal in black letter, and quaint and sententiously expressed thought. Here the rolled MSS. unbound, and tied with faded string; here MSS. in ornate binding; here folio, and quarto, and octavo, down to the thin frail pamphlets of the Civil Wars. To us the cumbered shelves are more suggestive than ancestral gallery, bright with portraits from the hand of Lely and Vandyke, and Lawrence and Gainsborough. The paintings might bring back to the imaginative mind the castled homes, warriors, statesmen, court beauties of the past; but our books recall the historic annals and social history of nearly four hundred years, the tremulous ray of thought, and its full noon radiance; the cementing of the union; the advance of civilisation; each phase of intellectual action, now in poetic, now in devotional channel; but amongst them all two unpretending volumes meet the eye, more significant than all others. History has seen arts rise to the highest points of excellence when Britain was unknown, and the learning of the schools in Egypt, Greece, and Rome, such as to astound us even now; but beneath the primitive covers of the two volumes the story is shadowed forth of the mining history of our land, and the greatness and wealth resulting as such no country of antiquity ever attained.

Here they are, amongst "Acts for the propagation of the Gospel in Wales," and the "Use of the Passions," by Henry, Earl of Monmouth. "The case of Thomas Bushel, in the county of Oxon,

truly stated, together with his progress in minerals" (Bushel was interested in Cardiganshire mining ventures), "The Liberties and Customs of Myners, 1650." These, with a few pamphlets by the Middletons of Cardiganshire, in connection with mining, are all the literary foreshadowings we have of the great industry, which beginning—so far as the modern history is concerned—with lead, silver, and gold, extended in a short time to iron and coal, and has aided more than any other industry in giving greatness and wealth to Britain.

At such a point we may fittingly bring our review to a close, for it marks the distinctive beginning of another epoch rich in commercial results and social amenities, accompanied by a literature as full of interest as that which has given dignity and absorbing historic suggestion to the one we have surveyed.

The epoch treated by us has been adorned by men eminent in prose and song, in philosophic research and in religious effort; men who have a just claim to a conspicuous place in the annals of European literature. This opinion, formed after a long period of careful enquiry, we maintain in all confidence. It is supported by a series of most interesting evidences now first placed before the reader, and must carry honest conviction to every thoughtful and unbiassed mind.

Since Wales was incorporated into the United Empire, it has lost much of that salient distinctiveness which marked its pre-union era, and naturally so. The old themes attract, newer ones have arisen. Nature in her varying moods, ever presenting changing types of the grand or the beautiful, from the green flush of spring to the glory of summer, from the anthem of the woods to the hush of the stream, from the song of lark to the roar of the thunder storm, elicits now as fervent a tribute from the bard as in the days of *Davydd ab Gwilym*, and the moral and religious aims of man, his temporal welfare, and eternal hope, evoke from the heart, either by medium of voice, or pen, utterance as full of reverence as in early monastic times. Now as of old too the elegist mourns his friend, and the eulogist (but in more tempered form) praises his patron, and the wedding day

calls forth the song of the poet. But in addition, while these old characteristics remain, the intellectual expression of our people has drifted into the common track of the nation, now suggestive, now accompanying each aim and object of national interest, or of social importance. And he, who, studying the Mosaic work of the national mind, would seek to ascertain to what extent, and how marked, the value of the Welshman's contributions to the general literature, must be guided by the distinctive types which characterised that pre-union literature of Wales, which had attained both volume and significance before Chaucer appeared. These will reveal themselves, not so much as we should like to see in scientific research, or in art worship, or even in the lower groove of light literature; but, prominently, wherever poetry breathes for the tenderest emotions, and speaks of the inner life of man; or prose tells of the love of country and of home; and religious sentiment has a deeper fervour, and a holier glow, there will be read the impress of the Kymry.

THE END.



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